April 1971

Reader's Digest

50¢

B

Brown Eyes—Blue Eyes	"A Class Divided"	61
Inside the Prisons of Hanoi	Louis R. Stockstill	67
Man: The Weaker Sex		
I. Why Women Are Tougher	McCall's	73
II. What Wives Can Do to Help	Ladies' Home Journal	76
One of the Comrades Is Missing	Argosy	78
Why Insurance Is So Hard to Get	Lester Velie	83
A Bucket of Clear, Cool Spring Water	New Hampshire Profiles	89
Tuna Fish and Swordfish: Are They Safe to Eat?	Life	93
Willy Brandt Walks a Tightrope	Time	96
The Continents Are Adrift!	Ronald Schiller	101
Through the Valley of the Shadow	The Rev. Billy Graham	107
The Chief Justice Looks at Crime and the Courts	U.S. News & World Report	113
"... And God Created Great Whales"	"Blue Meridian"	117
Boston's Marvelous Marathon	Atlantic Advocate	122
Pat Nixon—As She Is	Good Housekeeping	129
Comeback in the Congo	David Reed	134
The High Cost of Wage Inflation	Fortune	139
A Norman Rockwell Album	William A. H. Birnie	145
A Common-Sense Diet That Works	Redbook	159
The State of Uncle Sam	New York Times	167
Doctor, What About Marijuana?	Walter X. Lehmann, M.D.	169
He Brings Them Back to Life	Die Weltwoche	193
Watch on the Potomac	Kenneth Y. Tomlinson & George Denison	205
The Gorilla Is a Paper Tiger	Frontiers	210

Book Feature | Kent State: What Happened and Why — James A. Michener 217

Have You an Amusing Anecdote? 17—Press Section, 21—Campus Comedy, 25—What You Should Know About Your Pension, 31—It Pays to Increase Your Word Power, 39—They Take "Vacations for Humanity," 45—Points to Ponder, 55—Personal Glimpses, 57 Toward More Picturesque Speech, 66—Life in These United States, 111 Laughter, 127—Quotable Quotes, 144—Humor in Uniform, 189

50th year: Over 29 million copies bought monthly in 13 languages

Subscription rate: $3.97 per year

POLAROID®

Polaroid's New

ends burn-outs

Polaroid introduces a new line of cameras that uses a flash system coupled to the focusing system. When your picture is in focus, the flash is set for just the right amount of light on your subject.

Did you ever get flashcube shots like the bad ones above? One of Polaroid's new 400s with the Focused Flash system makes this improvement. It measures the exact light you need, for any distance. And it's automatic as you focus the camera. Just shoot normally.

Sometimes flash pictures can "burn-out" at 3½ feet. But with Focused Flash, little louvers close over the flashcube to give you soft light, as in the picture at the bottom.

Now focus on a group shot as far back as 10 feet. The louvers open wide. And the new GE Hi-Power Cube, over twice as bright as their standard cubes, gives you extra reach. (It delivers the extra brightness in the picture on the right below—no more faces left in the dark.)

All four Polaroid 400 Land cameras give you color pictures in a minute. (The 450, our most advanced model, even watches your watch for you and "Beeps" when your picture is developed.)

Focused Flash

ends black-outs

Prices start at under $60 without Focused Flash, under $70 with it. Spend the extra $10. Your camera will know just how far to go.

Only on Polaroid's new 400s.

THE GREATEST GIFT

By Mrs. Glen W. Karsten
President, The Living Bank
Houston, Texas

August is usually a quiet month for The Living Bank. Our torrid Texas weather combines with vacation schedules to discourage thoughts of anything as solemn as post-mortem organ transplants.

But last summer was different—very different. In its August issue, The Reader's Digest published "The Gifts of Gregory Menn." This touching article by Joseph Blank described the death of a teen-age American boy vacationing in Italy, and the good that followed his parents' decision to donate his organs for transplant. A note at the end of the article informed readers that The Living Bank would, on request, supply forms with which potential donors could authorize organ transplants.

Within days after the article appeared, an avalanche of mail inundated our tiny office. We set up extra tables wherever we could find space and issued a desperate call for volunteers to help answer the mail. Dozens replied. Texas oilmen, doctors and bankers, policemen, students and secretaries spent hours licking stamps and typing envelopes for us.

People wrote in from every state and from four dozen foreign countries to express their gratitude for the opportunity the Digest article had given them—the chance to make a meaningful contribution to life. Especially heart-warming were the thousand or so letters from teen-agers. One college student wrote that the article had shown him "one of the best ways possible to demonstrate love for my fellow man." An Arizona youth said his family had *all* decided to request donor forms.

At this writing, we have responded to more than 45,000 requests for donor forms. Of these, more than 8200 potential donors have taken the trouble to fill out the forms, have them witnessed, and return them to us—and the mail continues to come in every day.

It is thrilling to realize that somewhere there are more than 8000 people whose lives may be prolonged and enriched, thanks to the generosity of their fellow humans, the courageous example of a bereaved couple, and the effectiveness of an article in that most effective of publications—The Reader's Digest.

Reader's Digest ®
Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Marca Registrada

Vol. 98, No. 588, April 1971 • Published each month simultaneously in the United States by The Reader's Digest Association, Inc., Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570, and in Canada by its Canadian subsidiary. Second-class postage paid at Pleasantville, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices.

The Sportabout.
It's not so much a station wagon as it is a sporty car with cargo space.

The Sportabout is in a class by itself.

Literally. Because there's no other compact-size wagon. There are bigger wagons and smaller wagons, but none the size of the Sportabout.

And there's no other wagon that so successfully combines fun with function.

You get a standard lift gate, a standard space-saver spare tire, and a turning circle the same as the VW Beetle.

You get a body that has been deep-dip rust proofed. And a body and a frame that has been "unitized" or welded together instead of just bolted. (Bolts can rattle loose.)

With the Sportabout, you don't have to worry. It's easy to handle, and it's stylish.

And it comes at a price that may make you laugh.

American Motors

This coupon has enormous trade-in value. It doesn't involve buying station wagons. It just involves going to look at them.

Fill out this coupon and bring it into your participating American Motors dealer, beginning April 1 and ending June 30, 1971.

In return he'll give you "Fun in the Sun," a whole book full of coupons with special discount prices on some very intriguing and useful items.

For example: A Soundesign five band AC/DC radio (29.95). A Bernz-o-matic portable refrigerator (52.50). A Coleman convertible cooler (29.95). A Millstone stainless barbecue (15.50). A Garcia spin cast set (23.95). A man's or a lady's 3-piece luggage set (57.95). A Wenzel cabin tent (63.50).

Can you think of a nicer way to fill a cargo space?

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP CODE_____

To locate your nearest participating American Motors dealer, call toll-free (800) 243-6000. (In Conn., 1-800-942-0655.) Dial as you normally dial long distance.

American Motors

Reader's Digest

PLEASANTVILLE, NEW YORK 10570

DeWitt Wallace and
Lila Acheson Wallace, *Co-Chairmen.*
President and Editor-in-Chief:
Hobart Lewis.
Executive Editor: Harry H. Harper, Jr.
Managing Editor: Walter B. Mahony, Jr.
Senior Staff Editors: John M. Allen,
Jeremy Dole, Roy A. Herbert,
Fulton Oursler, Jr. (Book Editor),
Roland Strand, Edward T. Thompson.
Senior Editors: Walter Adams, William A. H. Birnie,
Robert N. Bischoff, Peter C. Canning,
William Hard, Jr., Ben Hibbs, Walter Hunt,
Andrew Jones, Bruce Lee, Dennis McEvoy,
Robert O'Brien, Dan O'Keefe, S. A. Schreiner, Jr.,
Kenneth Wilson.
Excerpt Editor: Vera K. Lawrence.
Associates: Nina Bell Allen, Norma Canfield,
Beatrice C. Henderson, Betty Johnston,
Lila M. Wray.
Art Editor: Kenneth Stuart.
Associates: Robert H. Blattner, Donald H. Duffy,
Kenneth R. Hine, Edwin B. Kolsby,
Kenneth P. Sneider.
Department Editors: James McCracken,
Mary T. Steyn, Susan W. Thompson,
Marjorie Nicholson (Rights and Permissions).
Roving Editors: Hanson W. Baldwin, Blake Clark,
James Daniel, Karl Detzer, Francis Vivian Drake,
Lawrence Elliott, Paul Friggens, Gordon Gaskill,
Laurence W. Hall, John G. Hubbell, George Kent,
Wolfgang Langewiesche, David MacDonald,
Garland Manchester, James Nathan Miller,
Otis Mattox Miller, James Monahan, John Reddy,
David Reed, Carl T. Rowan, Cornelius Ryan,
Carl Selby, Charles Stevenson,
James Stewart Gordon, Robert S. Strother,
Jessica Velie, Don Wharton,
William L. White.
Associate Editors: Nathan M. Adams, Mary Louise Allin,
Doris Black, Michael Blow, Marjorie A. Flory,
Elaine Franklin, Helene B. Given, Elinor Griest,
Helen F. Hector, William Mendrek, David L. Minter,
Charles R. Morgan, Eleanor R. Prouty, Robert F. Rigby,
Caroline Rogers, Marjorie Scribner, James B. Shuman,
Patricia W. Tarnawsky, Edward Ziegler.
Washington Editor: Kenneth O. Gilmore.
Associates: John Barton, George Denison,
Eunice H. Methvin, William Schulz,
Kenneth Y. Tomlinson.
Researchers: Alicia Boyd, Ann Dear.
European Editor: John D. Panitza (Paris).
Associates: Page d'Aulnay, John Flint, Denis Fodor,
Jeanne Fourcade, Ursula Naccache, Francis Schell.
Copy Editor: Clarice Fontaine.
Associates: June Chatfield, Helen Fay, Anne Nicholas,
Elizabeth Plaisted, Barbara Skiba, Viola Berlingo.
Research Editor: Gertrude Arundel.
Assistants: Winifred Clinger,
Elinor Bratton, Greta Jones.
Researchers: Anne Addington,
Heather Chapman, Diane Connelly,
Madeleine Dickerson, Margaret Furniss,
Nina Georges-Picot, Nora Hair, Mary Marston,
Elizabeth Nichols, Andrea Potash, Jane Smith,
Susan Smith, Eleanor Swink,
Susan Wanner, Barbara Weeks.

READER'S DIGEST INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS
Executive Editor: Adrian Berwick.
Managing Editor: Alain de Lyrot.
Associates: Felicity Mead, Dorio Mutti,
Helen Sigrist.

READER'S DIGEST CONDENSED BOOK CLUB
Vice President: Ralph E. Henderson.
Editor: John T. Beaudouin.
Executive Editor: Joseph W. Hotchkiss.
Managing Editor: Anthony Wethered.
Senior Editors: Stanley Chambers,
Walter W. Meade, Jane Siepmann,
John S. Zinsser, Jr.
Associate Editors: Arthur Cavanaugh, Marion C. Conger,
Istar H. Dole, Marcia Drennen,
Herbert H. Lieberman, Noel Rae, Frances Travis,
Jean N. Willcox, Susan W. Wolf.
Copy Editor: Doris E. Dewey.

READER'S DIGEST GENERAL BOOKS
Editorial Director: Robert Cousins.
Editor: Bruce Marshall.
Executive Editor: John A. Pope.
Managing Editor: Walter R. Fox.
Senior Editors: Edward S. Barnard,
Carroll C. Calkins, Henry C. Marksbury, Jr.
Associate Editors: Priscilla Balaban,
Thomas J. Cuddihy, Alma E. Guinness,
Sherwood Harris, Edmund H. Harvey, Jr.,
Letitia B. Kehoe, Graeme G. Keeping, Peter Lacey,
Robert S. Reynolds.
Picture Editor: Robert J. Woodward.

THE READER'S DIGEST is published in
ENGLISH
[U.S., British, Australian, Canadian,
South African, New Zealand, Indian
and Asia Editions];
SPANISH and PORTUGUESE
[Latin American, Iberian and Portuguese Editions];
SWEDISH; FINNISH; NORWEGIAN; DANISH;
FRENCH
[Belgian, French, Swiss and Canadian Editions];
GERMAN [German and Swiss Editions];
DUTCH [Dutch and Belgian Editions];
ITALIAN; JAPANESE; CHINESE.
It is also published in
BRAILLE
[U.S., German, Japanese, Spanish
and Swedish Editions] and on
TALKING RECORDS
[U.S. Edition, by the American Printing House
for the Blind, Louisville, Ky.]

COVER: *"Spring Pastoral," by Stan Galli*

© 1971 The Reader's Digest Association, Inc.
All rights reserved. Reproduction in any
manner in whole or part in English or
other languages prohibited. Printed in U.S.A.

The Reader's Digest Association, Inc.

PLEASANTVILLE, NEW YORK 10570

DeWitt Wallace and Lila Acheson Wallace, *Founders and Co-Chairmen.*
Vice Chairman: Paul W. Thompson.
President, Chief Executive Officer: Hobart Lewis.
Executive Vice Presidents: Walter W. Hitesman, Kent Rhodes.
Senior Vice President: Richard Waters, *Treasurer.*
Chairman Committee for International Editions: Terence G. M. Harman.

MAGAZINE PUBLISHING
Publisher: Charles D. Hepler.
Associate Publisher: David B. Hoopes.
Advertising Sales Director: Richard F. McLoughlin.
Marketing Director: George V. Grune; Starr Schlobohm, C. Joseph Scott.
Agency Relations: Lynn C. Mapes, *Manager;* Walter T. Cullen, Whit Williams.
Promotion: D. B. Horton; K. Haydock, R. Schiff.
Creative Services: Anthony L. Antin.
Research: John F. Nephew.
Trade Relations: George Wallace.
Sales Marketing Services: William Bowdren.
Merchandising: Arthur Wurtmann.
Art: Clyde Bartel; L. Portuesi.
Advertising Services: F. C. Stock.
Circulation Director: Gordon W. Grossman.
Subscription: Theodore E. Braaten; Philip B. Green, Patrick Lee.
Sales Marketing: Benjamin Dolphin; Joseph J. Knox, Royal F. Potter.

BOOKS AND PHONOGRAPH RECORDS
Director: Thomas R. Esencourt; Thomas E. Bundrick, Franklin H. Nichols, Jr., Robert P. Palmer, Francis G. Ronnenberg.

EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS AND PROJECTS
Director: George F. Sprague.
Educational Publications: Chandler Hill; Natalie Mcnish, Julian W. Carr.
Quality School Plan: Donald V. Ewart.

MANUFACTURING
Director: Frank M. Bitetto; Benjamin N. Caldwell, Frank E. Church, Richard G. Dutton, E. K. Gillett III, Melvin T. Williams, Willard T. Woodhall.

DATA PROCESSING OPERATIONS
Director: Robert A. Frankel; Donald W. Ruehl, Francis D. Virgadamo.

DATA PROCESSING SYSTEMS
Director: Robert E. Nelson; John Moore, Robert Otten.

PUBLIC RELATIONS
Director: C. B. Devine.
Press Relations: Charles Pinchbeck.
Reprints: Genevieve Beck.

DEPARTMENTS
Accounting: William J. Cross.
Personnel: James L. Crider.
Corporate Studies: Michael A. Donohue.
Legal: W. B. McHenry.
Research: Rene Isaac.
Statistics: James F. Adams, Jr.
Transportation: Coleman W. Hoyt.
Community Affairs: John F. Maloney.

ADVERTISING SALES OFFICES
READER'S DIGEST SALES AND SERVICES, INC.
NEW YORK [200 Park Ave.]:
U.S.: Jerry A. Errico, *Manager;* Burton H. Boersma, *Associate Manager;* James Baker, James J. Cusack, Wayne D. Douglas, Peter C. Edmondson, Kenneth G. Haley, Raymond I. Hastings, Robert S. Hoffman, Ernest I. Kyle, Jr., Richard A. Mascott, David B. Metz, Charles R. Powell, Dawson A. Ryder, Lee Steedle, William D. Thorn.
International: P. Aldrich, J. C. Barnes, W. E. Browning, John A. Caragol.
PHILADELPHIA [1700 Market St.]:
Macpherson Raymond, *Manager;* T. H. Anderson, William F. Mannion.
PITTSBURGH [417 Oliver Bldg.]:
Richard H. Haroff, *Manager;* Scott B. Brubaker.
BOSTON [65 William St., Wellesley]:
John Nimmo, *Manager;* B. Bruce Te Paske.
ATLANTA [1819 Peachtree Rd.]:
Samuel Boykin, *Southern Manager;* Robert G. Wallace, *Manager;* Hilliard A. Robertson, Jr.
CHICAGO [111 East Wacker Drive]:
U.S.: James T. Sheridan, *Manager;* William W. Hetherington, *Associate Manager;* George M. Bakke, Richard C. Eaton, Richard N. Murray, Robert Olson.
International: Thomas Stevenson.
ST. LOUIS [310 Mansion House Center]:
John N. Hoag, *Manager.*
DETROIT [20755 Greenfield Rd., Southfield]:
U.S.: Laurens Hare, *Manager;* A. B. Chaney, Richard J. McCarthy, Robert S. Vincent.
International: Richard W. Cavell.
MINNEAPOLIS [First Natl. Bank Bldg.]:
Thomas K. Reis, *Manager.*
LOS ANGELES [3600 Wilshire Blvd.]:
Frank W. Rice, *West Coast Manager;* Edmund Attanasio, Charles E. Carder.
SAN FRANCISCO [235 Montgomery St.]:
Willard F. Hamilton, *Manager.*

INTERNATIONAL OPERATIONS
Deputy Directors: John H. Davenport, William H. Kelty, John A. O'Hara.
Advertising Sales in U.S.:
David W. Cogswell, *Director.*
Hugh F. Dangler, *Manager.*
Philip K. March, *Promotion.*

OFFICES ABROAD: Amsterdam, Barcelona, Bombay, Brussels, Cape Town, Caracas, Copenhagen, Dusseldorf, Helsinki, Hong Kong, Johannesburg, Lisbon, London, Madrid, Manila, Melbourne, Mexico City, Milan, Montevideo, Montreal, Osaka, Oslo, Paris, Rome, San Sebastián, Santiago de Chile, Singapore, Stockholm, Stuttgart, Sydney, Tokyo, Toronto, Vienna, Zürich.

Breck Creme Rinse does a lot more than smooth tangles...
Creme rinses make wet hair easier to comb. Breck® Creme Rinse does that and more. It's so rich with conditioners it gives your hair the body and manageability it needs. Plus all the shine and silkiness you want. Breck Creme Rinse comes in three special formulas... one is just right for your hair and texture.
Beautiful Hair
BRECK® CREME RINSE
©JOHN H. BRECK INC., 1971
BRECK Creme Rinse
BRECK Creme Rinse with Body
BRECK Creme Rinse for Blondes
For Silkiness
For Body
For Blondes

Good mileage and fewer emissions —they can go hand in hand

When you burn gasoline more completely here...
...you use less gasoline from here...
...and less pollutants are left over to come out here.

Did you know that many things you can do to your car to improve your mileage will also reduce exhaust emissions?

It's mainly a matter of how completely your engine burns gasoline. The more completely, the less gasoline you need to drive a given distance – and the less partially burned gasoline is left over to come out into the air as exhaust emissions.

Keeping your engine in tune is probably the most important thing you can do to help.

A properly tuned engine can burn gasoline more completely. This can lead to a substantial reduction of both carbon monoxide and unburned hydrocarbons – and it can be good for your mileage as well.

Over half of all cars on the road need a tune-up. If they all got one, total exhaust emissions in the U.S. would be reduced significantly (and in most cases the effect on mileage would be favorable).

If your car is hard to start, runs rough or falters during acceleration, the chances are it needs a tune-up.

If your car hasn't had a tune-up in the past 12 months, you can be almost certain it needs one.

Please get a proper tune-up.

SHELL

Lose 4 pounds the first week!

Slender's nutritionally balanced protein formula gets quick results

The moment those first pounds disappear, you know you're on your way—at last. That's where Slender from Carnation *really* helps. It's probably one of the best programs you'll ever find for peeling off pounds sensibly—and from the first week.

Slender's balanced nutrition

Every nutrient of a well-balanced meal is in Slender. You get your full recommended dietary allowance of nourishing protein on four Slender meals a day. Plus your regular vitamins and minerals, including vitamins C and B-complex.

When dieters were placed on Slender's balanced nutrition, they lost 4½ pounds the first week. During the next two weeks they averaged 3.5 pounds loss a week. Dieters reported they weren't unduly hungry and that the Slender 900 calorie a day diet was "surprisingly filling".

Why is Slender so successful with problem dieters?

Rich, satisfying taste is the most important reason. Mixed in cold, fresh milk, or chilled from the can, Slender's taste is, frankly, unbeatable. And that's without artificial sweeteners.

So remember, anytime you *really* want to get it off, with no nonsense, that's the time for Slender—from Carnation.

Slender® diet food for weight control. Carnation Company, Los Angeles, California

HAVE YOU AN AMUSING ANECDOTE— *An Unusual Story?*

THE DIGEST welcomes contributions from readers—at the following rates of payment, on publication:

$100 for Life in These United States (see page 111)

Contributions must be true, unpublished stories from your own experience, revelatory of *adult* human nature, and providing appealing or humorous sidelights on the American scene. Maximum length: 300 words. Address: Life in U.S. Editor.

$100 for Humor in Uniform (see page 189)

True and unpublished stories based on experiences in the armed forces. Maximum length: 300 words. Address: Humor in Uniform Editor.

$25 for Toward More Picturesque Speech (see page 66)

The *first* contributor of each item used in this department is paid $25. Address: Picturesque Speech Editor.

For *Laughter, the Best Medicine* (see page 127), *Personal Glimpses* (see page 57), *Campus Comedy* (see page 25) and other anecdotal items, payment is made at the following rates: To the *first* contributor of each item from a published source—$25. For original material, payment is $10 per Digest two-column line. Address: Excerpt Editor.

For short anecdotes, quips and quotations, the most likely sources are books, magazines of limited circulation and local newspapers. So many duplicates of items from major magazines and syndicated columns are received that the chance of being the first contributor is slim.

The contributor's name and address, and the date the contribution is sent, should be on all items. Original contributions should be typewritten whenever possible. When material is from a published source, give the name and date of publication. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned. Please address contributions to the proper editor, c/o The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570.

$3000 for First Person Articles

An article for this series must be a true, hitherto unpublished narrative of an unusual personal experience. It may be dramatic, inspirational or humorous, but it must have, in the opinion of the editors, a quality of narrative and interest comparable to "Little Johnny Slept Here" (February '71) and "Indians Don't Cry" (November '70).

Contributions must be typewritten, preferably *double-spaced*, and must not exceed 2500 words. They cannot be acknowledged and will be returned—usually within eight or ten weeks—only when accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please do *not* send documents or photographs. Address: First Person Editor.

Sears Dynaglass Sealant Tire.

We drove 100 nails in it. Then drove it non-stop from New York to Philadelphia.

Press Section

NOTES AND COMMENT ON THE NEWS

Portland Oregonian

Nudity—Who Needs It?

THE faintest delicate green is showing on the grotesque gray limbs of deciduous trees. Last fall they were magnificently adorned in gold and red. The leaves fell, and they appeared as so much naked brush. Now Nature is clothing them again.

One who appreciates the beauty and utility of leaves on trees, grass on the ground, feathers on canaries, scales on fish, fur on cats, moon and stars in the night sky, and well-cut, color-coördinated clothes on people may ponder: What's the big deal about nudity?

Garden City, N.Y., Newsday

A Chance to Serve

PRESIDENT Nixon has proposed a Volunteer Service Corps, combining VISTA, the Peace Corps, and other unspecified "agencies now scattered throughout the federal government." It would be voluntary and permit transfer between domestic and foreign posts, as well as part-time service. The Corps could "clean up the environment, combat illiteracy, malnutrition, suffering and blight either abroad or at home." As the draft is reduced and eventually eliminated, volunteers would have a choice of military or civilian service.

Wouldn't it be better to have an obligatory Service Corps, exempting only those who are physically or mentally disabled? Each would have a choice of how to serve, but each would know that at some point in his youth he owed his countrymen a contribution of his skill and labor, just as he owes a portion of his revenue through taxes.

Whatever its ultimate outline, the development of a Volunteer Service Corps depends on the response. If it is true that youth believes money isn't everything, then this is a chance to prove it to sweeping and dramatic effect. "The door," as the President declared, "is open." —Flora Lewis

Congressional Record

Public Weapon No. 1

WITH some 200 million people, the United States averages 50 times as many gun murders a year as do England, Germany and Japan combined with their total population of 218 million.

This appalling statistic calls to mind other salient features of our culture. The more than 90 million firearms privately owned by Americans give us the distinction of having the highest—by far the highest—gun-to-population ratio of any nation. About half of all American homes have a firearm; many have more than one. About 25 million of those weapons are concealable handguns, which are used in virtually all aggravated assaults and robberies involving firearms and

Press Section

in three fourths of all gun murders.

We lag behind every other civilized nation in the world in failing to have a comprehensive, effective national policy of firearms control. Guns are available to those who hold up banks, filling stations, shops and supermarkets. So merchants are leaving the city in fear of their lives. Residents are fleeing to the suburbs and installing every known type of protective device.

If, on the other hand, we had restrictive licensing of handguns nationwide, similar to the Sullivan law of New York State, police could, with the use of modern electronic equipment, spot a metallic object on a suspect and (under recent Supreme Court rulings) frisk him. If found with a gun and without a license, he can be convicted and sentenced on that evidence alone.

There can be no doubt that in a few years the right law would have a profound effect in reducing the crimes of armed robbery, aggravated assault and homicide.

—Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, from a speech

"I need one for protection from my weird neighbor, who bought one for protection from his weird neighbor, who bought one . . ."

CARTOON © 1970 BY THE REGISTER AND TRIBUNE SYNDICATE

Forbes

Long-Life Insurance

THE anti-smoking movement is more than a passing fad. State Mutual Life Assurance Co., which began to offer lower life-insurance rates for nonsmokers back in 1964 after publication of the Surgeon General's report, announced recently that it had gone over the $1-billion mark in face value of such insurance sold. In 1969, non-cigarette-smoker policies accounted for 39 percent of the company's individual life-insurance sales, and in 1970 for 37 percent.

All the policyholder need do to qualify is to sign a statement saying he has not smoked a cigarette in the past year (cigars and pipes are acceptable). State Mutual has not yet had to cancel a policy because a former cigarette smoker has succumbed to the lure of the weed again.

New York Times

Lifesaving Light

WHY do we have to wait until the end of April to enjoy an hour's extra daylight in the afternoon? The arguments in favor of year-round daylight saving seem manifold. In this crime-ridden era, an hour's more afternoon daylight would enable young children and older people, likely victims of bul-

Campus Comedy

A COLLEGE-student friend of mine, after 12 arduous weeks of practice teaching, gave his high-school English students an opportunity to evaluate him. One of the grading sheets read simply: "You done good."

—Contributed by Gary ZumMallen

AT THE University of Southern California, a sign on a door in a girls' dorm reads: "This room is rated X. No men under 18 allowed."

—Contributed by Carol Hunter

DURING a recent uprising at the University of New Mexico, a woman was seen dragging a youth by his long hair to a nearby car. When several of his fellow protestors raced to his assistance, his voice was heard above the din: "Hey, lay off, fellas. It's my *mother!*"

—Contributed by Mrs. H. R. Stanley

A SIGN on an apartment building near the University of Minnesota campus read: "Girls apt available on second floor." Later, I noticed someone had added another line which read: "Girls not so apt available on third floor."

—Contributed by Harold D. Corbett

THE LOCAL Environmental Action Group at Florida State University placed the following advertisement in last year's homecoming issue of the school newspaper, the *Florida Flambeau:* "Do your bit for Ecology this weekend. Buy your beer in kegs, not cans."

MY 41-year-old father returned to college after 18 years in business. One day he found a parking ticket from the campus police on the windshield of his car. When he told his counselor about it, he was advised that it was nothing—just a warning. "Nothing!" replied my father. "According to this ticket, two more like it and they write home to tell my mother."

—Contributed by Terry Voight

MY SON, who shares an off-campus apartment with two other classmates, called me to get the cooking time for a roast of beef. "How much does it weigh?" I asked.

"I don't know exactly," he said. "But it's about the size of a football with the ends cut off."

—Contributed by N. Kehoe

AFTER Duke University's president, Terry Sanford, warned the student body of the university's firm policy against drugs, the following sign appeared on campus lawns: "Keep off this grass, too."

—Contributed by Skip Staples

CHANCELLOR Maurice Mitchell of the University of Denver, speaking of the

hazards in fund raising, tells of the officials at a large state university who recruited their football coach to speak to potential donors. The coach gave a particularly rousing talk sprinkled with football idiom before one group of rich and aging alumni, capping his remarks with: "Remember—when you kick off, State receives!"

—Contributed by I. R. Ritter

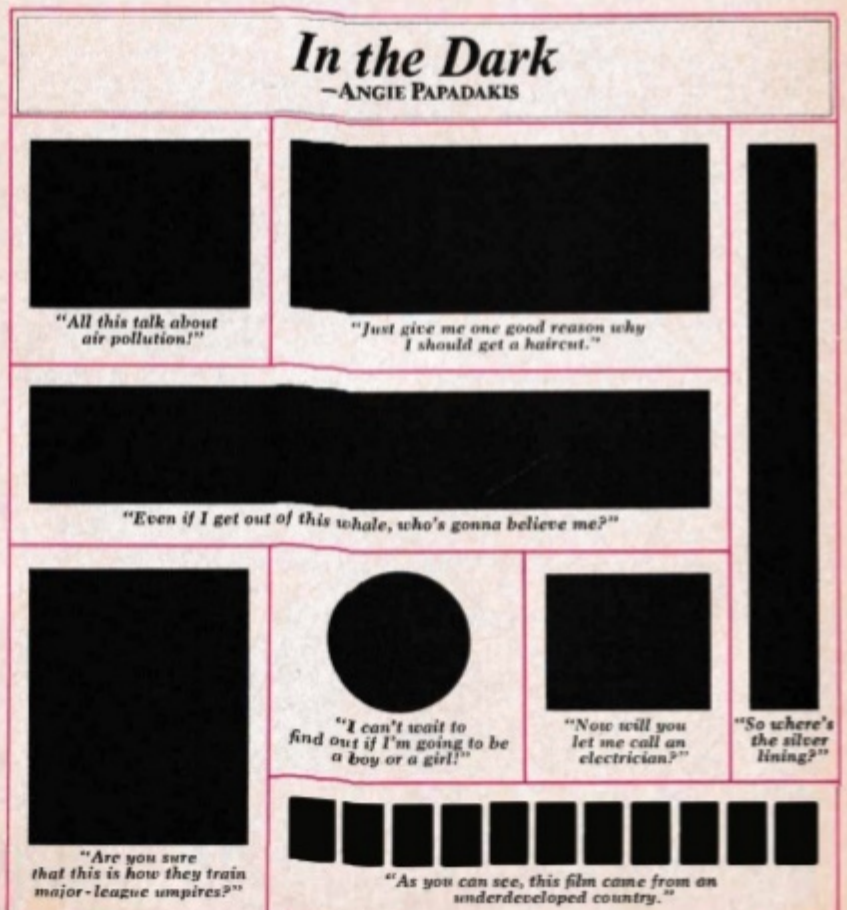
At the University of Maryland's College Park campus, a popular elective is Health 178—Fundamentals of Sex Education. When our grade report arrived, the course title as abbreviated by the computer read: "FUN SEX ED."

—Contributed by David P. Via

Readers' contributions are solicited for this department. See page 17.

In the Dark

—Angie Papadakis


"All this talk about air pollution!"
"Just give me one good reason why I should get a haircut."
"Even if I get out of this whale, who's gonna believe me?"
"I can't wait to find out if I'm going to be a boy or a girl!"
"Now will you let me call an electrician?"
"So where's the silver lining?"
"Are you sure that this is how they train major-league umpires?"
"As you can see, this film came from an underdeveloped country."

This is for people who can't believe new Floral Bouquet is really Corning Ware®

New Floral Bouquet, like all Corning Ware® products, withstands any temperature from freezer cold to oven or range-top hot. This actual fire-and-ice test proves it!

And there's more...

This is for people who know Floral Bouquet is really Corning Ware®

1½ Qt. Covered Saucepan $6.95
9 Cup Percolator $11.95 (in Floral Bouquet, $12.95)
1 Qt. Covered Saucepan $5.95
1¾ Qt. Covered Saucepan $7.95
2½ Qt. Covered Saucepan $8.95
10 Inch Covered Skillet $10.95

And because it is a Corning Ware® product, you can use new Floral Bouquet for freezing, cooking, serving and storing without the slightest worry—even in microwave ovens (except for items with metal parts).

That's because Floral Bouquet, like all Corning Ware, is made from Corning's exclusive Pyroceram® brand material.

See Floral Bouquet wherever Corning Ware products are sold...then add its warmth and beauty to your home—or to your gift-giving.

SPECIAL OFFER

Corning Floral Bouquet • P. O. Box 434 • N.Y., N.Y. 10046

I enclose $3* check or money order for beautiful "Floral Bouquet" companion set by Springmaid®—fine terrycloth towel, apron and two pot-holders.

*(N.Y. residents, add sales tax where applicable.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Allow 6 weeks for delivery

Offer expires Aug. 31, 1971

10 Inch Electromatic Skillet $29.95
6 Cup Teapot $7.95
1, 1½, 1¾ Qt. Covered Saucepans with cradle and white handle $24.95 Set
10 Cup Electromatic Percolator $29.95 (not shown, 6 Cup Electromatic, $27.95)

CORNING

CORNING WARE, ® and PYROCERAM are registered trademarks of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y.

Only Kava takes the 'bite' out of coffee acid taste.

Everybody talks about the taste of coffee acidity. But Kava does something about it. And gives you a smoother, more congenial coffee flavor. One that's less harsh, less bitter. If you avoid coffee or drink less than you like, because of the acid taste, try Kava. You'll like it more. And more often.

Condensed from HARVEST YEARS

IRWIN ROSS

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT YOUR PENSION

Each year, thousands of Americans who think they are "covered" fail to get the retirement benefits they've been counting on. Here's why

WEEK after week despairing letters stream into Congress and the Labor Department from people who have suddenly discovered that their long-expected pensions have evaporated into thin air. Last April, George P. Shultz, then Secretary of Labor, told a Congressional committee that an estimated *one third* of all employes currently covered by private retirement plans "will never receive a pension." According to this calculation, nearly nine million of the 26 million Americans now enrolled in these plans will lose out.

The crunch in large part comes because only a minority of workers spend a lifetime or even 20 years with one employer. In a dynamic, innovative economy it is quite common to change jobs three or four times in a working career of 40 to 45 years. No personal instability is involved, merely an individual's desire to better himself, or the need to shift because technological change has wiped out old jobs. In recent months, too, because of the recession as well as budgetary cutbacks in the defense and aerospace industries, a great many people have lost their jobs before they could nail down their pension rights.

Clearly, there are major flaws in this country's system of private pension plans. Among them:

Inadequate "vesting" provisions. Vesting is the non-forfeitable right to a pension that an employe retains

HARVEST YEARS (APRIL '73), © 1973 BY HARVEST YEARS PUB. CO., INC., 104 E. 40 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

when he leaves a job prior to retirement age. Generally, it is a deferred right—the worker draws the pension when he reaches 60 or 65—and it is less than a full pension, its amount depending on his length of service. According to a recent Bureau of Labor Statistics study, 23 percent of pension plans offer no vesting—which, of course, means that a worker has to stay on the job until retirement age to be assured of a pension.

Moreover, only 34 percent of plans give vested rights after five to ten years' service—an excellent provision—whereas 30 percent require 11 to 15 years and nine percent 16 to 20 years. (In many of these plans an employe has to attain a certain age—often 40 or 50—before he can be vested.)

Business disasters. Expectations of a pension can be cruelly thwarted not only because employes change or lose jobs before they qualify; some workers are victimized because their employers go out of business before they can put enough money in the pension fund to meet all its obligations. The best-known disaster of that kind befell employes of the Studebaker Corporation, which stopped automobile manufacturing at its South Bend, Ind., factory in 1964. Studebaker had instituted a pension plan in 1950, but by the time the fund was formally terminated and retirees were compensated through the purchase of annuities, the money left in the pot was grievously inadequate to satisfy all the vested claims. The solution: each man got 15 percent of what he was entitled to, in lump-sum settlements that ranged from $200 to $1600. Most of these workers were in their early 50s and had only a remote chance of qualifying elsewhere for a pension.

The United Steelworkers of America, which has about a million members covered by pension plans, has within the last five years seen over 70 pension funds founder because of plant shutdowns, bankruptcy or merger. A Department of Labor study showed that 4259 pension plans were terminated from 1955 through 1965—affecting some 225,000 employes. Some of these plans had a fair amount of money in the till, and some of the workers were transferred to plans in merged corporations. Nonetheless, many thousands of workers each year were victimized.

Unethical conduct. Another threat to employes' pensions comes from the loose standards which govern the plans. In theory, a pension fund is set up solely in the interest of its beneficiaries. In practice, there are innumerable opportunities for the company or the plan trustees to manipulate the fund for their own private advantage. In one celebrated case, corporate officers of a holding company were also the trustees of the pension fund of their principal operating company. They used pension-fund money to purchase the stock of the holding company, thereby supporting its market price when

Announcing Command® Protein Hair Thickener.

(It actually thickens thin hair.)

It thickens thin hair. It gives fine hair body. It makes thinning hair look thicker. Its unique protein formula actually builds hair up . . . adds noticeable fullness. It controls hair naturally without oil, without grease. New Command Protein Hair Thickener. It does what it says.

To prove it, we'll give you a FREE sample of new Command Protein Hair Thickener. Just send 50¢ to cover the cost of handling and mailing to: Alberto-Culver, P.O. Box 799, Hinsdale, Ill. 60521. Please include zip code to insure delivery. Offer expires December 31, 1971.

© Copyright 1971. Alberto-Culver Co., Melrose Park, Ill.

Thank heavens!
For little girls and gentle Dial Soap. The soap mild enough for newborn babies. And yet the most effective deodorant soap you can buy. That's Dial.
Aren't you glad you use Dial Soap!
dial
(don't you wish everybody did?)

Win a Dodge full of Dial

We've loaded ten 1971 Dodge Crestwood Wagons with Dial Soap, Dial Anti-Perspirant, Dial Deodorant and Dial Shampoo. If you estimate how many of these Dial products we got in—even if you're just close—you may win the Dodge and the Dial. Find out more where you buy Dial.

(see other side)

Save 5¢ on two bars Dial Soap

5¢ Store Coupon 5¢

10¢ Store Coupon 10¢

Save 10¢ on Dial Anti-perspirant or Deodorant

Church—lights will be on throughout the church for the rest of the week-end; pastor trying to force open the Easter lilies."

—Hayward, Calif., *Review*, quoted in *P. G. S. E. Life*

5¢ Store Coupon 5¢

Save 5¢ 471 RD

on 2 bars Dial Soap (any size)

MR. DEALER: You are authorized to act as our agent for redemption of this coupon. We will pay you its face value plus 3¢ handling provided you and the consumer have complied with the terms of this offer.

OFFER TERMS: This coupon is good only when redeemed by you from a consumer at time of purchasing specified brand. Any sales tax must be paid by consumer. Invoices showing your purchase of sufficient stock to cover all coupons redeemed must be shown on request. Void if taxed, restricted or prohibited by law, or if presented by any outside agencies, brokers, industrial or institutional users. Cash value 1/20 of 1¢.

Send coupon to Armour-Dial, Inc., Box 182, Clinton, Iowa 52732. Offer limited to one coupon per specified product and size.

dial

5¢

10¢ Store Coupon 10¢

Save 10¢ 471 RD

on one can of Dial Anti-perspirant or Deodorant (any size)

MR. DEALER: You are authorized to act as our agent for redemption of this coupon. We will pay you its face value plus 3¢ handling provided you and the consumer have complied with the terms of this offer.

OFFER TERMS: This coupon is good only when redeemed by you from a consumer at time of purchasing specified brand. Any sales tax must be paid by consumer. Invoices showing your purchase of sufficient stock to cover all coupons redeemed must be shown on request. Void if taxed, restricted or prohibited by law, or if presented by any outside agencies, brokers, industrial or institutional users. Cash value 1/20 of 1¢.

Send coupon to Armour-Dial, Inc., Box 182, Clinton, Iowa 52732. Offer limited to one coupon per specified product and size.

10 Winners-enter often!

You can enter the Dodge-Full-of-Dial Contest as often as you like. But you must enter before May 31, 1971. So enter today. Use the attached coupons to save money on Dial Products and get full details of the Contest where you buy them. Offer void in Washington, Wisconsin and Missouri or where prohibited by law.

S4

(see other side)

(don't you wish everybody did?)

employer plans, have vigorously argued that the cost of the proposed reforms would be onerous for their modest-sized and often hard-pressed employers and would force a reduction of already small pension benefits—$75 and $85 a month in the case of the ILGWU. Like the garment unions, the AFL-CIO maintains that in multi-employer plans, 25- or 30-year funding is unnecessary, for with many hundreds of employers putting up the money, the demise of any particular employer would not imperil the fund. The view has merit and, in at least one proposal, a multi-employer plan which is clearly not dominated by any one employer would be exempt.

Less controversial proposals involve stricter standards under which "self-dealing" would be outlawed. Pension-fund trustees would be held to standards similar to those that apply to the trustees of an estate. Any deviation from such behavior would compel the trustees to make up losses suffered by a fund and, in the case of willful delinquency, criminal penalties could be imposed. Annual reports would have to be filed with the Labor Department providing far more detail on fund investments than is now required.

The Nixon Administration is strongly on record for a fiduciary standards and disclosure bill, and there will be an energetic push to pass reform legislation in the new Congress. But even now there are a few important steps *you* can take to protect your pension:

1. Study the details of your pension plan. Benefits have often been lost through ignorance. If the plan requires 15 years' service and attaining the age of 42 for vesting, don't make the mistake of leaving when you're 41.

2. See if there are any hidden gimmicks in the plan. Sometimes an ex-employe is denied vested rights in a pension if he goes to work for a competitor.

3. Check occasionally with the personnel office to make sure that there are no errors about your length of service. It is easier to correct mistakes soon after they occur than when you are on the brink of retirement.

4. If you have a vested right in a pension, get a written statement from the pension fund as to your equity when you leave your job. Don't wait until you retire.

Foresight can save a lot of woe. But in the end Congress will have to act if the pension rights of millions of Americans are to be protected.

Police Alert. Just before Easter last year, this item appeared on the Newark, Calif., police-department log: "8:26 p.m., Holy Redeemer Lutheran Church—lights will be on throughout the church for the rest of the weekend; pastor trying to force open the Easter lilies."

—Hayward, Calif., *Review*, quoted in *P. G. & E. Life*

electric!

General Electric's new rechargeable Elec-Trak® garden tractor.

QUIET. Now you can mow anytime day or night. Why? Your powerful, rugged Elec-Trak tractor easily handles tough lawn jobs without heat, noise, fumes or vibration.

RECHARGEABLE. Just plug it into any standard household outlet for a quick recharge and you're ready to go. Mow up to 3 acres—for about 5¢/acre—or haul heavy loads all day long on a single charge, with no extension cord. Plug it in when you're through and the battery is refueled at almost 20% per hour.

SAFER. It stops when you stop. A safety switch immediately shuts down mower blades and drive if you leave the tractor seat. Front mounted mowers are available with either side or safer rear discharge. All heavy duty attachments can be changed in seconds with no lifting . . . because power lift is standard.

INSTANT START. Flip a switch and it goes. Whatever the weather. Elec-Trak tractor's tough, dependable power-pack is warranted for 5 years. Forget tune ups, clutched belts and hazardous fuel.

Join the move to clean, quiet electric power. And ask your nearby Elec-Trak tractor dealer about the full line of plug-in attachments, from a giant snowthrower to a lightweight chain saw. He's in the yellow pages, or call toll free anytime: **800-243-6000** and in Connecticut 800-942-0655. 523-11

General Electric Co., Outdoor Power Equipment Operation, Schenectady, N.Y. 12305.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Peter Funk

In the following list of adjectives, all ending in *ous*, check the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 40.

1. **anonymous** (ă non′ ĭ mus)—A: unnamed. B: silent. C: boring. D: ignorant.
2. **precipitous** (pre sip′ ĭ tus)—A: falling. B: emotional. C: unexpected. D: steep.
3. **indigenous** (in dij′ ĕ nus)—A: wrathful. B: native. C: lazy. D: needy.
4. **contiguous** (kon tig′ ū us)—A: adjoining. B: perpetual. C: twisting. D: belligerent.
5. **ludicrous** (lū′ dĭ krus)—A: profitable. B: sad. C: laughable. D: clumsy.
6. **mellifluous** (mĕ lif′ lōō us)—A: fragrant. B: smoothly flowing. C: having great variety. D: gentle and mild.
7. **egregious** (ĕ grē′ jus)—A: sociable. B: absurd. C: glaring. D: avoidable.
8. **meticulous** (mĕ tik′ ū lus)—A: careful. B: very small. C: meddlesome. D: punctual.
9. **sinuous** (sin′ ū us)—A: ominous. B: strong. C: suspicious. D: winding.
10. **ponderous** (pon′ der us)—A: unyielding. B: thorough. C: heavy. D: sure-footed.
11. **sumptuous** (sump′ tū us)—A: hearty. B: luxurious. C: round and full. D: spacious.
12. **fatuous** (fat′ ū us)—A: foolish. B: portly. C: slow-witted. D: empty.
13. **posthumous** (pŏs′ tū mus)—A: ribald. B: occurring after one's death. C: contemporary. D: decaying.
14. **vociferous** (vō sif′ er us)—A: talkative. B: enthusiastic. C: ravenous. D: making a loud outcry.
15. **spurious** (spūr′ ē us)—A: counterfeit. B: stimulating. C: illegal. D: spontaneous.
16. **impious** (im′ pē us)—A: mischievous. B: magical. C: irreverent. D: clownish.
17. **sagacious** (să gā′ shus)—A: cautious. B: diligent. C: lascivious. D: wise.
18. **anomalous** (ă nom′ ă lus)—A: secret. B: irregular. C: similar. D: perplexing.
19. **captious** (kap′ shus)—A: amusing. B: erratic. C: faultfinding. D: boastful.
20. **mendacious** (men dā′ shus)—A: begging. B: greedy. C: bitter. D: untruthful.

Answers to

"IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

1. **anonymous**—A: Unnamed; of an unknown or unidentified source; as, an *anonymous* gift. Greek *anōnymos.*
2. **precipitous**—D: Very or impassably steep; like a precipice; as, a *precipitous* rock wall. Latin *praecipitium,* "precipice."
3. **indigenous**—B: Native; originating or thriving naturally in a region or climate; as, an *indigenous* weed. Latin *indigena,* "a native."
4. **contiguous**—A: Adjoining; touching; as, *contiguous* properties. Latin *contingere,* "to have contact with."
5. **ludicrous**—C: Laughable through obvious absurdity; ridiculous; as, a *ludicrous* complaint. Latin *ludus,* "game."
6. **mellifluous**—B: Smoothly or sweetly flowing; honeyed; as, a *mellifluous* voice. Latin *mel,* "honey," and *fluere,* "to flow."
7. **egregious**—C: Glaring; flagrant; conspicuously bad; as, an *egregious* error. Latin *egregius,* "out from the herd."
8. **meticulous**—A: Excessively careful about details; minutely painstaking for fear of error or criticism; as, a *meticulous* tax expert. Latin *metus,* "fear."
9. **sinuous**—D: Winding; marked by bends and curves; serpentine; as, a *sinuous* river. Latin *sinus,* "curve."
10. **ponderous**—C: Heavy; labored; oppressively dull; as, a *ponderous* speech. Latin *pondus,* "weight."
11. **sumptuous**—B: Luxurious; lavish; extravagantly expensive; as, a *sumptuous* meal. Latin *sumptus,* "expense."
12. **fatuous**—A: Pointlessly foolish; silly; as, a *fatuous* remark. Latin *fatuus.*
13. **posthumous**—B: Following or occurring after one's death; as, a *posthumous* award. Latin *postumus,* "late-born, last."
14. **vociferous**—D: Making a loud outcry; shouting; clamorous; as, a *vociferous* baseball fan. Latin *vociferari,* "to cry aloud."
15. **spurious**—A: Counterfeit; not genuine; fake; as, a *spurious* painting. Latin *spurius,* "of illegitimate birth."
16. **impious**—C: Irreverent; lacking in respect; undutiful; as, an *impious* manner. Latin *impius,* "godless, unfilial, unpatriotic."
17. **sagacious**—D: Wise; discerning; keenly perceptive; as, *sagacious* advice. Latin *sagax.*
18. **anomalous**—B: Irregular; deviating from the common rule; abnormal; as, an *anomalous* political affiliation. Greek *anōmalos,* "uneven."
19. **captious**—C: Faultfinding; critical; tending to raise trivial objections; as, a *captious* questioner. Latin *captio,* "deception."
20. **mendacious**—D: Untruthful; dishonest; given to falsehood; as, a *mendacious* lawyer. Latin *mendax.*

Vocabulary Ratings

20—19 correct.....excellent
18—17 correct.....good
16—14 correct.....fair

ADVERTISEMENT

An honest discussion of Imported vs. American cars.

From a company that builds both.

We listen. We know people are confused by the sudden wave of foreign and domestic small cars on the market these days.

We must also confess we're partly to blame for the confusion. Ford Motor Company has built more small cars than anyone else in the world.

As a matter of fact, we currently produce a long list of compact and sub-compact automobiles. Three of them—Pinto, Maverick, and Mercury Comet—we assemble here. The others—cars like Cortina, Escort, Taunus and Capri—we build abroad. Capri we import. It's made such a tremendous hit in Europe as a sports/personal car, we decided to sell it over here through Lincoln-Mercury dealers.

L to R: Taunus, Capri, Pinto. All small cars. All from Ford Motor Company. Two are made in Europe.

Add our offerings to a plethora of American-built Vegas and Gremlins, European-made VWs and Crickets, and Japanese-produced Toyotas and Datsuns, and the great debate begins:

"Who's best?"

We'd like to resolve the issue. We have everything to gain from it.

If you're confused, chances are you'll do one of two things: You'll buy the wrong car. Or no car at all.

If we sell you the wrong car, you're not likely to buy from us again. If you buy no car, we don't make money—which is very undesirable for a company like us. Because we are in business to make money.

Here are the facts.

continued on next page

ADVERTISEMENT

Right now, foreign cars account for more than 13 per cent of all cars sold in this country. Their popularity is well-earned.

Generally speaking, they're inexpensive to buy, cheap to run and simple to maintain.

Moreover, they have a handbuilt-in-the-Black-Forest-by-elves kind of mystique to them which, legend or not, is an envious credential for any product to have. But more on that later.

Good as the imports are, they aren't without a few shortcomings. First of all, most imports are not specifically designed for American roads, which are significantly different from those abroad. (Note the illustrations.

Typical U.S. highway

Because of that, many tend to be ill at ease on our long superhighways. They tend to be slightly underpowered. They tend to be skittish in crosswinds. And anybody who's been in one on an expressway, on a gusty day, knows what a white-knuckled experience *that* is.

Furthermore, most imports tend to be a bit cramped inside for large American physiques. The average American is approximately 4.3 inches taller and 31 pounds heavier than the average Japanese.

On the other hand, domestic small cars like Pinto and Maverick were designed and engineered from the outset to be driven by American-size people on

American-type roads. And in the case of Pinto, the objective is achieved with the traditionally good gas mileage you'd expect from an import. Last summer, for example, we ran a Pinto and a leading import through the same simulated city-suburban gas mileage tests. Despite Pinto's 15 extra horsepower, both cars averaged over 25.5 mpg.

WHAT ABOUT STABILITY?

In addition, Pinto, Maverick and Mercury Comet have suspension systems that are specifically tailored to U.S. highways. They all use balljoints and coil springs in front, leaf springs in rear, special shock absorbers at all four wheels. Nothing exotic, really. But each setup has been calibrated by computer for the kinds of roads you're most likely to encounter. The result is a ride that is neither "mushy" at speed, nor "choppy" around town, yet firm enough to assure safe cornering and tracking. Furthermore, all three cars are noticeably wider than they are tall, and have very low centers of gravity, so there's no unnerving "top-heaviness" in crosswinds. Pinto even carries the luxury of rack-and-pinion steering, as do many sports cars—Ferrari, Porsche, Jaguar, Triumph, MG—as well as Capri.

ARE IMPORTS BETTER BUILT

Back to the mystique of Old World Craftsmanship. Contrary to popular belief, foreign cars are built by neither elves nor Samurai warriors. They're produced in large factories, on assembly lines—the same way cars are built in this country. And generally speaking. European and Japanese quality standards are neither higher nor lower than ours. As such, their cars have many of the same strengths domestic cars have. They also have many of the same weaknesses. Despite legend, elves have the

SMALL CAR COMPARISON CHART

	Domestic				Imported			
	Vega	Maverick	Pinto	Mercury Comet	VW (Super Beetle)	Capri	Datsun (PL 510)	Toyota (Corona)
Length, oa.	169.7"	179.4"	163.0"	181.7"	161.8"	167.8"	162.2"	166.9"
Width, oa	65.4"	70.5"	69.4"	70.6"	62.4"	64.8"	61.4"	61.8"
Wheelbase	97.0"	103.0"	94.0"	103.0"	95.3"	100.8"	95.3"	95.7"
Height	51.9"	53.0"	50.1"	53.0"	59.1"	50.7"	55.1"	55.1"
Track, front	55.1"	56.5"	55.0"	56.5"	54.3"	53.0"	50.4"	51.2"
rear	54.1"	56.5"	55.0"	56.5"	53.3"	52.0"	50.4"	50.0"
Turning circle	33.0'	36.9'	31.5'	36.9'	31.5'	32.0'	31.4'	N/A
Curb Weight, lbs.	2202	2626	2030	2633	1918	2115	2041	2170
Engine displacement, (cu. in.)	140.0	170.0	97.6	170.0	96.6	97.6	97.3	113.4
Horsepower	90	100	75	100	60	75	96	108
Price*	$2091	$2175	$1919	$2217	$1985	$2395	$1990	$2126

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for comparable vehicles. Dealer preparation charges included for Vega only; destination charges, state and local taxes are not included for above vehicles.

The point is simply that integrity in the car business lives on this side of the ocean as surely as it does in Wolfsburg. Consider these facts:

• *Pinto uses an imported engine and drive line. Yes, it's built in Europe. Prior to its introduction in this country, it had undergone more than 50 million miles of owner use—so you don't have to put up with the traditional "bugs" of a new design.*

• *If something does need fixing, there are more than 6,700 Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealerships across the country. VW has 1,660. Datsun 980. So if your Pinto needs a voltage regulator in Keokuk, Iowa, you can get one installed in Keokuk. The nearest VW dealer is in Quincy, Illinois.*

So much for our point of view.

If you'd like additional literature or data, do write us.

WRITE:
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LISTENS
DEPARTMENT RD
THE AMERICAN ROAD
DEARBORN, MICH. 48121

Let us know how we can better serve you as a company.

Ford

...has a better idea (we listen better)

"The day we got our four-bladed Jacobsen was the turning point in my career." Ken Wells, grass cutter.

"In my business, there's one thing you've got to remember: your lawnmower can make you or break you. With a great lawnmower, you can be the Babe Ruth of the grass cutters."

(A Jacobsen is a great lawnmower. It has four blades instead of two to give you twice the cutting action.)

"With a great lawnmower, you're in demand. 'Hey, Kenny, come do my grass!' That's all I hear all day long."

(A Jacobsen is a great lawnmower. All four blades are reversible and replaceable for longer life. And retractable for greater safety.)

"With a great lawnmower you can command vast sums of money. A dollar ten an hour at the very least."

(A Jacobsen is a great lawnmower. It'll cut the grass so fine sometimes you don't have to rake.)

"With a great lawnmower people look up to you. Even if you're small, and they have to look down at you to look up to you."

(Jacobsen offers a great lawnmower line. There are self-propelled models, and models that start with a key like a car.)

"My success as a cutter of grass, which dates back to the day we got our Jacobsen, has taught me one important lesson: in this crazy business, you're only as good as your lawnmower."

JACOBSEN®
A member Company of Allegheny Ludlum Industries

Get a Jacobsen and get it over with.

THEY TAKE "VACATIONS FOR HUMANITY"

Without fanfare, hundreds of doctors take time off from their regular rounds to share their skills in remote areas where doctors are scarce and disease is rampant

By Clarence W. Hall

Dropping in on a mission hospital in the African bush a few years ago, I stopped to look over the shoulder of a doctor as he bandaged the snakebitten foot of a little boy. Sensing my presence, the doctor turned—and to my amazement I recognized a physician friend from the States.

"What in heaven's name are you doing here?" I blurted.

"Thanks for the implied sponsorship," he replied, grinning. "But, seriously, I'm just on vacation."

Since then, in travels to many of the world's remote areas, I've met others who, like my friend, are taking vacations for humanity in places where doctors are scarce and disease is rampant. Going abroad—at their own expense—for three weeks to three months, they compose what one medical journal calls "a new breed of healer on the world scene—the international physician who decides that the privilege of practicing medicine in a rich, scientifically advanced country carries with it an ob-

ligation to spend some time serving the billion human beings who rarely, if ever, see a doctor."

Among the many agencies that recruit doctors for limited foreign service is an Illinois-based organization called Medical Assistance Programs, Inc. An offshoot of the 3000-member Christian Medical Society, MAP is largely the creation of J. Raymond Knighton, a tall, dynamic, 48-year-old man who refuses to admit that anything is impossible.

In 1954, convinced that the humanitarianism that leads men into medicine could be tapped to aid their colleagues in foreign fields, he came up with a multi-phased program to challenge them. After outlining one phase, "Short-Term Missionary" service, to Christian Medical Society members ("You find the time—we'll find the field"), he soon had volunteers aplenty.*

Prominent among Knighton's enthusiastic recruits is Dr. C. Everett Koop, surgeon-in-chief at Philadelphia's Children's Hospital, who has gone on many a medical safari for MAP. One occurred a few years ago when infants in the Dominican Republic were dying by the hundreds of dehydration due to dysentery. Local authorities appealed to MAP for help. Dr. Koop flew down, studied the situation, set up rehydration centers and trained local doctors and nurses to run them. Today, with 25 such centers in operation, the infant-mortality rate has dropped from 40 percent to almost nil.

Another volunteer is Dr. Ralph Blocksma, a plastic surgeon and chief of staff at Butterworth Hospital in Grand Rapids, Mich. Blocksma has made trips to Central and South America, the Middle East, Africa, Thailand, Korea and Vietnam. Some trips have had striking results beyond the strictly medical.

In 1958, for instance, while on an STM assignment to Panama, Blocksma heard of a Cuna Indian boy with a disfiguring cleft lip. Distrusting all outsiders, the Cunas had for centuries refused to permit schools or hospitals in their homeland on the San Blas Islands off Panama's coast. Missionaries, too, were forbidden.

Boldly, Blocksma went to the boy's home by small plane and dugout canoe, and, over the violent opposition of local medicine men, persuaded the boy's parents to allow him to correct the deformity. The operation a complete success, the island chieftain exclaimed, "How could a mere man perform such a miracle?" Replied Blocksma, "I serve One who wants to help all people. Would you like to know more about Him?" The boy and his parents became minor celebrities and were taken from island to island to display the "miracle." Other island chiefs invited missionaries and doctors to come in. Today, mission stations, as well as clinics and schools, operate throughout the 350 islands.

Though most of the doctors who

*This June, Knighton will be honored by the American Medical Association as the 11th recipient of its Layman's Citation for Distinguished Service.

ADVERTISEMENT

What Detroit knows (and you should know) about passenger car tires.

IF YOU'RE confused by all the claims you hear about tires, it's not surprising.

There have been more major improvements in tires in the last five years than in the preceding fifty. And that calls for some explanation.

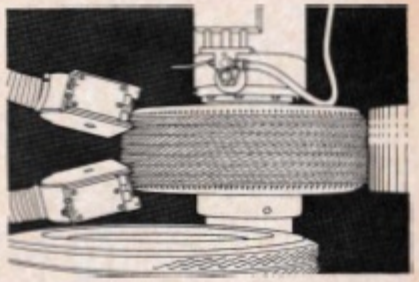
Basically, what most leading tires have in common today is a tough, strong layer of woven plies under the tread that circle the tire like a belt.

The firmness of this belt reduces flexing of the tread, and gives you long mileage. But this same rigidity can also turn the smallest force variations into tire-shaking vibrations.

And with all the effort that Detroit spends to make the ride of its new cars smooth and comfortable, this was something of a problem.

That is, until General came up with Calibrated tires. A Calibrated tire, technically speaking, is a tire that has been through a computerized Uniformity Correction Machine invented by General Tire engineers.

This machine can spot the tiniest force variations and correct them. Automatically.



General's Calibrated tires are more precisely measured. More precisely matched to ride smoother. Quieter. With less vibration than ever before. It makes a lot of difference.

Detroit knows. Calibrated tires are even being used as a standard for judging some other tires.

This year General Tire has a complete range: glass-belted new car tires, wide white-lettered Scramblers, radial ply tires and puncture-sealing tires.

All Calibrated. For Detroit. For you.

General Tire supplies Calibrated tires as original equipment to the major automobile manufacturers for 1971 cars.

Calibrated Tires. Only from General. GENERAL TIRE

serve abroad necessarily make their plans far ahead, many stand ready to go on the shortest notice when some crisis makes quick action imperative. Such was the case in October 1969, when a raging polio epidemic broke out among the once-feared Auca tribe of Indians, who live near the headwaters of the Amazon. By the time a shortwave appeal reached MAP, 250 Aucas were stricken, and 16 had died. Knighton quickly located a volunteer—Dr. Juan F. Correa, of the Oklahoma University Medical Center.

Within 24 hours after leaving Oklahoma City, Correa, taking with him 1000 doses of polio vaccine, was at a small mission hospital on the edge of the Ecuadorian jungle. Using an iron lung and two respirators borrowed from a government hospital in Quito, Dr. Correa and a missionary doctor worked night and day. Within two weeks they had the epidemic under control. Then, aboard a tiny missionary plane, Correa flew to five outlying jungle clinics to immunize neighboring tribes of Jivaros and Quechuas. The result: the epidemic was halted in its tracks, and three tribes were saved from almost certain decimation.

There are numerous other agencies which promote the idea of doctors serving abroad—to perform complicated surgery beyond the capacity of local doctors, to take over temporarily a mission hospital whose sole physician has been removed by death or illness, to help set up new bush clinics and train native nurses and aides to run them, to demonstrate new procedures and equipment to doctors long out of touch with medicine's latest advances. Religious bodies recruiting are the Catholic Medical Mission Board and the Overseas Personnel Recruitment Office, a Protestant placement service. Non-church agencies include: AmDoc, Inc., of Tustin, Calif., which has sent out more than 700 doctors, dentists and allied personnel; Laymen's Overseas Service of Jackson, Miss.; CARE/MEDICO; People-to-People Health Foundation, sponsor of Project HOPE; and Operation Crossroads Africa.

The American Medical Association also sponsors a program called Volunteer Physicians for Vietnam which, since 1965, has sent more than 800 doctors to help care for the civilian population of that war-torn country. The willingness of U.S. doctors to help was further demonstrated last year when, following the Peruvian earthquake disaster, hundreds volunteered their services. As a result, the AMA is creating a special "disaster desk," a registry of all physicians who have indicated their immediate availability in case of any future disaster anywhere.

But where MAP goes beyond all these similar groups is in its welter of subsidiary services. One is a purchasing department through which mission doctors and hospitals can buy medical equipment at savings of up to 70 percent. Supplied free to those who cannot afford them are subscriptions to medical journals,

25% more softeners

People who know fabrics best know what's good for them. That's why

nuSOFT.

the only leading brand with 25% more softeners, is recommended exclusively by:

- Van Heusen® shirts
- Curity® diapers
- Wrangler® western wear
- Martex® towels
- Lady Pepperell® sheets and pillowcases

Try it.

STORE COUPON

08401

save 7¢

on any size nuSOFT fabric softener

TO THE DEALER: For each coupon you accept as our authorized agent on the purchase by a consumer of the specified product, we will pay you 7¢ plus 3¢ handling charges, provided you and your customer have complied with the terms of this consumer offer; any other application by you constitutes fraud. Coupon may not be assigned or transferred by you. Void when presented by outside agency, broker or institutional user, or where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Your customer must pay any sales tax. Invoices showing your purchase of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented for redemption must be shown on request. Limit one to a family. Cash redemption value: 1/20 of 1¢. Good only in U.S.A. Send to: Best Foods Division of CPC International, Inc., Box 102, Clinton, Iowa 52732. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1971.

Best Foods, a Division of CPC International Inc. cpc

08401

films and tape recordings of lectures delivered to medical societies, textbooks and used equipment.

MAP also offers a correspondence advisory service for doctors confronting problems beyond their capacity. For example, a doctor in Africa recently appealed for advice in correcting a severe case of clubfeet in a newborn baby. "In the States," wrote the doctor, "I once saw this treatment demonstrated, but do not recall the details." Knighton communicated with a pediatrician who, it turned out, shared an office with the specialist whose procedure the doctor in Africa had witnessed. Within 24 hours, a detailed description of the treatment was in the mail. The result: a child with normal feet.

In terms of sheer quantity, MAP's most massive service to doctors and hospitals abroad is its collection and distribution of surplus drugs and other supplies donated by pharmaceutical manufacturers and medical-supply houses. Last year, it sent 950 tons, valued at $16 million, to some 500 doctors in 64 countries.

MAP's headquarters, in Wheaton, Ill., is a sprawling beehive of activity. Its throbbing center is a warehouse occupying some 40,000 square feet and packed to the rafters with medical supplies. To some 100 carefully certified doctors in developing countries, Knighton sends a bi-monthly list of more than 600 available items. Presiding over the order-filling is a licensed pharmacist. All supplies are compactly packed in metal-bound cases, specially constructed to withstand the most primitive modes of transportation.

How is such a huge and widely ramified work financed? Support comes mainly from individual contributions, more than two thirds of them in small gifts; overhead is kept low by operating with only a skeleton staff of paid workers, augmented by squads of unpaid volunteers. Knighton says: "Every tax-deductible $10 gift enables us to pack and prepare for shipping $1000 worth of medical supplies. A $50 gift offsets most handling costs for a ton of medicines. Where can you get a bigger bargain in philanthropy?"

Knighton adds: "In work like ours, it is impossible to forecast the dimensions of demand. If the money comes in, we spend it; if it doesn't, we don't—except in emergencies. Then we borrow from a bank, and pray that funds will come in by the time the note falls due. Somehow, even though we are on our knees much of the time, we manage to keep our heads above water."

For further information on MAP's short-term service and other projects, write to: Medical Assistance Programs, Inc., Box 50, Wheaton, Ill. 60187.

Outspoken. A woman in our neighborhood was heard shooing a bee from her kitchen: "Go on outside, damn it, and balance the ecology."

—Contributed by Anna Mae English

Now motorists along this solitary 95-mile stretch of highway have someone to talk to.

Every half mile.

Interstate 80 runs through parts of Pennsylvania so sparsely settled that bear and deer may still outnumber people.

And traffic interchanges are often twenty miles apart.

Until recently, this was no place for a stranded motorist.

Now 370 roadside emergency telephones are helping to make this section one of the safest highways in the state.

Each yellow call box is connected to one of the five State Police stations in the area.

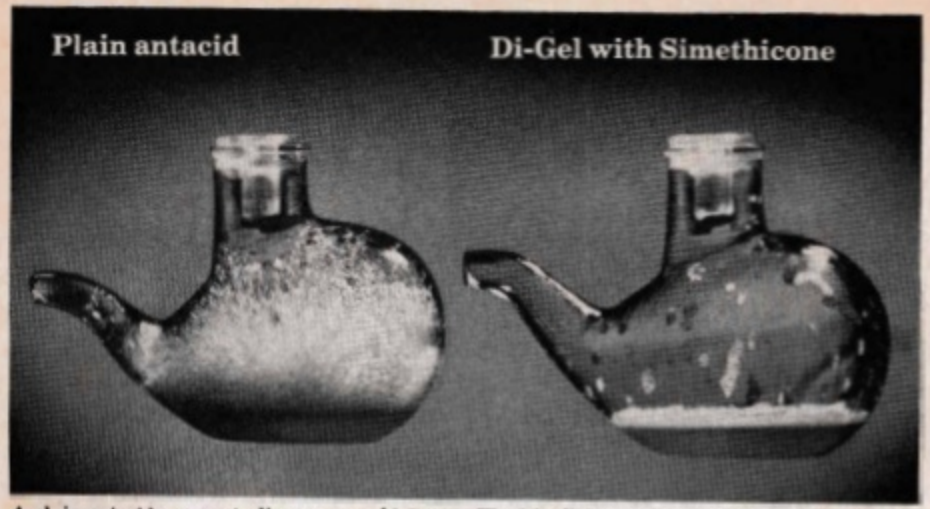
In an emergency, the motorist can pull to the side of the road, lift the receiver, and instantly get help.

A light flashes on a phone back at police headquarters indicating the driver's direction of travel. And numbers on the call box enable him to give his exact location.

The emergency telephones are located at least a dozen feet from the apron to avoid the danger of the caller being side-swiped by a passing vehicle.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company cooperate with local, state and Federal authorities to make the telephone serve you better.

In this case, to help make highways safer.



A plain antacid can neutralize excess acid. But you can see that gas-trapping bubbles still remain. And they can cause pressure—pain.

The big difference in Di-Gel is its unique formula with Simethicone. Di-Gel not only neutralizes excess acid, it also gets rid of painful bubbles of gas.

DRAMATIC DEMONSTRATION:

Di-Gel with Simethicone takes the acid and the gas out of acid indigestion.

This dramatic laboratory demonstration indicates the limited value of plain antacids in relieving gas trapped in your stomach. It shows clearly that Di-Gel does much more than plain antacids do.

Di-Gel *breaks up* those bubbles of gas that clog your stomach, gas that is so often the real cause of heartburn pain and that tight tense feeling.

How it works. Di-Gel is a patented formulation with a unique ingredient—Simethicone. On contact, it breaks up bubbles of gas trapped in your gastrointestinal tract, quickly relieves painful stomach pressure.

Extra effective. Di-Gel with Simethicone takes the acid *and* the gas out of acid indigestion. In fact, you can't buy better antacid relief. (Your doctor can tell you about the extra effectiveness of unique Simethicone.)

Fast, long-lasting. Di-Gel gives prompt, prolonged relief, the kind you've always wanted. So, when you eat too well, take Di-Gel. Comes in mint-flavored tablets or liquid.

It really works.

Points to Ponder

Arthur Lichtenberger, when Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church, quoted this Lenten advice:

Fast from criticism, and feast on praise.
Fast from self-pity, and feast on joy.
Fast from ill-temper, and feast on peace.
Fast from resentment, and feast on contentment.
Fast from jealousy, and feast on love.
Fast from pride, and feast on humility.
Fast from selfishness, and feast on service.
Fast from fear, and feast on faith.

—*Anglican Digest*

Bernice Fitz-Gibbon in *Macy's, Gimbels, and Me:*

Creativeness often consists of merely turning up what is already there. Did you know that right and left shoes were thought up only a little more than a century ago? —Simon and Schuster

André Simon, an authority on food and wine, while on a visit to the United States, discussed American food:

Your markets simultaneously offer endive, which is a winter vegetable, and melon, which is a summer fruit. You eat strawberries in January as well as in June. You enjoy so much variety the year round that your meals must end by becoming the same, month in and month out.

Perhaps that is good—but I think not. Do we not look forward to the new leaves of spring, to the hot sunshine of summer, to the bright foliage of autumn, to the briskness of winter? Isn't it kindness to our palates to preserve in our diets, too, this varied rhythm of the seasons? —*New York Times*

Thomas Carlyle:

A wise man has well reminded us that in any controversy the instant we feel anger we have already ceased striving for truth, and have begun striving for ourselves.

Louis J. Halle:

One of the reasons for the rarity of statesmanship is that, in a world increasingly rushed to death, the long range waits on the immediate. What is urgent takes priority over what is merely important, so that what is important will be attended to only when it becomes urgent, which may be too late. —*New York Times Book Review*

Alexander Smith:

There is a peculiar beauty about godly old age—the beauty of holiness. Husband and wife who have fought the world side by side, who have made common stock of joy or sorrow, and become aged together, are not unfrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance, in pitch and tone of voice, just as twin pebbles on the beach, exposed to the same tidal influences, are each other's alter ego.

It was this simple: Four aspirin...or two Excedrin.

That's the evidence from a hospital study on pain: it took four aspirin tablets to equal the pain relief of just two Excedrin.

Excedrin* was more effective in a hospital. So isn't it time you tried Excedrin at home?

*Reg. T.M. of Bristol-Myers Company for analgesic © 1971

Personal Glimpses

LIZA MINELLI rejects all drugs, including pot. "I'll stay awake all night before I ever take a sleeping pill," she says. "You know what I'm high on? I'm high on reality. That's what it's really all about, isn't it?"

—Wayne Warga in *West Magazine*

GUNNAR JARRING, the United Nations' special representative in the Middle East, has a sense of humor. Next to the telephone at his country house in Viken, Sweden, is a knitted pot holder with a sign in Swedish saying: "This is the HOT LINE. Use pot holder when phone rings!"

—Sven Ahman in *Vista*

TWO WEEKS before cartoonist Rube Goldberg died, the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., held a ceremony opening an exhibit of his work. Goldberg was unable to deliver his speech at the opening, so his two sons read it. Here is an excerpt:

"I have no hesitancy in placing myself in the hands of my two sons, whose high moral standards we have guarded from infancy. When they were two and three years old, we bought a house in New York, which we remodeled and in which we installed a marble mantel, supported on each side by a carved female figure with three sets of breasts. I noticed the boys looking at the lovely ladies with intense admiration, especially their midsections. I immediately told my architect to get a stonecutter to chisel two pairs of breasts off each of the maidens, leaving one set intact. I did not want the boys to be disappointed when they grew up."

—*The National Observer*

DURING the question period after an address at West Texas State University, Julian Bond was asked what he would do if he were President. Replying that he had little expectation of ever holding that office, Bond nevertheless began to outline one sweeping reform after another. Each item began with a firm "I would . . . ," from immediately withdrawing troops from Vietnam by executive order to initiating a low-cost-housing program to ensure every citizen of the United States a decent home. "And having done all this," he concluded with a grin, "I would on the seventh day rest from my labors."

—Contributed by June M. Dayen

ONE nuisance of being 88, wrote Igor Stravinsky recently, is "the very lively business being done with one's demise. I have been consulted about memorial concerts, record albums, posthumous TV programs; and offered good fees, too, though I would like to know how I am supposed to collect them."

—*Newsweek*

ALEC MCCOWEN, who played the title role in *Hadrian VII* on Broadway, was emoting one night in a London play when he noticed that a woman in the first row had placed her handbag and umbrella on the stage. "It was ghastly," McCowen said later. "I

couldn't stop looking at them." So rather than break the rhythm of his performance, McCowen began to tidy the bed-sitting-room set as though this were part of the regular stage business, and he handed the handbag and umbrella back to the amazed woman.

—Garden City, N.Y., *Newsday*

How has Louis Armstrong lasted seven decades? "I got a thing I've always believed in," he explains. "The Lord will help the poor but not the poor and the lazy —so get in there and wail, daddy!"

—Bob Talbert in Detroit *Free Press*

Bob Hope says that he once forgot to introduce Terence Cardinal Cooke, who was sitting on the dais. "He told me he forgave me," says Bob. "But I've noticed that ever since then I haven't won a single bingo game."

—Earl Wilson, Publishers-Hall Syndicate

In *Ball Four*, big-league pitcher Jim Bouton offers his final thought on the sport he has loved since he was a boy: "You see, you spend a good piece of your life gripping a baseball, and in the end it turns out that it was the other way around all the time."

—Edited by Leonard Shecter (World)

Astronaut Frank Borman, a career Air Force officer, was principal speaker at a luncheon during a publishers' convention in New York. Before his talk, the publishers were entertained by the West Point Glee Club. The cadets closed their performance with a medley of songs dear to all branches of the service. While the applause still echoed through the hall, Colonel Borman strode to the speaker's stand and said, "When they abolish ROTC at West Point, I hope they keep the glee club."

—Don Granger in Wichita *Beacon*

The bachelor popularity of owlish Henry A. Kissinger, President Nixon's one-man think tank, has earned him the White House sobriquet of "playboy of the western wing."

Washington hostess Barbara Howar, interviewed by Mike Wallace on TV, appraised Kissinger's reputation: "It takes time to be a swinger, you know. Henry doesn't have that kind of time. If he's taking you out to dinner, don't start to get dressed until the third time he's called to say he's on his way. If he's taking you to a dinner party, tell him you'll meet him there, or you'll never get to eat because you'll never make it for the first course." —*Time*

Bill Cosby, the comedian-actor, is now a student at the University of Massachusetts School of Education. He is dropping out of show business (except for occasional jobs to pay the rent) to concentrate on a new career: teaching. After he gets his master's degree, Cosby hopes to teach junior high school in a ghetto area. These plans mean, of course, a big cut in income—besides his TV earnings, there are some weeks when he gets $50,000 from personal appearances. But Cosby says that, in spite of all the money, it's not really what he wants to do. "As long as I can do what I want, I'll be comfortable."

—Garden City, N.Y., *Newsday*

Readers' contributions are solicited for this department. *See page 17.*

You don't have to be a blonde to over-bleach your hair

You can take the life out of your hair with darker shades, too. Because ordinary, permanent, shampoo-in haircolors have as much peroxide in the darker shades as they do in the shades that lighten. That much peroxide could be too much for you. It could over-bleach your hair.

Magic Moment™ doesn't. It's the fabulous, foam-in haircolor by Toni that does it with far less peroxide than ordinary shampoo-in haircolorings. So it's gentler.

Magic Moment gently foams in soft, sensuous, womanly color. Your very own color . . . not even one shade lighter.

And Magic Moment has just enough peroxide to give your hair better body and bounce and a softer touch.

So if you're going to do it . . . do it right. Do it gently. Do it with Magic Moment.

Magic Moment

Just push the button. No mixing. Takes only 15 minutes.

15 favorite shades from Golden Blonde to Black.

Schwinn . . . for the young in heart

Freedom . . . fun . . . and fresh air! No wonder so many fitness-minded adults are turning to pollution-free cycling for recreation. No other outdoor activity offers such gentle exercise, such a glowing feeling of well-being, or—and consider this—such economy. Your nearby Schwinn Cyclery—your neighborhood bike expert—is waiting to show you a huge selection of America's greatest bike values. Schwinn 10-speed bikes, 5-speed and 3-speed models that melt the miles and make cycling your first choice for out-of-doors fun. And as an added service, your Schwinn Dealer assembles, adjusts, and fits your new Schwinn at no extra charge.

SEND 25¢ FOR COMPLETE SCHWINN CATALOG

Schwinn
BICYCLE COMPANY
1856 NORTH KOSTNER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60639

* SUGGESTED PRICE, SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN SOUTH, WEST AND EASTERN STATES

The Reader's Digest

50TH YEAR — APRIL 1971

An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form

Brown Eyes—Blue Eyes

Condensed from "A Class Divided"
WILLIAM PETERS

An unforgettable experiment in prejudice and self-delusion

On any normal weekday morning, Jane Elliott, 35 and the mother of four, looked forward to getting to her classroom at the Riceville, Iowa, Community Elementary School and the teaching job she loved. But that Friday in April 1968 was not a normal morning.

The day before, Martin Luther King had been assassinated in Memphis. And that night, as Jane watched her television screen in horror, she had made a decision. As a teacher, she knew she would have to discuss the murder in her third-grade class. But she meant to do more than that. For the irrationality of race hatred cried out to be explained, understood, committed irrevocably to memory in a lesson that would become a part of the life of each child in her class.

Yet now Jane hesitated. She had worked hard since September to establish a warm and trusting relationship with each of her 28 students. What she was now going to do would strain those hard-won ties, perhaps even hurt the feelings of the children. But she could think of

"A CLASS DIVIDED," COPYRIGHT © 1971 BY WILLIAM PETERS, WILL BE PUBLISHED IN AUGUST AT $4.95 BY DOUBLEDAY & CO., INC., 277 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

nothing else that seemed likely to be an effective lesson.

Walking the Mile. It began even before the bell rang. A boy came into Jane's classroom bursting with the news. "They shot that King yesterday!" he said excitedly. "Why did they shoot that King?"

"We'll talk about that," Jane promised, and after the opening exercises, they did. When the children had told what they had heard, Jane asked what they knew about Negroes. In the tiny town of Riceville, population 898, and the sparsely settled farming area surrounding it, there were no blacks. In the school's textbooks, blacks were neither mentioned nor pictured. What her children said would come largely from parents, relatives, friends.

A pattern quickly developed from their answers. Negroes weren't as smart as white people. They weren't as clean. They fought a lot. None of this was said in a vicious way, but rather with a sort of calm disdain.

Jane asked the children to define "prejudice," "discrimination," "inferior." That was not difficult; they had discussed these concepts before. Then she talked about things Negroes in various parts of the country were not permitted to do. Now they became sympathetic. They were sorry for black people. They didn't think it was fair for them to be treated differently. And then they had had enough of the subject.

As Jane saw this attitude of sympathetic indifference develop, she thought of the Sioux prayer she had planned to teach the children that day: "O Great Spirit, keep me from ever judging a man until I have walked a mile in his moccasins." They are going to have to walk that mile, she thought.

"How do you think it would feel to be a black boy or girl?" she asked the class. "It would be hard to know, wouldn't it, unless we actually experienced discrimination ourselves. Would you like to find out?"

The children's puzzlement was plain until she spelled out what she meant. "Suppose we divide the class into blue-eyed and brown-eyed people. Suppose for today the blue-eyed people become the inferior group. Then, on Monday, we could reverse it. Would you like to try that?"

Now there was an enthusiastic chorus of assent. To some, it may have meant escape from routine. To others, it sounded like a game.

A Class Divided. The class was made up of 17 children with blue eyes, three with green eyes, eight with brown eyes. To make the groups more even, the green-eyed children were lumped with the brown-eyed. "Today," Jane told them, "brown-eyed people are better than blue-eyed people. They are cleaner. And they are smarter."

WILLIAM PETERS is a writer and a movie and TV producer and director. His most recent documentary, "The Eye of the Storm," depicted the story in this article. Individuals or groups interested in showing that film should write to ABC Merchandising, Inc., Film Library, 267 West 25 Street, New York, N.Y. 10001. The rental cost is $45 for one day, $30 for each succeeding day.

The brown-eyed children began to look at each other in wonder. The blue-eyed children stirred uneasily.

"Do blue-eyed people remember what they've been taught?" Jane asked the class. There was a chorus of "No's" from the brown-eyed children as they began to see how the game would work. A brown-eyed boy seated near one of his close friends—blue-eyed—gave him a withering, disdainful look. It began that quickly.

The rules for the day were spelled out. Brown-eyed children could use the drinking fountain in the room as usual. Blue-eyed children were to use paper cups.

"Why?" asked one girl, her blue eyes wide with annoyance.

A brown-eyed boy had the answer: "Because we might catch something."

Jane continued. The brown-eyed children would have five extra minutes of recess. They would go first to lunch, could choose their lunch-line partners, and could go back for seconds. The blue-eyed children could do none of these things.

"Who should sit in the front of the room?" Jane asked.

"The brown eyes!" shouted the brown eyes.

There was a tumult as the children pushed their desks and chairs to the new positions.

"Blue-eyed people are not allowed to play with brown-eyed people unless they are invited," Jane continued. "And I suggest that you brown-eyed people think seriously before you invite a blue-eyed person to play with you today. You may not mind playing with him, but what will your brown-eyed friends think?"

With the rules established, Jane swung into the day's regular schoolwork. When a brown-eyed child stumbled in reading aloud, she helped him. When a blue-eyed child stumbled, she shook her head and called on a brown-eyed child to read the passage correctly. When a blue-eyed boy nervously rolled a corner of a page into a tight curl as he awaited his turn to read, Jane displayed his book to the class. "Do blue-eyed people take care of the things they are given?" she asked.

"No!" shouted the delighted brown-eyed children.

Blue-Eyed Blues. That was the way it went. The brown-eyed children took joy in baiting their blue-eyed classmates, jeering at their mistakes, calling them "blue-eyes" as though it meant "stupid." None invited their erstwhile friends to play with them at recess.

"By noon," Jane says now, "I was sick. I wished I had never started it. There was no longer any need to think before identifying a child as blue- or brown-eyed. The blue-eyed children were miserable. Their posture, their expressions, their entire attitudes were those of defeat. Their classroom work slumped sharply. They looked and acted as though they were, in fact, inferior. The brown-eyed children were happy, alert, having the time of their

lives. But the way they turned on their friends of the day before was frightening. There was no question that they actually believed they were superior."

Before the end of school Jane reminded the children of how the day had begun. "We said that on Monday the blue-eyed people would be on top. And that's the way it's going to be."

On Monday, Jane announced: "I lied to you on Friday. I told you brown-eyed people are better than blue-eyed people. That's not true. The truth is that blue-eyed people are better than brown-eyed people. And they are smarter."

She had guessed that there might be greater resistance to what she was saying this time. Perhaps, having been fooled once, the children would have no more of this nonsense. Yet, watching their faces carefully, she saw that her words were having an effect. The faces that had been gleeful on Friday were falling into depressed scowls; those that had been glum were brightening with pleasure.

Jane reviewed the restrictions that would apply to the brown-eyed children that day, and quickly began finding fault with them. "They reacted just as intensely as the others had to discrimination," she recalls. "The only real difference was that the blue-eyed children, now on top, were less vicious in their treatment of the underlings than the latter had been to them. Was it because, having experienced discrimination themselves, they were able to identify with the 'inferior' group and felt sorry for them? I hoped it was, though I couldn't be sure."

The Big Lie. Toward closing time, Jane ended the exercise, telling the class that it had all been a lie. "Does the color of your eyes really have anything to do with what kind of person you are?" she asked.

"No!" they shouted.

The tensions of the two-day exercise broke like a dam giving way to a flood, and she laughed with them, comforted those who cried with relief, and nearly cried herself at the sight of boys who had been separated by the color of their eyes wrestling happily together, of girls, eyes wet with joy, hugging friends they had thought forever lost.

In the succeeding days, Jane led the children in a wide-ranging discussion of what they had learned, and finally asked each child to write a composition about the experience. "I wasn't prepared for the degree of anger and rebellion they expressed at becoming second-class citizens," she says. In their compositions, the children described their feelings on their "inferior" day forcefully: "I felt dirty," wrote one child. "I didn't feel very big," wrote another. "I felt like kicking a brown-eyed person," wrote a third.

Jane read the compositions aloud to the class, and recalled for them the things they had said about Negroes before the exercise began. If you were accused of being dumb, careless or unclean almost from the day you were born, was it not possible that you might feel angry and left out, that you might not want to try your hardest to be careful and clean, or to do your best work in school? And there was another question: Was it any more accurate to judge a person by the color of his skin than by the color of his eyes?

"Before we were through," Jane says, "I was convinced that the children had learned a great deal from the exercise, and that it was learning that would stick." This has been confirmed by reports from parents.

A Place to Start. Since then, Jane Elliott has repeated her "Discrimination Day" exercise with two other third-grade classes. Each time, the results have been much the same. Meanwhile, news of what she has done has spread far beyond Riceville. Last year ABC News asked permission to make Discrimination Day the subject of a television documentary. The children, told only that their class would be televised, reacted as spontaneously as had the previous classes.

After the show, called "The Eye of the Storm," was broadcast last May, hundreds of letters from 44 states descended on the school. More than 95 percent were favorable. "I read most of the letters to the class," Jane says, "all but the worst racist ones. I felt the children should know that not everyone agreed with what we had done. Some people felt that the children were acting, that they could not actually have believed themselves to be inferior or superior so quickly. I don't blame them. It was difficult for me to accept the first time. But it has happened repeatedly just that way. I suppose it proves how susceptible human beings—especially children—are to a voice of authority. Even more pernicious, it illustrates how the results of discrimination tend to create and confirm prejudice."

Jane Elliott herself has been asked to appear on several television programs, and to address professional and educational groups. There has been praise of her exercise from educators and psychologists. And last fall she was made a member of a panel of the White House Conference on Children and Youth.

"I wish someone would show me a less painful way to teach children that discrimination is wrong," Jane says. "And I'm not so naïve that I think a single exercise is going to change the world, or even Riceville. But we have to start somewhere if we hope to live in a society free of the irrationality of racism. I'm a teacher. I work with children. This is simply where I started."

WE SHALL never find God in this life; that is what makes life tragic. But to stop searching for God, that makes life meaningless.

—Maurice F. Mackey, Jr., in *Time*

Toward More Picturesque Speech

APRIL is the cruelest month; tax returns are due at wunth (Joan and Dave Gatti, quoted by Mary Ann Madden in *New York Magazine*) . . . If April were a woman, all men would desert their wives (Charles McMichael in Wrightsville, Ga., *Headlight*, quoted by Leo Aikman in Atlanta *Constitution*)

Exclamation Points. Auto mechanic: "The suspension is killing me!" (Gary Fortner) . . . Angel: "My goodness!" (Debbie Tillery) . . . Musician: "I've got a score to settle!" (Clark R. Norton) . . . Bartender: "That's the spirit!" (Milton M. Segal) . . . Censor: "Cut it out!" (Bob Coder)

Funny Money. It used to be that a fool and his money were soon parted; nowadays it happens to all of us (Joan I. Welsh in *Quote*) . . . When you finally save enough for a rainy day, your relatives start sending in bad weather reports (*Electricity on the Farm*) . . . Nothing gets out of hand faster than money (Lydia Rose, quoted by Red O'Donnell in Nashville *Banner*) . . . Once you pay your bills, about all you have left to spend is a quiet evening (*Dial Tones*)

Double Takes. Gourmet cook: Interior decorator (Natalie Herman) . . . Diamond brooch: Flash attachment (Shelby Friedman) . . . Zip code: Public-address system (Gerry Emens)

Word-of-Mouth. Man-chasing type to friend: "I don't mind men who kiss and tell—I can use all the advertising I can get" ("Laugh-In," NBC) . . . Lawyer reading will: "Being of sound mind and jolly disposition, I blew it all" (Gill Fox) . . . Bachelor explaining black eye: "I ran into a swinging dear" (Robert Sylvester)

Did You Hear? About the oil prospector who hit a gusher—he went from rigs to riches (Shelby Friedman in *Quote*) . . . About a costume for amateur strippers—it's an undo-it-yourself kit (Brandy Stevens, quoted by Earl Wilson) . . . About the chef on television—not only did he burn his casserole but they showed it again on instant replay (Jim Mulholland in *Parade*)

Voices. Soft wire brushes of rain on a snare-drum roof (Elizabeth Searle Lamb in *Capper's Weekly*) . . . Rhetoric that rolls like a freight train over a bridge (David Brinkley, quoted in *Newsweek*)

Patter. A pedestrian is a man who doesn't know where his next car is coming from (Wilfred Beaver in Chicago *Tribune*) . . . According to Ralph Nader, much of America's merchandise belongs at the chuck-out counter (Harold Emery in *Quote*) . . . A diplomat is one who can put in his oar without rocking the boat (*Good Reading*) . . . Happiness is discovering that the rattle is in the glove compartment (Bill Copeland in Sarasota, Fla., *Journal*)

Readers' contributions are solicited for this department. *See page 17 for information concerning payment.*

By LOUIS R. STOCKSTILL

Inside the Prisons of Hanoi

The following report on the shocking conditions within the prisoner-of-war camps of North Vietnam, and on the threat these conditions pose to the survival of hundreds of U.S. citizens, has been drawn from lengthy interviews with some of the men who have been released, and from informed sources in Washington, Saigon and Paris.

THE TRUCK lurches forward with thrashing gears. On the rough truck bed, an American lies on his back, blindfolded, hands and feet bound. He is jolted by each bump, jarred by thrusts of pain. Hearing clattering street noises and strident automobile horns, he knows they have entered Hanoi. Soon he will be prodded to his feet and led into one of North Vietnam's dread prisoner-of-war camps.

For almost two months, since his capture, the American has been herded from village to village. He is rarely fed. His captors double-time him, on foot, moving steadily northward. In each village, they tether or cage him like an animal so that villagers can file past to strike him or urinate on his body. He is constantly hungry; his weight drops steadily, and nausea and fever plague him.

Eventually, his captors transfer him to a small hut with 12 bamboo cages, force him onto his stomach, thrust his feet into wooden stocks and tie his arms behind his back with wet rope. For 29 days they keep him in this position, freeing him only long enough to gobble a daily bowl of rice and to relieve himself. His face is obscured by a scraggly beard, his eyes burn from sunken sockets. Then he is told that he is to be moved to Hanoi.

Now, three days later, a truck deposits him at the looming triangular mass of the "Hanoi Hilton," an old

French penitentiary covering approximately a city block and surrounded by glass-studded concrete walls. Within, two separate sections are reserved exclusively for U.S. prisoners-of-war. As in other POW camps in North Vietnam,* its tiny cells are cement-walled and heavily barred; bunks are either cement slabs or rough boards stretched across sawhorses. The only other furnishing is a toilet bucket. Terrazzo-like floors slope away from a central corridor toward open drains where rats enter and leave. Doors are thick teak, with peepholes.

Night Watch. The misery and demoralization that American POWs experience in this subhuman environment can best be understood by looking at a typical prison day. Above the prisoner's hard, narrow bunk, with its paper-thin straw mat, a bare light bulb burns day and night. On the bunk he tosses and frets, searching vainly for a comfortable position for his calloused hips and thighs, relief for his pain-ridden body. He sleeps little, thinking daylight will never come, that the hated light bulb will never fade. There is no clock; the hours drag on.

Now it is winter, bringing the cold he detests and fears most. He has wadded a mosquito net around his frigid feet, wrapped one of his two flimsy blankets around the net, and covered his legs and torso as best he can with the other. He still wears his coarse pajama-like shirt and trousers. But the cold penetrates everything, numbing and taunting him. His empty stomach rumbles, and now he is shaking convulsively, uncontrollably.

He will have to get up. He swings his stiffened legs to the floor, stands with great effort, slaps at his skinny legs, wasted backside and bony chest. The flesh feels dead. Sometimes he hears the muffled movements of another prisoner also fighting the cold. In a nearby cell a man cries out, "Oh, God. Oh, God!" He repeats the words to himself, only vaguely aware that the cry has nudged him into prayer.

How many hundreds of nights like this has he endured? He can no longer remember.

Gongs and Judas Holes. Finally daylight comes, and he watches the gray light filter slowly through the exposed portion of the small window far up the wall of his cell. He waits. He listens. He has learned to segment the days into sounds. The first one, at 5:30 a.m., is the harsh, reverberating jangle of the "gong," a metal ring periodically assaulted by a metal rod. It echoes and re-echoes. And as it fades, he strains to hear the bolt being withdrawn on a distant door. He knows the guard is starting along the cells, slapping open the "Judas Hole" in each door to make certain the man inside is on his feet. Stiffly, the prisoner rises and begins to fold his "bedding." The sounds of the opening and closing of the peepholes come steadily closer until the guard peers into his own cell and passes on.

*There are two other prisons within the city, one called the "Zoo," the other the "Country Club." If there are others—and there probably are—the U.S. government, to safeguard security, cannot talk about them.

A loudspeaker over the door squawks to life. The voice of Hanoi Hannah enters his cell, seeking to "re-educate" him about the war. She tells him that the United States is suffering disastrous defeat, and that the American people couldn't care less. She frequently quotes American critics of the war. Her flow of bad "news" is salted with reports on riots and racial problems in the States. The half-hour monologue drones on like a funeral dirge. Then the loudspeaker dies. But he knows Hannah will be back in the evening with more cheerless news. She visits him twice a day, every day.

Now he hears the guard taking one of the men outside to empty his toilet bucket; the man is then returned and locked back up. He listens to a repetition of the same sounds, slowly passing from cell to cell. Soon, he too is taken out to the cesspool and then brought back to await the next event. If it is a washday, he will be allowed to wash. For him, this is the week's highlight. But he must await his turn. Precautions are always taken to prevent him from seeing or talking with other prisoners.

He is taken into one of several cubicles, each with a small tub of icy water. The guard locks the door. In the five minutes allotted him, he quickly strips, braces himself and begins sloshing the freezing water onto his body. If there is soap, he lathers and scrubs his skin. But, he must rinse thoroughly, for he knows that any trace of the abrasive, lye-like soap will produce a painful rash. He dresses rapidly and rinses his other suit of "pajamas." The guard returns and marches him back to his cell, allowing him to hang his laundry alongside the dripping clothing of other prisoners.

It is almost noon, time to be fed. He never thinks of the bread and watery soup as food. But he relishes the thought of having something—anything—in his stomach.

As the food is dispensed, each cell door is unlocked and locked in the familiar pattern. When the guard opens the door, the prisoner reaches down for the bowl and bread placed on the threshold. Anything he is given is placed on the floor so that he must always bend down in front of his captor. In appearance, if not in spirit, he must always display humility. (He wryly remembers the staggering blow from the rifle butt when he once, "disrespectfully," crossed his legs in the presence of an interrogating officer.) As he rises with the food, he must come to attention. And so he stands as the guard shuts the door.

Then he eats, forcing himself to chew the bread with great care, watchful for the small stones sometimes embedded in the dough. He has disciplined himself to eat every crumb, every drop. With the last of the bread, he mops the bowl.

He waits again. Soon another "gong" sounds, instructing him to

lie down. The room is still cold, but his shrunken stomach is temporarily pacified. Now, more often than not, he is finally able to doze. But the fitful sleep ends abruptly, torn apart by another gong. It is two o'clock. For the next seven hours he can only pace or sit. He is not permitted to lie on his bunk again until 9 p.m. Periodically, unexpectedly, a guard slams open the Judas Hole to check.

Body and Soul. As the prisoner paces, he gropes for something to occupy his thoughts. He has recited the names of the states forward and backward, the names of all the U.S. Presidents he can remember. He has built boats and houses in his mind, gone on imaginary walking tours, retraced most of the memorable events of his life, the plots of books and movies. But the monotony of these efforts has made it increasingly difficult to concentrate. His thoughts skitter away to questions he would prefer to avoid, to a maze of anxieties.

He thinks about the war. Can Hanoi Hannah be right? Has America given in to defeatist views? If so, what will happen to him? He worries about his health. He is half-starved, ridden with tiny things that crawl in his stomach. He has grown steadily weaker.

The question he dreads most, and that now recurs with frightening frequency, is: *Can I last?* And what about my family? Will my wife wait forever? Is she well? Will the children remember me? How do they manage without a father? Sadness overwhelms him.

Occasionally he gets a letter, but this is a recent development. And the six-line note that is permitted can never answer the hundreds of questions that roam his mind. Still, other prisoners have received nothing, so he must be considered fortunate.

At 4:30 he is fed the same food he received earlier, the same that he will also get twice tomorrow, and the next day and the next. There is no meat, nothing green, nothing sweet—always the same tasteless soup and bread. After this second feeding, he will wait 18 hours to be fed again.

It is dark now, and at 8:30 Hanoi Hannah is back. She stays until 9, and as the loudspeaker clicks off, the last "gong" rings out. He must crawl back onto his bunk to face the cold, and his lonely thoughts, until morning. He pleads with his body and soul for strength to survive yet another night under the light bulb.

Shattered Rules. How long this man and his fellow captives can last is anyone's guess. But their lives are more gravely threatened with each passing day. Some of the POWs have already died.* Others face almost certain death unless their treatment is drastically improved. One careful study of available information, compiled by Lt. Col. Joseph R. Cataldo, a doctor with the Green Berets, indicates that the POWs not only are severely malnourished, but that 80 percent have skin diseases, at least half suffer from intestinal worms, a quarter may have active tuberculosis, and many are afflicted with serious vitamin deficiencies, mental disorientation and muscular wastage.

Hanoi also has weakened men by systematic torture. Prisoners have been denied food or water for long periods, suspended from ceilings by their arms, burned with cigarettes, clubbed with rifle butts and physically beaten. In numerous cases, their captors have refused them adequate medical care, and have neglected to attend to major injuries.

Small wonder, then, that North Vietnam forbids inspection of the camps by the International Red Cross—in direct violation of the Geneva Conventions. Instead, "showcase" prisoners are paraded in propaganda films. When anti-war groups or friendly foreign journalists are selected to talk with or film small groups of prisoners, only the healthiest men, barbered and freshly clothed, are trotted into public view to parrot carefully rehearsed information. What the public never sees are the hidden cells, the men on crutches, those who can walk only with the aid of another prisoner, those with deformities, the badly emaciated, the sick in bed.

The Geneva Conventions require repatriation of the sick and wounded, as well as the release or transfer to a neutral nation of men whose long confinement jeopardizes their health. Yet Hanoi, which is a signatory to the Conventions, has ignored these rules as they apply to the 781 captured and missing in North Vietnam. And the enemy has made no effort to persuade the Vietcong and communist forces in South Vietnam and Laos even to identify the almost 800 other Americans captured or missing in these areas.

For the prisoners, meanwhile, years pile on lonely years. The first men captured are nearing their seventh year in captivity. More than 300 others soon face their fourth, fifth and sixth anniversaries in enemy hands.

Unless help is forthcoming, these men will continue to rot and die.

Here at home, private citizens and concerned organizations are reacting with growing impatience to North Vietnam's inhumane treatment of our prisoners. Public denouncements, mounting press attention, resolutions in the U.S. Congress and the United Nations, letter-writing campaigns and many similar efforts are beginning to have an effect. There is evidence that Hanoi is smarting under the attack.

In the past year North Vietnam's leaders have tried to muffle criticism by easing a few of the harsh restrictions imposed on the prison-

*North Vietnam has told U.S. anti-war groups and Senators that 23 prisoners have died. But the lists cannot be regarded as completely accurate: all of the deaths were reported long after they supposedly occurred, and after a number of the men had been held captive up to five years.

ers. Hanoi has, for example, permitted an increase in mail between some of the men and their families, authorized more packages for the captives, boosted the weight-limitation on Christmas parcels and permitted families to mail previously forbidden items such as small games, medicines and vitamins.

But conditions are still deplorable. You can show your concern over Hanoi's treatment of our prisoners-of-war by signing the statement below (adding a personal message if you wish) and sending it at once to: "Help Our POWs," American Red Cross, P.O. Box 1600, Washington, D.C. 20013. The Red Cross will tabulate the responses and see that your message gets to the government of North Vietnam. Millions of protests from indignant Americans cannot fail to have impact, even in Hanoi. Don't wait. Sign and mail your letter right now, then call a friend and ask him or her to do the same. The one hope these prisoners have is that their fellow Americans will not forget them.

For information on reprints of this article, see page 24

We Want Proof, Not Propaganda

President Ton Duc Thang
Democratic Republic of Vietnam, Hanoi
c/o American Red Cross
"Help Our POWs," Box 1600
Washington, D.C. 20013

Mr. President:

You have claimed repeatedly that American citizens held in your "detention camps" are being treated humanely. But you offer no proof of this. Except under the most restricted circumstances, you will not even allow foreign observers to enter these camps.

Proof of your sincerity would be the immediate repatriation of all sick and wounded captives and the release (or transfer to some neutral nation) of all prisoners whose health has been jeopardized by long confinement. By doing so, you could perhaps end some of the uncertainty and dismay your policies have created throughout the community of nations. I join with millions the world over in urging you to take these steps.

_____

_____

_____

_____

Name and Address

If you wish up to ten more of these coupon letters for friends and family, contact your local Red Cross chapter or write to Reprint Editor (POW), The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570.

Man: The Weaker Sex

I. WHY WOMEN ARE TOUGHER

In the game of durability, it's the "delicate" ladies who hold the protoplasmic aces

Condensed from McCALL'S

DR. ESTELLE RAMEY

WHENEVER men argue that women are biologically different, they really don't mean different, they mean inferior—in terms of stamina, stability and cerebration. The term "biologically different" has the neat effect of taking the whole subject out of the realm of personal masculine prejudice and landing it squarely in the lap of impartial science: it's not a man's fault that women are relegated to less important, less interesting occupations; it's just the way the evolutionary cookie crumbled.

As a child of my culture, I don't mind getting involved occasionally in the fun of being treated like a fragile flower. But, as a physiologist working with the scientific facts of life, I find it hard to delude myself about feminine frailty. I know that when it comes to survival, it should have been a Frenchwoman rather than a Frenchman who cried: *"Vive la différence!"*

Men are a dear and wonderful tribe, and they often make great husbands and fathers, but we must face the fact that genetically they are the weaker sex. The female of the species, almost *any* species, is sturdier than the male from infancy to the last hurrah.

When I recently reviewed the available literature on how stress and disease affect males and females, I was struck by the fact that there has been astonishingly little basic

DR. ESTELLE RAMEY is an expert in endocrinology, the study of the body's hormonal secretions, and, with some 30 years of experience, is recognized as one of the leaders in her field. A professor at the Georgetown University School of Medicine in Washington, D.C., she has published two books and more than 50 papers mainly on how animals respond to stress.

McCALL'S (JANUARY 1973). © 1970 BY THE McCALL PUBLISHING CO., 230 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

research on the dismal survival record of the male—even though the phenomenon was noted at least as early as 1786. (Perhaps men, who constitute the vast majority of research scientists and physicians, would rather not think about the implications of such research.) But evidence collected by a well-known endocrinologist, Dr. James B. Hamilton, shows that, from worms to humans, the male is less able to tolerate life's everyday stresses. Dr. Hamilton notes: "There can be little doubt that the male has a higher mortality rate in almost all forms of animal life studied thus far."

Significantly, the sex difference in survival shows up long before society has a chance to impose its special stresses on boys and men. During the first week of life, the death rate is 32 percent greater for males than for females. Cardiovascular disorders, such as coronary disease, have a much higher incidence in young men. With every year, the dreary disparity between male and female durability inexorably increases.

There are few scientific explanations for male fragility. Part of the problem may be the environmental stresses imposed on men by society—to compete, to produce, to succeed. Part of the problem may be hormonal. Dr. Hamilton's findings suggest that the male hormone testosterone induces a slightly higher metabolic rate in most tissues and that possibly the male "burns out" faster. Other research indicates that the female's estrogen hormones may help retard aging of blood vessels.

Late last summer Dr. Edgar Berman, a former surgeon and a one-time State Department consultant on Latin American health problems, created a furor by stating that women should be excluded from high executive positions because of their monthly "raging hormonal imbalances." I was startled to read of this attempt to give the ancient concept of woman's predestined inferiority a firm scientific basis. It is particularly interesting that Dr. Berman latched onto the menstrual cycle to keep women at bay. Their cyclic bleeding has fascinated and repelled men ever since Homo sapiens first started to assign social roles. Most primitive societies and religions reflected this repugnance. Menstruating women were temporarily expelled from the tribe, which considered them under a curse visited by the gods.

Women themselves have accepted this distorted view of their own biology. They still call menstruation the curse. Many women do have some discomfort during their periods. Some get quite ill for a day or two; most don't. Despite popular belief that working women are home sick much more frequently than men, extensive federal studies in every job category indicate that women take about the same amount of time off from work.

Of course, men have problems of hormonal imbalance, too. They may suffer thyroid disease, infertility, impotence, Addison's disease, diabetes,

pituitary disease, and a host of other endocrine ailments to which we are all heir. (John F. Kennedy had a serious hormonal disorder, adrenal insufficiency.) But they often serve effectively in high jobs and high office—though women, given the chance, might actually have a better track record. For one thing, since their blood vessels don't narrow as fast with age, the blood supply to their brains is better maintained over a longer period of time.

None of this convinces the Dr. Bermans of the world that women may have the capacity for the highest leadership. Don't they cry while men keep a stiff upper lip? Well, there are worse responses to life's problems than crying. Suicide, for example. U.S. Public Health data shows that females have a much lower suicidal death rate—less than one half that of males. Yes, but why are only seven percent of our practicing physicians and three percent of our lawyers and one percent of our Senators women? Could there be sex differences in I.Q.s? No. The accumulated evidence shows that on all forms of standardized testing the female I.Q. is not significantly different from the male's.

Few brilliant women have tried to develop their intellectual talents, simply because there has been a very small market for brilliant women in this country. The relatively few who have bothered to develop their intellectual skills often find that society views them as odd-balls. Men have told me more than once, "You certainly don't look like a woman scientist." I know exactly what they mean, and I thank them warmly. Their notion of a Woman Scientist is that horse-faced, flat-chested female in arch-support shoes who sublimates her sex starvation in a passionate pursuit of laboratory data.

Such stereotypes are bred in the marrow of our society and discourage most bright girls from the start. Yet we send more girls to college than any other country in the world. As a result, we have a large reserve of female human beings, superbly endowed physically and intellectually, but sharply limited in opportunities for social problem-solving in a society that desperately needs all the trained brains it can get.

No society is so rich that it can afford to waste educated brain power. We cannot continue to underuse our expensively trained women while we over-use and casually expend our equally expensively trained men. Given a man's greater innate susceptibility to life's stresses, we must stop compounding his problems of survival by insisting he carry society's managerial burdens on his shoulders. Men need protection, and women have been delinquent in not providing it by really sharing the burdens.

Societal roles cannot be assigned on the basis of stereotypes. We must learn to answer as Samuel Johnson did when he was asked, "Which is more intelligent, man or woman?" Replied Dr. Johnson: "Which man and which woman?"

II.
WHAT WIVES CAN DO TO HELP

Condensed from
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THEODORE ISAAC RUBIN, M.D.
Author of "Lisa and David," "The Thin Book by a Formerly Fat Psychiatrist" and "Forever Thin"

MEN MAY BE capable in many areas, but they often show poor judgment about their own health and welfare. In their pursuit of success and security, they neglect their health to a remarkably self-destructive degree. They don't eat, sleep or rest properly.

Men who drive themselves so relentlessly have confused ideas about masculinity. They think that to be manly they must have unlimited energy, resourcefulness and control, that they must face adversity with a minimum of emotional response. These unrealistic ideas generate such enormous strains that many of these men walk around like emotional time bombs. Some eventually "explode" in depressions, anxiety attacks, heart attacks, strokes, ulcers.

It's my belief that a wife is potentially the strongest and most immediately available force in relieving such a situation. Here are positive, practical steps any wife can initiate to help her husband live longer:

• Be careful with criticism. Constructive criticism can be valuable—but only if delivered when a man has first had an opportunity to rest and regain physical and emotional strength. Timing is equally important in the making of requests. A woman should be sensitive to the emotional wavelength her man operates on so that she knows when he is under minimal pressure and is most receptive to a new challenge. Above all, don't nag. Nagging destroys morale and produces fatigue.

• Don't be an armchair general. A wife should not chastise her husband with such statements as "I told you so." Instead, she should help him absorb any failures by sharing responsibility. She should let him know that her acceptance and love are based not on his material success but rather on his human value.

• Try to share interesting and relaxing interests with your man. But remember that there are times when he'd rather be with members of his own sex (particularly for sports events). When this occurs, it is important that a wife not make him feel guilty for not including her.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL (JANUARY '71), © 1970 BY DOWNE PUBLISHING, INC., 641 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

• Help your husband to be a good father. Much of a man's life goes on outside the home. He cannot be expected to be as tuned in to his children's needs as his wife. She can help him to understand and enjoy the children and relax with them. She must not make him the sole agent of their punishment when he comes home after work, for this destroys the possibility of a good relationship with his family.

• Encourage your man to take a vacation—many men never do without a push from their wives. It is valuable for a couple to vacation periodically within their means, and also, from time to time, to enjoy adult privacy away from the children. Even a day in the country or an evening out can be beneficial.

• Learn your husband's tastes and needs. A smart wife sees to it that her home is a place in which to be comfortable and relaxed—a bulwark against the pressures of the outside world. Frustration at home following frustration at work is not easy to tolerate. A wife should realize that confronting a husband with household problems and chores as soon as he enters the house is destructive both to a marriage and to emotional health. A smart wife also takes proper care of herself and makes herself attractive—while remembering that there are times when working hard all day makes it impossible for a man to be a romantic cavalier at night.

• Be a good listener. Encourage him to talk, to share his responsibilities and daily burdens. It is important to allow a husband to be moody, irritated, tired—even angry. A good marriage takes this in stride.

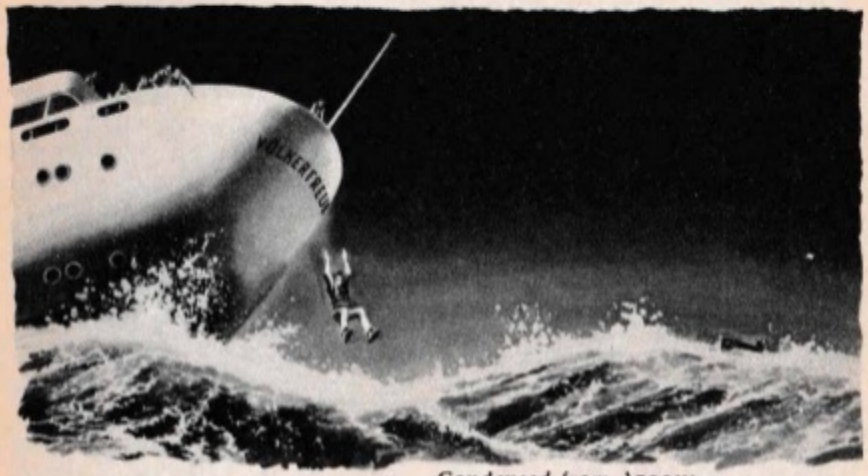
• Put your husband first. In nearly everything she does and says, the life-preserving wife will indicate that her man has priority. Knowing his wife is on his side will dilute problems and difficulties to a greater extent than most wives think possible.

People who are genuinely tuned in to each other will be genuinely concerned about each other's welfare. A wife who loves her husband will not view these steps she takes to ease her husband's life as demeaning. The fact is that they will almost always ease her own lot by alleviating family tension and improving family morale. Marriage is a two-way street; a husband would do well, too, to be considerate of his wife. People who help others to function better always benefit personally. A marriage that puts an emphasis on "him" and "her" rather than "things," "accomplishments" or "possessions" is invariably a life-affirming relationship.

For information on reprints of this article, see page 24

In the End. A woman was so wearied by the long-winded account that an invalid gave of his illness that she fell asleep, to awaken and hear herself say: "And did you die?" —Louis Kronenberger, *The Cutting Edge* (Doubleday)

One of the Comrades Is Missing



Condensed from ARGOSY

KEN AGNEW
As told to Kenneth Schaefer

For years, young Karl Bley dreamed of escaping from the communist world. Then he suddenly made the plunge

IT WAS NOW or never for Karl Bley. I put my single-engine airplane into a steep turn and raced directly at the East German ship. My low pass was the signal for the 24-year-old machinist from behind the Iron Curtain to jump overboard.

Misgivings filled my mind. The Atlantic Ocean seven miles off the Florida Keys is hostile water at best and, this day-after-Thanksgiving, 1970, choppy swells were waiting to welcome his desperate leap to freedom. If he escaped the powerful suction of the ship's propeller, he would have to take his chances with the sharks until the rescue boat reached him.

Come to that—was Karl Bley even on board the ship? If he was, would he jump—or would he lose his nerve at the sight of that 40-foot drop into the churning wake?

ARGOSY (MARCH '71). © 1971 BY POPULAR PUBLICATIONS, INC., 205 E. 42 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

The Brothers Bley. Escape had been Karl Bley's dream since the night two years before, when—aboard the same East German cruise ship-freighter, the M.S. *Völkerfreundschaft*—he had sailed past the glittering lights of Miami. A thousand miles to the northwest in Villa Park, Ill., lived his older brother, Eric. Eric Bley had made it out of East Germany in 1955, followed a year later by his fiancée, Marlis. The two were now naturalized U.S. citizens and outspokenly grateful to their adopted land. Eric had founded a successful machine-building firm in a suburb of Chicago.

For 15 years the brothers had corresponded regularly. (They had worked out a code to get their messages past the ever-watchful East German censors.) Immediately after his 1968 trip to Havana, Karl wrote Eric that if he ever got that close to America again, "I'm going to jump and swim for it." It was no idle boast. Eric knew the hunger his brother felt. He had felt it himself.

He also knew that the chance was slim of swimming the seven miles from ship to shore. So there had been desperation on both sides of the Iron Curtain. It was at this point—two months before—that I was pulled into the affair.

The Plan. Eric had come to the Florida Keys, south of Miami, looking for help in the escape plan that he and his brother had plotted. On Duck Key, he saw a sleek charter boat, the *Pequod,* belonging to my longtime friend, Capt. Bob Lowe. Fast, in prime condition, *Pequod* was the perfect boat to overtake the *Völkerfreundschaft* when it ran by the Florida coast at 18 knots. Eric found Lowe, who listened in silence to his scheme.

"You want to lay a rescue vessel alongside that ship just when your brother is ready to jump?" Lowe demanded.

Eric nodded.

"It's going to need air-ground coordinating. And a definite signal to your brother that all's set before he makes the leap."

Needing a pilot, Lowe brought Bley to see me. It was Lowe who sold me; I could tell that he liked what he saw in the man. Before he'd finished, I was as hooked as Bob by the desperate determination of a man fighting for his brother's life.

Eric had almost everything we needed to know about the *Völkerfreundschaft,* thanks to an advertising brochure Karl had sent. Passengers would board at the Baltic seaport of Rostock, enjoy a trip to Havana, that communist oasis in the West, then return. The cover carried a picture of the ship; an inside page even gave the frequencies monitored by the ship's radio.

We worked out a plan. I'd fly the route most communist ships take in making the Havana run—from the Bahamas they go straight toward

Palm Beach, then follow the Florida coastline until they've nearly cleared the Keys. Once I'd spotted the ship, I would radio Bob and Eric, who would put out in the *Pequod*. As they closed in on the East German ship, I'd make a low pass in my light plane. That would be the sign for Karl to jump.

The second week of November Eric told us that Karl was aboard the ship. He would be off the Keys sometime on Thanksgiving Day. He would wear a bright jacket for quick spotting by his rescuers and would have a life preserver on under the jacket. But, the younger brother wrote, whether the rescue craft showed up or not, he was going to jump before the *Völkerfreundschaft* veered away from the last bit of America.

False Start. To provide day and night surveillance, we had enlisted George Butler, a retired engineer and enthusiastic pilot. For two days he and I had been flying up to Palm Beach and across the 60 miles to the Bahamas, directly over the path the ship should take. We had also worked south along the Keys to American Shoal, an unmanned lighthouse 16 miles off Key West—the usual turnaway point of Russian vessels bound for Cuba. We could report nothing but frayed nerves for our almost nonstop efforts.

At 5:30 on the morning after Thanksgiving, a dejected Eric Bley was leaving his hotel on Duck Key for the airport and still another reconnaissance flight. Suddenly, as he stared out at the blackness across the ocean to the east, he saw lights—*the ship!* He jumped into his car and roared off to the Marathon airport on Key Vaca. I was waiting for him, and the minute we lifted off the runway we could see the ship, its whole stern lighted up like New York. I killed our wingtip lights and the brilliant strobe atop the fuselage so we wouldn't spook our quarry. Flying high over the ship, we took out the brochure with its identifying picture. The sky and water were still dark, but with the deck lighting we had it—picture and ship matched exactly, even to the bright-red line along her hull.

Improvising. In minutes we were back at Marathon, where a waiting Bob Lowe told us that there wasn't time to go north to Duck Key, get the *Pequod* and still catch the cruise ship, now moving past the city

of Marathon at a full 18 knots.

"It'll take a 40-knot boat to catch it," he said. "Come on, Eric! We'll get a boat even if we have to steal it!" A second later their car sped onto the highway, headed for Big Pine Key, 19 miles to the south.

Butler had arrived by this time and was ready to fly the high watch at 2000 feet while I took the low run. Just before we both took off, I asked Butler's wife to call the Coast Guard: "Tell them you got a garbled message that there's a man in the water off American Shoal, and to get help out there right now!" We had to have some kind of backup. I was afraid Bob and Eric wouldn't get a boat, and that Karl had meant it when he said he'd jump even if there was no signal.

I flew down to Big Pine Key just as a 22-foot fiber-glass outboard skiff came planing out of the Sea Center Marina, charging for the daylight beginning to show in the east. They were taking a brutal pounding as they hit the heavy chop of the open water. I didn't think Lowe could see the ship, and I skimmed over him to set him on an intercept course that would put him ahead of his target.

Just at that point, the skiff went dead in the water! I watched Bob fiddle frantically with the engine until it restarted. Another half mile and it quit again. "Bob's not going to make it!" I barked at Butler over the radio.

As I was debating whether to signal the jump anyway, I saw white froth behind the little boat as Lowe brought the engine alive for the third time. We were still in business!

I headed for my assigned point low and far ahead of the *Völkerfreundschaft* to wait until Butler called that the skiff was closing on its quarry.

"Now!" came the word finally.

"Right. I'm going in!"

Four in the Water. Soon I was hell-bent for the bow of the unsuspecting liner, barreling down her port side, white caps only a few feet below me. I caught sight of passengers at the rail—two dozen of the most stunned expressions I'd ever seen. At the fantail I made a tight turn to the left, so close that the flagpole at the stern almost caught my wingtip. If Bley was aboard, he had to have heard me! But for one awful second there was nothing—just people gawking from the rail as I roared up the starboard side of the ship.

"Nobody jumped!" I bellowed at the mike in my right hand.

Then it happened. A red-shirted figure went over the rail and plummeted to the water. *"He jumped!"* I yelled, frantic with excitement.

There was an abrupt squawk from my radio, and Butler called from overhead: "There's two in the water!"

I gaped in disbelief. From the side window, I now saw not two, but *three*. No . . . *four!* Eric had warned us, "If this boy jumps, look out—you're liable to get more." We had them.

Lord, I thought, what a gamble!

None of the three knew of our plot. No one but Karl had a life jacket—only life rings they'd tossed to the turbulent sea just before jumping. I circled the floundering figures below and, as they struggled toward those orange-colored rings in the water, I knew I was looking at raw courage.

Lowe's pilotage of the rescue boat was magnificent. Almost before the last man hit the water, Bob was past the liner and Eric was pulling Karl into the skiff.

Then came the ship's response. We had known that the Reds were prepared for the possibility of a man overboard, and we'd talked at length about how long it would take the *Völkerfreundschaft* to make a 180-degree turn. We had guessed wrong.

Eric and Bob were still dragging the men from the water when the ship rolled into a tight turn at full speed. It was amazing to see a liner lean like that, and I had the fleeting suspicion the captain wanted everybody overboard.

It was close! By the time the last man was picked from the sea, the ship was bearing down on the tiny rescue craft. Bob raced for shallow water close to shore where the *Völkerfreundschaft* could not follow. Finally she broke off the chase, made an S-turn and took the southerly heading for Havana. It was all over.

Freedom's Face. Afterward, I sat beside Karl in a room at the Key West Coast Guard station and looked at the earnest face of this slender, dark-haired youth from East Germany. His dream had come true out there in the ocean when he waved his arms in a sign of triumph and screamed at the man in the bow of the rescue boat, "Bruder! Bruder!"

The men who had leaped to freedom with him were Dr. Manfred Kupfer, a 37-year-old neuropathologist from Leipzig; his brother Dr. Reinhold Kupfer, a 33-year-old pathologist from Zwickau; and Dr. Peter Rost, 37, a microbiologist, also from Zwickau. They had come on the cruise with unspoken hopes that just such a chance might be theirs. Karl's bold leap was the inspiration they'd hoped for.

Through Eric's interpreting, I learned that Karl had been on deck since early morning watching the lights along the Keys, studying the shoreline through binoculars for any sign of action. "I saw you when you took off from the airport," he told me. "I saw your bright light go out, and when I heard you in the dark high above the ship I knew Eric was coming."

Looking at this 24-year-old, who I knew now would have made that leap, signal or no, I suddenly realized what freedom means.

I KNOW of no sentence that can induce such immediate and brazen lying as the one that begins "Have you read . . ." —Wilson Mizner

Casualty-insurance rates have been rising twice as fast as the cost of living in general—and in some cases people can't buy it at any price. What has gone wrong, and what can we do about it?

Why Insurance Is So Hard to Get

By Lester Velie

CASUALTY insurance—an industry that sells a product as necessary as bread, and uses such words as "reliance," "fidelity" and "guardian" in its corporate names—is copping out on us.

Item: Within a recent 60-day period, Malcolm MacNeal of Miami, Fla., got "Dear John" letters from 11 of the 13 property- and casualty-insurance companies he represents as managing agent. They told him that he could sell no more new car or fire insurance. After a lifetime of chasing customers, he now had to chase them away.

Item: Insurance companies have blacked out whole areas where residents, whatever their driving records, cannot buy the companies' car insurance. By last January, one giant, Nationwide Mutual, was selling no new policies except to additional members of already insured families.

Item: Last winter, after listening to drivers and homeowners complain about insurance rejections, cancellations and nonrenewals, three deputies to New York State Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz discovered their own gripes topped those of witnesses. One had his auto insurance canceled when his son reached 18; another lost his policy when his insurance company pulled out of his county; a third lost his insurance when the company dropped his agent.

State laws require motorists to

buy car insurance; banks tell homeowners, "No fire insurance, no mortgage." But, getting and holding onto the stuff has become a maddening business for millions.

Blackballed. Some of the frustrations are old. For years, the insurance companies have imposed a customer-selection system that sorts drivers into one of 260 classifications—and scores of subclassifications—each carrying its own premium price tag or blackball. Here, for instance, is what one manual for agents, read before the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, said about the clergy: "A consistent group of losers. As a group probably not very skilled drivers. Lack of attention while mentally composing sermons may contribute." About policemen: "Generally, this occupation doesn't attract the highest type of individual." Lawyers, reporters, doctors and editors are also flagged by some companies as dubious risks.

If your job doesn't bar you, the "personal" classification may. Divorcées, for instance, need not apply to certain companies. Or the place where you live may be against you. "People who live in slum areas present an above-average exposure," say some manuals. Today, selection has been so tightened that, as Sen. Philip A. Hart, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, has put it, "The insurers give the impression that they only want to sell to those who will never make a claim." Even long-time customers are sometimes canceled for no reason at all.

Since insurance companies are largely exempted from federal antitrust laws, and are provided with a captive market by state laws that virtually make insurance mandatory, the insurers are expected to give something in return. To provide minimum insurance for all, then, the insurers form assigned-risk pools—a kind of second-class citizenship into which drivers rejected for standard insurance are thrust—and accept their proportionate share of the assigned risks. But they limit coverage and often charge more for it.

Worse, because of the scarcity of standard, voluntary insurance, the assigned-risk pools are being ominously flooded with "clean drivers"—those who show no violations or accidents for the last three years and therefore deserve the lower "preferred rates." In North Carolina, for instance, one of every four drivers must seek insurance shelter in the assigned-risk pool—and of these, almost two thirds are "clean." So are two of every five assigned-risk drivers in Pennsylvania and New York. Countrywide, assigned-risk plans embrace three percent of all passenger vehicles—over three million cars. But in 22 states assigned risks have advanced between 50 and 400 percent in recent years.

Worse still, drivers who can't pay the higher rates for special insurance often go without any automobile insurance at all. In Kentucky, for instance, an estimated one third

of all motorists carry no liability insurance, thus becoming time bombs set to ruin the first motorist they hit.

Other Pocket. Why the scarcity of insurance? What has gone wrong?

"Inflation always pinches the car insurers," points out Thomas C. Morrill, vice president of State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Co., the world's biggest car insurer. The cost of car repairs and accident medical bills rises faster than insurance rates can because of regulatory delays. Also, increased traffic congestion means more accidents and claims. So, although insurance prices have advanced more than twice as fast as living costs—87.4 percent since the base years of 1957-59 as against 37.4 percent—they have not kept pace with the combined rise of insurance costs and claims. "We're losing our shirts," insurance men say. "Last year, the industry paid out $330 million more in claims than it collected in premiums."

"True enough," say the industry's critics. "But what about your other pocket, the one in which you keep the earnings from your investments on policyholders' money? It's bulging with earnings that more than offset the underwriting losses and give you an overall profit." As one of many examples, they cite a major insurance company that incurred $105-million underwriting losses from 1965 through 1969, but earned $275 million from investments.

"Even if we empty both our pockets and take our investment earnings into account," retort the insurance companies, "we still make a smaller return on our capital than most other industries." But interpreting insurance companies' figures is a controversial business. Some experts contend that insurance companies make a rate of return equal to that of the banks and, over long periods, make more money than any other enterprises. In support, they cite the industry's own pulse-taker, A. M. Best's: Best's stock index of 18 fire and casualty companies has advanced 109 percent over the last decade—twice the 54 percent advance of Standard and Poor's Index of 500 companies.

Greener Pastures. What counts is what the insurance men themselves believe. If they *believe* that they are losing money or are not making as much as they should, they will cut down on the sale of their product.

But they will also put their capital into other lines of business. And that is precisely what some of our biggest and most venerable property and casualty companies have been doing. Consider the Insurance Company of North America, which started to write insurance during George Washington's first term. Recently, $175 million of INA assets—which might have gone into writing insurance policies—went instead into the manufacture of fire-extinguishing equipment, and into nursing homes and foreign investment. Aetna Life and Casualty money has gone into a motel chain and real estate. Other companies have put

money into theater operations, book publishing, movie-making, savings-and-loan associations.

Don't state laws bar insurance companies from putting their money into unrelated businesses?

Certainly. But insurance men and Wall Street have been equal to this challenge. Some have turned to the device of the holding company—a company which owns other companies. For example, with its own funds, the Insurance Company of North America in 1968 formed a holding company, INA Corporation—and became its subsidiary. At the behest of the controlling parent, then, the insurance company below sent $175 million of assets "upstream," unhindered by state regulation.

The outflow engineered by the insurance men themselves became a mighty river as conglomerates (companies that operate a grab bag of unrelated enterprises) spotted the mountains of unused insurance-company assets and raided the insurers. In one head-reeling stock deal, a conglomerate minnow with $60 million of assets swallowed an insurance whale with $600 million. The ink on the acquisition agreements had barely dried when the new owners began to siphon off insurance-company reserves.

Although 15 of our states have hurried to stem the tide with laws that regulate insurance holding companies, an estimated $1 billion to $1.6 billion of casualty-insurance reserves have already been drained off—all in the face of the growing insurance needs of a growing country.

Wrong Tree. What will induce the insurance companies to make more of their product available? The answer: reduced claims as well as reduced costs—and hence increased underwriting profits.

Though the principles under discussion here apply to *all* casualty insurance, let's focus on car insurance. For years, insurance companies have tried to exclude supposedly hazardous drivers as a means of curbing claims. Now it appears they have been barking up the wrong tree. The Department of Transportation reported recently that the villain in the accident drama is not the driver alone. The "damage-prone" car plays an important part. Thus, the way to cut claims and increase underwriting profits is not only via customer selection, but also through the production of more damage-resistant cars. "Bumpers that don't bump and fenders that don't fend have been killing us with avoidable claims," says State Farm's Morrill.

So the car-insurance industry has set up the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety to probe auto-damage resistance as well as our booby-trapped highways (guardrails that impale cars, etc.). Under Dr. William Haddon, Jr., ex-head of the National Highway Safety Bureau, the Insurance Institute has become the leading consumerism force for more durable cars and safer roads.

For example: Dr. Haddon's researches into low-velocity crashes of today's "delicate cars" (Dr. Haddon's description) discloses that cars traveling five miles an hour—a walking pace—will incur an average $200 in damages when they hit a stationary object. At 10 m.p.h. the damage will average $652. Fully 86 percent of all claims against car insurers are for $300 or less, and 73 percent for $500 or less. Obviously, an effective bumper would eliminate billions of dollars in claims.

So the Allstate Insurance Co., the nation's second-biggest car insurer, has been mobilizing motorist demand for a damage-resistant car via advertising that promises lower premiums. Industry trade associations have been pressuring Detroit through direct talks, and relief is on the way. Manufacturers are developing "energy absorbing" bumpers which will protect cars from damage in front-to-rear crashes of up to 15 miles an hour.

"With a damage-resistant car, our underwriting focus would shift from the driver to the vehicle," says Norman L. Gidden, president of the Government Employes Insurance Co. (GEICO). "We would still classify drivers according to age, driving record and other criteria. But the 260 classifications would diminish." In other words, insurers would blackball bumpers and fenders rather than ministers and divorcées.

Dollar Gobblers. Yet it will take more than a durable car alone to haul the car-insurance business out of its present morass. The sad fact is that the car-insurance system is grossly wasteful. According to the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, expenses eat up 40 cents of every premium dollar you pay.

One dollar gobbler is the ancient marketing system that many car insurers use. Here, we come to two car-insurance worlds. One embraces the "Old Line" companies, which handle some 40 percent of all car insurance and rely on outside agents to sell their product. The other embraces the younger "Independents," such giants as State Farm, Allstate and GEICO, which use their own agents or direct mail to acquire business. They spend about 10 cents on the premium dollar, substantially less than what their Old Line competitors pay.

The difference has been enough, for most Independents, to show underwriting profits, despite the high claims and inflated accident costs. In fact, while many other companies were cutting back in 1968, State Farm went after new business so vigorously that it wrote policies at a rate equal to one of every two new passenger cars sold in that year.

The cheapest way of all to sell insurance policies, however, is through group plans long used by life- and health-insurance companies. Yet there are virtually no group plans in auto insurance. Why?

Because agents in 35 states have persuaded their legislatures and insurance commissioners to ban such insurance. And insurers don't fight as hard for car group insurance as

they do for a more durable car.

But the biggest dollar gobbler of all is the ancient "fault" system for paying car-accident claims. If your house burns, you collect from the company from which you buy fire insurance. But if you suffer injuries in a car accident, you don't collect from the company to which you have been paying bodily-injury liability premiums for years; that insurance is for somebody *you* might hurt. For your own injuries, you must collect from the insurance company of the fellow who hit you—and prove that he was at fault.

Determining fault eats up a lot of insurance money. For example, 23 cents of every dollar you pay for insurance—a staggering total of $1.2 billion—went for legal fees in 1969.

Last January, a partial "no-fault" plan went into effect in Massachusetts. Under its provisions, an injured motorist receives up to $2000 in medical costs and lost wages from his own insurance company—without having to sue and prove he was free from fault. Damages beyond $2000 can be sought through the "fault" system. New York's legislature is considering an even more ambitious no-fault plan, which would compensate a victim for *all* of his accident-caused medical bills and lost wages (deducting the compensation he received from other sources—major medical, Blue Cross, health and accident policies, etc.). And in the first auto-insurance reform bill ever to be introduced into the U.S. Congress, Sen. Philip A. Hart has proposed a no-fault plan to compensate accident victims for medical expenses and lost wages up to $1000 a month for 30 months, plus the right to sue for more in case of serious injury or death.

Blue Cross and Blue Shield, which sell no-fault health insurance through group plans, use only seven cents of the premium dollar for expenses as against the 40 cents the car insurers spend. So, when the waste in both sales and legal costs is squeezed from the car-insurance system, you'll be able to buy the insurance you need, at a lower price.

If this seems worth having, you can help work for it: through your state legislator and Congressman—by urging them to vote for no-fault insurance; through your employer—by asking him to seek group car insurance (a device that need not cost the employer *any* money); and through your car dealer—by putting your money down on the car that's engineered to resist damage.

For information on reprints of this article, see page 24

* * * *

Noteworthy. A College Point, N.Y., manufacturing concern wrote an inactive account to ask why it had not had "the pleasure of your business" for some time. The complete reply: "Be glad you didn't." The title under the signature read: "Trustee in Bankruptcy." —*The Wall Street Journal*

There was nothing like it for a fresh beginning

A Bucket of Clear, Cool Spring Water

Condensed from
NEW HAMPSHIRE PROFILES
JEAN BELL MOSLEY

AFTER MONTHS of digging, blasting, hauling, hurting and hoping, the farm well came into being and the pump was duly installed—a milepost of progress. On that hot summer day Grandpa, in an exaggerated ceremonial manner, removed his hat and poured a dipperful of the first upbringing of water over his head. Dad, with many accompanying gestures, recalled the resistance of the rock, the terrible distance to the underground stream, the hours of sweat and toil. But here was the ultimate worthwhileness of it all: water was now only 25 steps from the kitchen table.

"No more carrying water from the spring!" was our triumphant litany. My sisters and I stuck our hot bare feet under the spout and pumped and pumped, letting the water sluice and splash as if to erase all the stubbed toes, accumulated

NEW HAMPSHIRE PROFILES (OCTOBER 1970). © 1970 BY NEW HAMPSHIRE PROFILES CORP., 1 PLEASANT ST., PORTSMOUTH, N.H. 03801

dirt, splinters and weariness of thousands of trips to the spring. Grandma talked dreamily of fountains, fish ponds and even a bathtub. Mama sensibly started watering her wilting zinnias.

The convenience of the well never really wore off, but its chief contribution, perhaps, was making us realize how much more than water we had been getting from the spring.

The source which we were abandoning was located about 200 yards from the house. To reach it you passed under the grape arbor that led through the vegetable garden, crossed the barnyard into the orchard, climbed over a stile to gain a crooked cowpath that wound alongside a rail fence zigzagging down a slope to enclose the immediate environs of the spring.

In years past, some previous Jacob had laid a rock wall in a semicircle around the spring. At the base of the wall, where the water gushed forth, someone had chiseled the words, RETURN AND REST. From time to time I pulled off the moss so I could read the invitation, although it never had much meaning for me until my trips there became less frequent. I used to quip that when a person was returning with water buckets, he sure enough had better rest before carrying them back up the slope.

After emerging from its underground source, the water spilled over a miniature dam, went bubbling off to form a pond for the delight of the geese and, beyond, a pasture stream for the cows, coons, cottontails, crawdads and children.

Before the handy well came into being, Mama would sometimes say to one of us quarreling children, even if the water bucket was still half-full, "Go fetch a bucket of clear, cool spring water." I remember now that these adjectives applied only to the spring, never to the well water, although both were of the same crystalline purity.

Peeved and pouty, we would start out, plotting recriminations. But it was difficult to sustain a quarrelsome spirit after entering the dappled shade of the grape arbor. Here, peace was almost tangible. Depending on the season, I might linger to inhale the fragrance of the grape blossoms, feast on ripening grapes or peer into a bird's nest holding bright eggs or fuzzy heads with big mouths. Ants moved in trim ranks across the wooden supports, intent upon some vital goal. Bees buzzed in and out, bringing late communiqués from the far pastures. Quite often a butterfly alighted on your shoulder, bumming a ride to the orchard. So favored, you would concentrate on walking carefully in order to preserve the living adornment and you would forget all about recent arguments as to whose turn it was to scrub the floor. Back home with the water, you faced a new hour, a fresh beginning.

When sorrow wrapped its gray fingers around the spirit, it was good to sit atop the stile, where you could view the gentle hills folding peacefully one into another, the green fields stretching broadly in the sun. You could observe that nature did not seem to weep, ever. But just lay, spread out, absorbing all, going on, in its silence seeming to echo a long ago pronouncement: "It is good." What sounds assailed the ears—breezes swishing the apple trees, far-off bawl of cow, bark of dog, creak of wagon, even the whisper of snow and crack of ice in winter—were like tiny crowbars loosening the trapped spirit, making you almost drowsy with the harmony. At such moments, I knew that the only real and lasting sorrow would be not to have been granted life in the first place.

At the breakfast table we often discussed various problems affecting the family. Whenever the ultimate decision had to be made by just one, more often than not that person would scoot his chair back from the table and say, "I'll just go fetch a bucket of clear, cool water to start the day." It amounted to saying, "I need some time alone to think this over." No one ever returned without a decision. Perhaps it was because along the way we observed that prolonged indecision is not included in nature's laws. Sunflowers wasted no time in turning toward the sun. Bean tendrils got on, for better or worse, by reaching toward the nearest supporting structure.

The illusive, subtle, indefinable need for the trips to the spring when they were no longer necessary was never discussed. But each of us eventually learned to return to the spring at certain moments. When Dad came home from the hospital, minus an arm, Mama reached for the water bucket and said, "I believe I'll just walk down for a bucket of cool spring water." She came back with unexpected and contagious calm. When a sudden storm flattened the wheat field, stripped the cornstalks and blew away half the barn, Grandpa went to the spring and returned with modest but exciting plans for rebuilding.

My own return to the spring began with a spur-of-the-moment flare-up about the unreliability of the pump. It had lost its prime, necessitating a trip for a bucket of water. It wasn't the first time. Moreover, in winter the pump froze and water from the spring had to be carried, heated, and poured around the pump placatingly and cajolingly. All this seemed suddenly to epitomize the changes that were taking place in my growing-up world. People died. Friends drifted away. Things we thought were true were disproved or called relative. In me there grew a deep-seated urge to know something dependable, something I could take a stand on, start out from, return to and start again.

On this particular day, in the grape arbor, a mother robin was feeding her young. In the garden, radishes that Mama had sowed the previous week were thrusting up green leaves. Were robins and radishes absolutes? Certainly I had known them all my life.

Something hard and strained within me began to unwind when I approached the spring and heard the infinitely calming music of the water that had been running day in, day out, for no one knew how long, so free, so giving. It seemed to me at first that the spring water was a dependable thing. No newfangled pump to lose its prime or wear out its parts. Just a dip of the bucket and then water. I waited for the growing peace of it all to reach its peak and sweep away doubts and complexities, and it did.

But even as it did, I knew it was not the spring or the water, for a shift in the deep earth could end the spring. It was knowing that water was provided somewhere. It was not the robin, for robins did not last forever. It was the immemorial *act* of the robin, feeding her young, as mother robins have been doing since robins were made. The act, a lasting and indestructible thing, an instinct not manipulatable by human hands. It was not the radishes, which were good for two weeks, maybe. It was that radishes, not beans, were coming from radish seed. One could depend on it.

I lifted the moss and read the old message again. I had my thing to go on, the thing we all had been going on for so long but didn't know it. There is a need in man to ***return*** to the evidence of invisible care and universal order and ***rest*** in the knowledge that they are there and cannot be destroyed.

The pump always remained a wonder for the family, but now—years later and far away—whenever I return to the farm in spirit, I am rested and refreshed by the everlasting miracle of the spring and its buckets of clear, cool water.

Cartoon Quips

EXECUTIVE secretary to boss: " 'A voice crying in the wilderness' would like to speak to you. I believe it's your son." —Joseph Farris in *Look*

WOMAN to husband, as they leave church: "Bob, I noticed you put ten dollars in the collection. *Now* what have you got on your conscience?" —Ed Reed, Register and Tribune Syndicate

ONE SMALL boy to another: "Of course I know the facts of life. Eat your vegetables and wash your hands." —Hageman in *Good Housekeeping*

WOMAN, in kitchen preparing supper, to visitor: "It's a clever new way of getting rid of leftovers. You make it exactly like hash, but you call it recycled roast." —Gill Fox, Newspaper Enterprise Assn.

MAN to auto salesman: "My trade-in is one of those marvelous '67s you went into ecstasies about when you were selling it to me." —Ed Reed, Register and Tribune Syndicate

TUNA FISH AND SWORDFISH:

ARE THEY SAFE TO EAT?

A status report on the problem of mercury pollution

Condensed from LIFE

LAST SPRING a Canadian university graduate student discovered high concentrations of mercury in freshwater fish—setting off a flap in Canada and the United States. Authorities banned commercial and sport fishing in some lakes and rivers in 33 states, and the Justice Department filed suits against ten chemical plants and paper mills for dumping mercury into the waters. Then, last December, Prof. Bruce McDuffie, a chemist at the State University of New York, tested a can of tuna fish—and the mercury question erupted into worldwide proportions.

The tuna contained a mercury concentration well above the U.S. Food and Drug Administration limit. So did frozen swordfish steaks also tested by McDuffie. The FDA confirmed his findings and took a million cans of tuna, and most frozen swordfish, off the market.

The findings staggered ecologists. How could so much mercury get into ocean fish? Was it possible that man had managed to pollute all the earth's oceans? Or was the high mercury level a natural phenomenon, never noticed before because no one had ever looked? To find out, scientists are now organizing large-scale studies of ocean waters and other ocean fish.

In the meantime, there is no reason for fish-eaters to panic. Here is a rundown on the situation:

Should I stop eating all fish? No. With freshwater fish, the mercury content depends on where it was caught. In contaminated waters, most species are affected, but the same species from unpolluted waters are usually perfectly safe. Among saltwater fish, scientists have so far found worrisome levels of mercury

LIFE (JANUARY 29, 1971), © 1971 BY TIME INC., TIME & LIFE BLDG., ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020

only in tuna, swordfish, some striped bass from California and some lobsters from Massachusetts. Inspectors have spot-tested salmon, shrimp, halibut, hake, haddock, cod, sole and herring without finding high levels of mercury.

Should I stop buying tuna? No. Only five to ten percent of the tuna inspected was contaminated. The FDA recalled specific lot numbers of most brands. Since the FDA and the National Canners Association have intensively inspected all stocks on hand and will continue inspecting tuna as it is packed, all new shipments will definitely be safe. Nor should you worry about a can or two you may still have at home. A few cans with slightly elevated mercury content won't make you sick; that would take the cumulative effect of many cans eaten over a long period. Nevertheless, some cautious scientists recommend that you eat no more than one or two seven-ounce cans of tuna a week. Pregnant women should take special precautions because mercury concentrates in the fetus and can cause the birth of a mentally defective or palsied child.

Should I stop buying swordfish? Swordfish is a more serious problem. The FDA found high mercury levels in 90 percent of the swordfish it sampled, and this fish has virtually disappeared from the market.

Do other foods contain mercury? Yes. Mercury is found in low concentrations in all food and in the human body itself. Last year, high concentrations were found in the carcasses of seven beef cattle and in a number of carloads of wheat. The FDA is now testing a variety of foods, including meats, milk, bread and vegetables.

What is mercury? It is a heavy, silvery metal—also called quicksilver—liquid at room temperature. Since it is an element, there is a fixed quantity of it in the world, which man can neither increase nor decrease. He can, and does, move it around and change its concentrations in local areas. Mercury is poisonous in most forms—as liquid metal, as mercury vapor, and in both organic and inorganic compounds. When ingested, a portion accumulates in the brain where it can destroy the tissue.

What is mercury used for? One of its major industrial uses is in chemical plants making chlorine and lye. It is also used as a catalyst in manufacturing plastics, in paper mills to prevent the growth of microörganisms in wood pulp, in agriculture as a seed coating and in sprays to kill fungus, and in most paints and batteries.

How does it get into fish? For a long time no one worried about dumping insoluble, inorganic mercury into water. Then in 1967 scientists discovered that bacteria could convert inorganic mercury into a highly toxic, soluble, organic form called methylmercury. The bacteria are eaten by tiny forms of aquatic life, which are eaten by small fish; the small fish are eaten by bigger fish and, as the mercury moves up the food chain, it becomes more and more concentrated. In a body of water containing .00001 parts of mercury per million, the food-fish might contain ten parts per million. Tuna and swordfish may have high amounts because both are wide-ranging predators, at the top of long food chains.

Why weren't we alert to its dangers before now? We should have been. In Japan, between 1953 and 1960, at least 43 people died and scores were permanently disabled—suffering blindness, deafness, convulsions, coma, mental retardation—from eating fish caught in a bay where a plastics factory had been dumping mercury. In the 1950s, Sweden discovered that mercury was responsible for her dwindling bird population, and that her freshwater fish were contaminated. The government there has banned the use of mercury-treated seed, and recommends that people eat no more than one fish meal a week.

What are the early symptoms of mercury poisoning? Chronic, low-level poisoning causes the same vague ailments that plague us all, particularly as we get older: headaches, fatigue, insomnia, anxiety, lethargy, loss of appetite.

How much mercury is safe? No one knows the threshold level. In 1969 the FDA set a limit of .5 parts per million as the maximum permissible in fish, partly because the .5 level was about the lowest most laboratories could detect at the time. FDA Commissioner Charles Edwards has admitted, "On the basis of available information it cannot be stated that all mercury residue in fish above .5 is unsafe—or that all residue below this guideline is safe."

What can we do to clean up mercury-polluted waters? At the present time, not much. Even if we halt all current industrial and agricultural discharges, mercury is such a persistent substance that it will continue to pollute the waters for generations. Scientists believe that the mercury now in San Francisco Bay dates from Gold Rush days, when mercury was used to extract gold from its ore. It may be a thousand years before men can safely eat fish from Lake St. Clair between lakes Huron and Erie. Scientists are trying to figure out some way of blocking the bacterial reaction that converts inorganic mercury to methylmercury, or of coating mercury sediments with some sort of impenetrable sealing material.

***

Preoccupation

PAGE ONE of last year's Internal Revenue Service Form 1040 asked for Spouse's Occupation. One taxpayer wrote: "See line 8." On line 8, he had proudly listed: "Peter, Paula, Lisa, Louis, David, Laura, Tina."

—*Query*, quoted by Frank Freeman in San Jose, Calif., *Mercury*

Across a Europe divided by the Berlin Wall, West Germany's Chancellor is engaged in a perilous balancing act between East and West

Condensed from TIME

Willy Brandt Walks a Tightrope

THE SETTING: The Old Jewish Ghetto, Warsaw, December 1970: *His broad, ruggedly handsome face etched with lines of concern, West Germany's Chancellor Willy Brandt walks slowly to the monument that memorializes the city's 500,000 Jews massacred by the Germans during World War II. For a moment he stands with bowed head; then, as if to atone for Germany's sins against its neighbors, he falls to his knees.*

"No people," as Willy Brandt has said, "can escape from their history."

Now, 25 years after the war's end, Willy Brandt is the first West German statesman willing to accept the complete consequences of Germany's defeat: the admission of moral responsibility, the lost lands, the acceptance of partition. In the process, although no formal European peace treaty has been written, he has projected the most daring and hopeful vision for Europe since the Iron Curtain crashed down. Using West Germany's considerable strategic and economic leverage, he is trying to bring about an enlarged and united Western Europe, which would remain closely allied with the United States but would also have sufficient self-confidence to form close ties with the communist nations. In so doing, he is also challenging the communist countries to expand their dealings with the West and, indirectly, to allow wider freedom for their own people.

TIME (JANUARY 4, 1971), © 1970 BY TIME INC., TIME & LIFE BLDG., ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020

Meeting of the Twain. Almost immediately after his election, in October 1969, as West Germany's first Social Democratic Chancellor, the husky (5 feet 10½ inches, 200 pounds), intensely moody Brandt began executing the broad diplomatic design that had been ripening in his mind for years. First he went to The Hague for a meeting of the six heads of government of the Common Market countries. Largely because of Charles de Gaulle's refusal to allow the six to admit new members, the Market was stagnating; there was feeling that it might fall apart unless it regained momentum.

"The German Parliament and public expect me to return from this conference with concrete arrangements for the Community's enlargement," Brandt told France's President Georges Pompidou in an open session. "Those who fear the economic strength of West Germany," he shrewdly added, "should favor expansion."

Pompidou reversed his predecessor's policy and agreed to reopen negotiations looking toward Britain's admission.

Once this *Westpolitik* was launched, Brandt began a complex series of diplomatic maneuvers with the East. Working seven-day weeks and driving his staff equally hard, he began to negotiate renunciation-of-force pacts with communist nations that in effect are *de facto* peace treaties for ending World War II on the Eastern front. In a bold gamble, Brandt tied the ratification of the treaties completely to the results of the Big Four talks on Berlin. Unless the Soviets agree to guarantee civilian access from West Germany to West Berlin, located 110 miles inside East Germany, all bets will be off; Brandt will not submit the pacts to the Bundestag.

On other installments of his *Ostpolitik*, Brandt:

► Flew to the Soviet capital last August to sign the Treaty of Moscow, recognizing Russian hegemony in Eastern Europe by accepting present borders.

► Renounced claims to 40,000 square miles of former German lands granted by the wartime victors to Poland after World War II. Last December's treaty with Poland

opens the way for the establishment of normal diplomatic relations between Bonn and Warsaw. Similar negotiations have begun with Prague.

► Met with East German Premier Willi Stoph last spring in the first meetings held between leaders of divided Germany. In a complete break with Bonn's postwar policy, which was to ignore and isolate East Germany, Brandt devised a fresh formula: "Two German states within one German nation." He hopes to establish relations on an equal basis between the two Germanys, neither of which is fully sovereign under the war-won rights of the Big Four. Says Brandt of his efforts toward some form of conciliation short of full diplomatic recognition: "The Germans must be at peace with themselves so that the world can be at peace with Germany."

The Perilous Road. Though, according to public-opinion polls, a clear majority of West Germans support the general aim of the *Ostpolitik*, Brandt's departures have provoked criticism. (One sampling showed that 48 percent of West Germans objected to Brandt's kneeling in Warsaw as "exaggerated," while only 41 percent felt it was appropriate.) And for both East and West, his road is potentially perilous.

In the East, there is concern that Brandt's policies will lead to more contact with the West than is either prudent or safe. Many communist leaders fear that such contact will undermine their hold on their people. Poland is a case in point. Hard-liners from East Berlin to Moscow are certain to point to Warsaw's recent rapprochement with Bonn as an important cause of the riots that last December toppled party leader Wladyslaw Gomulka. But opposed to the hard-liners in practically every Politburo in the East bloc are pragmatists who argue that the only way to avoid Polish-style explosions is to secure more Western technological and economic help to revitalize their sagging economies and give their people a better life.

Thus Brandt has confronted the communist leaders with a quandary—and they have convened no fewer than three summit meetings since December 1969 in an effort to solve it. He is wagering that he can unfreeze relations in Central Europe without compromising the integrity of West Berlin or future West German governments. He believes that the Western system is sufficiently superior and attractive to influence communism toward acquiring a less belligerent and rigid nature.

Although the Nixon Administration publicly supports Brandt's *Ostpolitik*, in both Western Europe and the United States there are misgivings that Brandt's initiatives may end with Bonn's accepting onerous conditions from the communists that will weaken the Western European community—while getting nothing in return. Former Secretary of State Dean Acheson recently declared that Brandt should be "cooled off" as part of an American effort to halt "the mad race to Moscow."

Making it clear that, *Ostpolitik* notwithstanding, his orientation is still to the West, Brandt rejects such accusations. As a longtime student of communism, he argues that both Moscow and Warsaw have, in fact, given up a very great deal in signing renunciation-of-force agreements with West Germany. For a quarter of a century, the communists had been blaming the "revenge-seeking" West Germans for everything from crop failures to high military expenditures. Warsaw Pact soldiers sent into Czechoslovakia in 1968 were told, for example, that they were "marching to save our comrades from subversion and invasion by the fascist West Germans." Now the communists have tacitly acknowledged that Bonn is a peaceful partner.

Brandt is aware that the Soviets have not discarded their longtime goal of dislodging the United States from Europe. The Soviets have insistently called for a conference on European security that would include all European countries, the United States and Canada; their purpose, some Western experts suspect, is to create the illusion of a peaceful Europe that needs neither NATO nor a U.S. presence. Brandt has supported the Soviet call, but he acknowledges the great danger of Western Europe's possible "Finlandization"—meaning that without a U.S. military presence Soviet influence could become so strong that Moscow might dominate Western Europe as it overshadows Finland, without an actual takeover. Therefore Brandt insists that, as part of any negotiations, the Soviets must agree to discuss "mutually balanced force reductions," so that any cut in the 300,000 U.S. troops now in Western Europe would be matched by Soviet pullbacks from Eastern Europe.

In the Crucible. Obviously, Brandt's attempt to pursue Western European unity simultaneously with Eastern European rapprochement will require astute diplomacy. By personality, background and experience, however, he is uniquely equipped. Born Herbert Ernst Karl Frahm, the illegitimate son of a Lübeck shopgirl, he was raised by his grandfather to be a fervent blue-collar socialist. In 1933, to escape arrest by the Gestapo, he changed his name to Willy Brandt and fled to Scandinavia (he has often been called a "traitor" for sitting out the war years there). In Norway and Sweden, his doctrinaire socialism was mellowed by experience of the more pragmatic Scandinavian brand. After returning to Berlin as a press attaché in the Norwegian mission, Brandt was persuaded by fellow Social Democrats to apply for reinstatement of his German citizenship, which had been lifted by the Nazis.

As an aide to Berlin's Governing Mayor Ernst Reuter in the front lines of the cold war (he became mayor himself in 1957), Brandt learned that there was no substitute for U.S. power in facing down the

Russian bear. Then came that fateful weekend of August 12-13, 1961, when the East Germans suddenly began to erect the Wall through the heart of Berlin to stem the outflow of East German refugees. This was a blatant violation of Big Four understandings about free movement throughout the city, but the Western allies waited a full 48 hours before lodging an ineffectual protest. It was during this period that Brandt decided that if anything was to be done to ease relations between Bonn and East Berlin, the Germans would have to do it themselves.

After defeats as the Social Democrats' candidate for Chancellor in two successive campaigns in the 1960s, Brandt went into a deep personal decline. His drinking brought back into vogue that old epithet, "*Weinbrandt* Willy." But close friends and a tough core of character helped pull him through. In late 1966, when the Grand Coalition of Christian Democrats and Social Democrats was organized as an emergency measure to rescue West Germany from its first economic crisis, he became Vice Chancellor and Foreign Minister.

To Build a Bridge. Brandt's accession to the chancellorship three years later coincided with a significant relaxation in West Germany's social order. Youth in West Germany is breaking through the rigid Teutonic barriers of age and seniority. (The head of West Germany's largest shipyard is 37; the president of West Berlin's Free University is 32.) A quarter of a century of peace and prosperity, combined with an absence of nationalistic frenzy, has had a beneficial effect.

For West Germans, moderation is the watchword, and Brandt's *Ostpolitik* has an important impact on West Germany's process of finding itself. As the theme for a young decade, it offers immense promise for the peaceful future of Europe. It is also a measure of how long a road the defeated Germans have traveled since 1945. "For centuries Germany was a bridge between East and West," says Brandt. "We are striving to build anew the shattered bridge, better, sturdier and more reliable."

Hooked

LEAVING church one Sunday, we all commented upon the lovely sunshiny day—the first in weeks. My nine-year-old grandson, an avid fisherman, turned his smiling face toward us and exclaimed, "It smells like worms!"

—Contributed by Mrs. J. McCaffrey

ANNOUNCEMENT in the church bulletin of St. Albert the Great parish in Houghton, Mich.: "There will be no masses scheduled between Monday and Wednesday this week. Gone to preach to the fish."

—Alex Thien in Milwaukee *Sentinel*

Scientists now generally accept an extraordinary new theory about the history of the earth. All of the lands and sea floors are in constant motion, causing endless changes in the world's anatomy

The Continents Are Adrift!

BY RONALD SCHILLER

SOMEWHERE on the high seas, the ship *Glomar Challenger* is, at this moment, logging a voyage of exploration as important as any undertaken since Columbus sailed in 1492. Her scientist crew is drilling the ocean bottoms, examining sedimentary mud and rocks millions of years old. Each time they pull up her three-and-a-half-mile-long drill pipe, they confirm one of the most astonishing scientific discoveries of our time: the world's continents are adrift on the pliable mantle of inner earth.

This revolutionary concept, known as "global-plate tectonics," has challenged all traditional views that rest on the concept of a stable planet. Instead, it pictures a turbulent, dynamic world in which, during its 4.6-billion-year geologic history, oceans have opened and closed like accordions and continents have been buffeted around like hulks on a stormy sea. It also answers riddles that have baffled man since the dawn of natural science: how the continents, oceans, mountains and islands were formed; the reasons for volcanoes and earthquakes; and why marine fossils are embedded on Himalayan peaks.

Admittedly, some of the pieces of the puzzle are missing, and scientists do not agree on all details. But the general outlines have been verified —and accepted by most scientists as geologic truth. "Global-plate tectonics can no longer be referred to as

MAPS ON PAGES 102 AND 103 ADAPTED FROM "THE BREAKUP OF PANGAEA," BY ROBERT S. DIETZ AND JOHN C. HOLDEN. COPYRIGHT © 1970 BY SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

a mere theory," says Maurice Ewing, dean of American oceanographers. "Scientifically, it is as significant as Darwinian evolution or Einstein's laws of energy and motion—and as important to mankind."

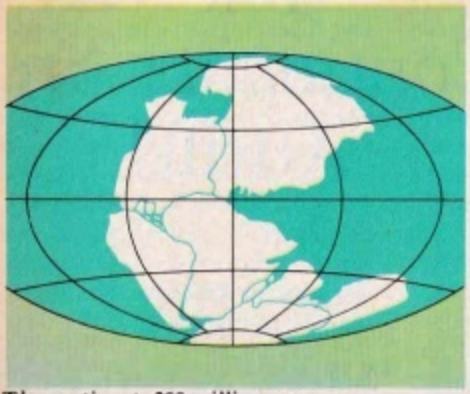
The concept advances these views of the geologic process:

1. Far from being the solid, indestructible shell once imagined, the earth's crust consists of separate plates (ten major ones, subdivided into varying sizes), made of rock 40 to 60 miles thick, which float on the hot, viscous mantle beneath them.

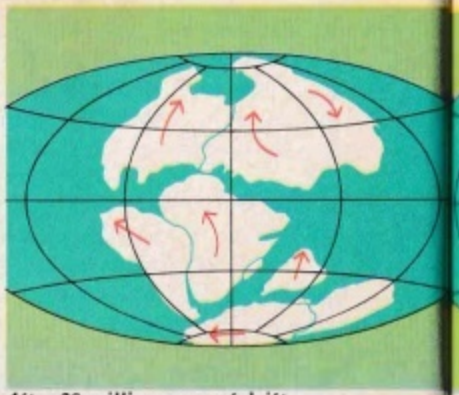
2. The earth's land surfaces rest on these plates (as do the oceans), and were once welded together in a single continent. Some 200 million years ago, this super-continent began to split up, eventually forming the seven continents and the major islands we now know, and were rafted to their present positions like packages on a moving conveyor belt.

3. These plates, whose edges are being built up by molten rock welling up from deep fissures in mid-ocean, are being propelled across the globe by forces of undetermined origin, in various directions, at geologically wild speeds of from one-half inch to six inches a year.

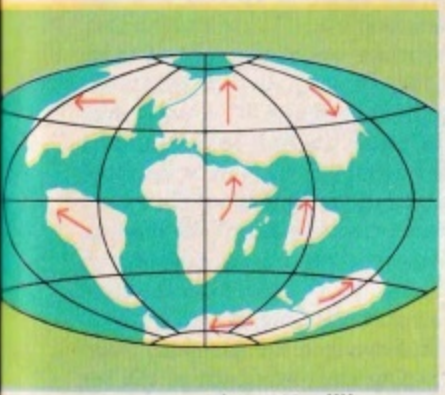
4. Phenomenal things occur as the plates jostle one another for room: When a moving plate bearing land (mainly granite) meets an ocean-bearing plate (consisting of dense, less-buoyant basalt), it rides over it like a titanic bulldozer, scraping up the sediment deposited on the sea floor over millions of years, along with slices of the crustal rock. The debris piles up along the edge of the land like a rumpled blanket to form mountain ranges. The ocean-bearing plate, forced down at a steep angle into trenches under the land slab, melts from the heat of the friction, forming deep underground pockets of white-hot lava. The trapped lava is forced up through crevices, erupting on the surface as inland volcanoes. The collision, separation and shearing of the plates also create the seismic disturbances that we call earthquakes.



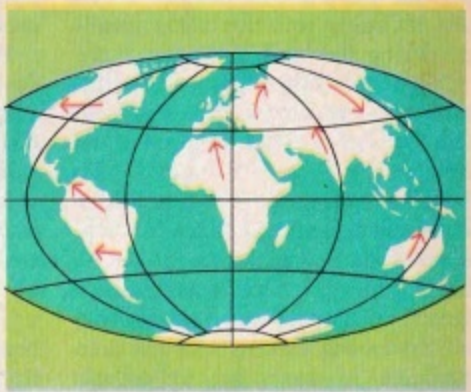
The continents 200 million years ago



After 20 million years of drift



After 135 million years



As they are today—still moving

Pieces of the Puzzle. How did geologists arrive at this fantastic conclusion? For generations, schoolchildren studying their maps have noticed that if South America and Africa were brought together and twisted slightly they would fit like pieces of a jig-saw puzzle. In 1912, German geologist Alfred Wegener theorized that the continents actually *were* once joined. He pointed out that the rock formations along the bulge of Brazil and Africa's Gulf of Guinea are enough alike in age and structure to have been torn from the same geologic flesh, and that identical fossil plants and freshwater animals, which could not have survived a trip across thousands of miles of saltwater, have been found in South America, Africa, Australia and even distant India. But the idea was discredited because no one could conceive of any mechanism that could propel vast continents through the earth's solid crust. Moreover, such moving landmasses would have left behind gigantic wakes of displaced rock on the sea floors, and despite intensive search no ripple of such disturbances was apparent.

A second mystery was the strange sparsity of sediment on the ocean floors. Sediment formed by microscopic marine organisms and dust blown or washed into the sea should have blanketed the ocean beds over the ages to a uniform depth of at least 12 miles. Yet there is practically no sediment in the center of the Atlantic and only a half-mile veneer near the borders. In the late 1850s, telegraph engineers, laying the transatlantic cable, found submerged mountains in midocean. Similar ridges were later found in the Pacific and elsewhere.

Then, in the late 1950s, oceanographers discovered that these ridges form a continuous 40,000-mile chain

that winds through all of the oceans like the seam on a tennis ball. And down the center run deep, hot rifts, oozing lava. It seemed as though the ocean floors were splitting apart and that lava welling up from the ridges was forming new ocean-floor material as it hardened. Scientists speculated that the crust might be moving ever farther from the ridge, eventually plunging into the deep troughs bordering the land.

Magnetic Flip-Flop. This startling idea received striking support in 1963 from a dazzling piece of deduction by F. J. Vine and D. H. Matthews of England's Cambridge University. Geologists had first discovered that many times in earth's history the magnetic poles had reversed polarity—instead of pointing north, during certain ages the iron particles in rock pointed south. What caused this phenomenon is not yet known; but, by measuring the extent to which the radioactive elements in the rock have decayed and by determining the age of fossils embedded in them, geologists have learned to date and read these magnetic reversals like rings in a tree. (The last flip-over occurred 700,000 years ago.) If the ocean floors actually were born in lava and were spreading apart, reasoned the Cambridge scientists, there should be an identical series of magnetic reversal bands on either side of the mid-oceanic ridges.

When oceanographers took to the sea in ships, towing magnetometers, they found the magnetic reversal bands exactly as predicted. Since scientists know when each reversal occurred, they are able to determine not only the age of any particular segment of ocean floor but the direction and speed at which it is moving. They learned, for instance, that the Atlantic Ocean floor is widening, pushing Europe and North America apart, at the rate of one inch a year!

With the announcement of these findings, many mysteries were solved: why there is a mountain chain under the sea, why undersea cables would snap, and why there was so little sediment on the ocean bottoms (the sea floor was moving too fast to allow it to accumulate to any great depth before plastering it up against the continents or carrying it down into the trenches). And by tracing the movement of the sea floors back in time, oceanographers were able to figure out where the continents had originally started.

Hard-Core History. Still needed to reconstruct the history of our planet was the precise sequence of events, to be obtained only by digging into the ocean floors, recovering sediment and crustal rock and determining their composition and ages. Five American institutes, headed by California's Scripps Institution of Oceanography, have banded together in this brilliant scientific effort aboard the *Glomar Challenger,* one of the strangest craft ever to put to sea. A 142-foot-high oil derrick sits amidships, and a 20-foot-wide hole extends through

the bottom—through which the miles-long drill string of steel pipes is lowered. Since anchors are useless at the enormous depths where the *Challenger* drills, position over the selected site is maintained by means of twin screws aft and a total of four lateral thrusters—placed on either side of the bow and stern—which allow the vessel to move sideways when necessary. The ship's thrusters are commanded by computers which, by reference to sonar beacons on the ocean floor, can hold the ship within 40 feet of the drillsite in the roughest seas.

It used to be that once the *Challenger's* drilling bit wore out, a hole would have to be abandoned. But now, thanks to newly developed underwater sensors, motors, and a wide-mouthed metal funnel placed on the sea bed, the drillers are able to pull up the string of pipes, screw on a fresh bit, and find their way back into the same ten-inch-wide hole, miles below the surface, to continue drilling! This incredible feat has been likened to standing on top of the Empire State Building and inserting the end of a 1250-foot straw into the neck of a soda bottle on the sidewalk below—in a high wind.

Since August 1968, the *Challenger* has been crisscrossing the world's oceans, drilling some 250 holes, the deepest of which reached 3334 feet, pulling up long cores of bottom mud and bedrock up to 160 million years old. As each core reaches the deck, it is sliced into five-foot lengths and whisked to well-equipped laboratories aboard to be photographed, X-rayed, metered for radioactivity and analyzed for age, before being packed in plastic and sent to refrigerated vaults in the United States for further study. Excitement runs high. Says the project's scientific manager, Melvin N. A. Peterson, "You feel like an explorer rummaging through the ruins of a civilization lost to time."

Charging Continents. Although details of the earth's past must be revised each time the *Challenger* returns to port with new core reports, most geologists agree that the land surfaces were joined 200 million years ago in a single landmass, which they call "Pangaea" (Greek for "all lands"). The heart of this motherland appears to have been located on the equator, in what is now the South Atlantic. Japan lay near the North Pole, India near the Antarctic. According to the reconstruction made by the geologists Robert S. Dietz and John C. Holden, the first separation was a gigantic east-west crack in the earth's crust, and a rift that appeared between the South American-African mass and Antarctica-Australia. India was liberated and started bolting north. The 200 million years it took the plates to sever and to reach their present positions comprise a phenomenally short time from the geologic point of view—a little over an hour, if the earth's history were compressed into a 24-hour day.

North America sailed northwest.

The Eurasian plate, twisting 20 degrees clockwise, moved to the north, pursued by Africa, which turned counter-clockwise. South America broke loose and headed west while Greenland and Northern Europe parted. The last two continents to separate from each other were Antarctica and Australia, the latter migrating to warmer climates. The most spectacular of all was India, which, once it tore loose from Africa and Antarctica, raced 5500 miles north in 180 million years, to ram under the belly of Asia, pushing up the Himalayas ahead of it like a bow wave. (Thus, climbers who reach the top of Mount Everest stand on the former ocean floor!)

Almost as violent were the happenings in the Mediterranean, where the African plate bashed into Europe. The collision produced the Pyrenees, Apennines and Alps in Europe. On the other side of the globe, the Americas, Asia and Australia plowed toward each other across the vast Pacific. The sea-floor sediment piled up on shore to form the Andes of South America, the ranges of western North America, the island arcs of the Aleutians, Japan, and the other archipelagos of the western Pacific.

Shapes to Come. How often in the past oceans have opened and closed, continents collided, split asunder and welded together again, geologists are still trying to determine. But about the future they speculate with more confidence. Assuming the plates continue in their present directions, they predict that the Atlantic will continue to widen, while the Pacific shrinks. With Africa again charging Europe, the Mediterranean seems doomed to become a glorified duck pond. The Himalayas will grow, and India will tire of burrowing under Asia and will slide eastward. Australia, rocketing northward at two inches a year, will sideswipe Asia.

North and South America will still voyage westward, but part company as Panama and Central America retreat northward. The peninsula of Baja California and a sliver of the California coast west of the San Andreas Fault, which lie on a separate plate, will tear away from the mainland and head northwest.

But Los Angeles residents should be in no hurry to pack their bags. It will take ten million years more for the city to sail past San Francisco, and another 50 million years before it slides into the Aleutian trench.

◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇

Needless to Say. We sat with two old-timers on a rather long trip. They both looked worried—and no wonder, in these days of confusion, politics and disturbing news items. Both of them remained perfectly silent for a long period of time. Finally, one of them gave a deep sigh. The other studied him for a moment and said, "You're telling me!"

—Pete Donaldson, quoted by Leo Aikman in Atlanta *Constitution*

"We cannot truly face life until we learn to face the fact that it will be taken away from us"

Through the Valley of the Shadow

By The Rev. Billy Graham

A few years ago I was invited to the home of one of the world's wealthiest men. The invitation seemed urgent, but I was scarcely prepared for the depths of my host's anxiety. Immediately after dinner, he drew me aside to say: "While I am now in good health, my age tells me that I haven't long to live. I've never thought much about death before—but now I find my mind preoccupied with it, and the idea frightens me. I need help!"

I have met that same urgency while visiting American troops in Vietnam. A young chaplain with a combat unit sought me out. "Billy," he said, visibly agitated, "why was I never taught what to say to a dying man? I feel helpless."

The dilemma of these two, I have found, is common to many. Though death is the surest of certainties, every element of our modern society seems involved in a conspiracy of silence about it. A few weeks ago I addressed the presidents and deans of some of our most prestigious universities concerning the missing elements in American education. One of the points I made was that we teach people how to make a living but we are not teaching them how to face up to life's stern realities, including death. Afterward the president of one of our biggest West Coast universities came up to me and said: "Facing death—his own or that of someone he loves—is the greatest crisis a man will ever have to meet, and yet at our university we don't have a single course that even touches on the subject."

English essayist J. B. Priestley observes: "Mankind is frightened by the mere word 'death.' When

I bring up the subject most people switch it off as if they were changing television channels." Even those who make a profession of dealing with death—morticians, "death managers" and "grief therapists"—go to great lengths to hide its stark presence behind symbols of life. The deceased is cosmeticized so that he "never looked better," and is said to be "reposing" in a "slumber room."

Yet, for all our efforts to keep the fact off-limits in polite discussion, a deep undercurrent of concern with death is plainly evident. Speaking recently to senior citizens at a retirement community, I asked how many thought every day about the fact that their lives were drawing to a close. Every hand went up. Then I asked how many were afraid of dying. All but three hands were raised.

The longer I live the plainer it becomes to me that people yearn for some frank understanding of this experience which, sooner or later, all of us will face. We need to remember that death is not only certain but necessary—and is thus both a blessing and a curse to the human race. Consider for a moment what this planet would be like otherwise: there would not be room enough on earth, filled as it would be with the teeming generations. Moreover, there would be little progress. It is the realization that life is limited, and time short, that spurs us on to high endeavor. Without that knowledge, the impulse to achieve in a limited span, to make one's life count, would quickly fade, and all earth would soon turn into a land of lotus eaters.

We need to be reminded that there is nothing morbid about honestly confronting the fact of life's end, and preparing for it so that we may go gracefully and peacefully. St. Francis tried to live in such a way that when his time came to die he had nothing to get ready for. It was the Psalmist, one of the world's wisest men, who prayed, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." The fact is, we cannot truly face life until we have learned to face the fact that it will be taken away from us. Man's attitude toward this certainty shapes his deepest views of life.

The tale is told of a long-ago king who sent his beloved jester, Wamba, on a tour of Europe. "Go abroad," he said, "and see all that there is to be seen. Take with you this golden wand, and if you meet a greater fool than yourself, present it to him."

On his return Wamba found the king desperately ill. "I, too, am going on a long journey," the king announced, "an even longer journey than yours."

"Are all your preparations made?" asked Wamba.

"No," answered the king. "I have made no preparations."

"Then, surely," said Wamba, "it is to you that I must give the golden wand." Most people share that king's folly.

A friend of mine behaves otherwise. He very deliberately estimates

the time remaining to him, and then acts accordingly. He checks to see that his affairs are in order, writes to old friends he had long been intending to write, forgives people that he has been holding grudges against, examines his relationship with God, devotes more time to his loved ones—and then begins to spend a considerable amount of time looking back on the blessings he has experienced and looking forward to the adventure of eternity. He told me this has given him a remarkable feeling of serenity.

What are the attitudes that most men tend to adopt toward death—when they allow themselves to think about it at all? First, there is the nihilist-atheist view which sees life as without plot or purpose, a maze through which we wander aimlessly until we topple over into eternal nothingness. To this woeful concept most people respond as did Cervantes' Sancho Panza when Don Quixote tells him: "I must inform thee that there is no remembrance, no pain to which death will not put a period." Quoth Sancho: "Thank you for nothing."

Then there is the "eat, drink and be merry" attitude. Its proponents maintain that, since nobody really knows for sure what tomorrow holds, death should be put out of mind. Such a stance, however, is not a reasoned philosophy but a pose, and those who affect it soon find that death is a specter that subconsciously haunts their merrymaking.

Third, there are the various esoteric philosophies, common in Eastern religions, which hold that death is either "absorption into the Infinite" or just another step in the transmigration of the soul, during which it takes on an unending succession of bodily forms.

Compared with such mystical notions of the "Beyond," the Christian attitude toward life beyond life pierces the confusion and darkness like a shining beacon. It illuminates both death and the hereafter with clarity and certainty. To His followers Christ declared, "Because I live, ye shall live also." It is the fact of Christ's own Resurrection that has propelled Christianity across the centuries. To the witnesses He said, "Behold, I am alive forevermore." Nothing else could have convinced His dismayed disciples. Nothing else could have so shaken the pagan Roman world as the sight of the early Christians going confidently to their martyrdom singing, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" When millions of Christians recite in church, "I believe in the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting," they are stating more than a creed. They are announcing commitment to the One who said, "I am the Resurrection and the life."

Christianity rests its case for life beyond the grave on both logic and faith. The evidence of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ is overwhelming; yet it is not conclusive enough to satisfy a totally scientific mind. This is where a step of faith is

needed. Once that step is taken, the Christian needs no further proof.

For many, a convincing case can be made from nature—from the fact that no matter in the universe is ever really annihilated, and from the discernible truth, demonstrated each springtime, that new life forever springs from death.

For others, including some of the world's greatest thinkers, there are sufficient "intimations of immortality" in the very instinct men have always had that death does not, cannot, end all. They argue that it is unbelievable that the Creator should implant such intuition and not provide for its fulfillment. As Victor Hugo wrote: "I feel in myself the future life."

Still others argue that the very rationality of the universe demands the spirit's chance for development beyond this life, where it has only the briefest chance to grow. And, they hold, since in this life some good people suffer and some bad people prosper, justice calls for equalizing in an afterlife. In his book *Spiritual Voices in Modern Literature,* Trevor H. Davies wrote: "If life, which has been so laboriously built up, so studiously prepared for, so long heralded, which is capable of such high tasks, is destined for destruction—then is the whole rationality of nature impeached."

But it is in more than nature's witness, instinct's urging and rationality's reasoning that I find all the proof I need of a life beyond this one. And that is in the character of God, who, the Psalmist assures us, "will redeem my soul from the power of the grave."

We must remember that the word "decease" literally means an "exodus" or "going out." And that's what death is—a departure, not to oblivion but to a new horizon. The Psalmist wrote not of disappearing into "the valley of the shadow of death," but going *through* it. And in his 23rd Psalm, one of the most beautiful passages in all literature, the picture he paints is of a tender shepherd herding his flock through a fearful and unknown place, touching them gently with rod and staff as if to say, "Fear no evil, for I am with thee."

In such a manner can our passage be when the time comes to pass through the valley. Because of Christ's Resurrection we are absolutely certain of a future life. We, too, can claim that promise.

For information on reprints of this article, see page 24

Equal Sign. I happened to be right behind two businessmen and one young woman—apparently a secretary—who arrived at the door of an office building simultaneously. One of the men passed through, but the second hesitated. Sensing his uncertainty, the young woman piped up, "You go ahead—I'm liberated." —Contributed by Elaine D. Keller

THE CHIEF JUSTICE LOOKS AT CRIME AND THE COURTS

Speedier trials, saner sentencing and prison reform are musts if we are to halt the rise in crime

Excerpts from
U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT
An interview with
WARREN E. BURGER
Chief Justice of the United States

Q. Mr. Chief Justice, the court system has been accused of contributing to the rise in crime through lack of speedy trials and lack of significant punishment. Do you agree?

A. I do, in part. I cannot think of any judicial factor more important than delay and uncertainty. It's always difficult to assign priorities for improvement, but I know of none more important than the sure knowledge that a criminal act will be followed by a speedy trial and swift punishment. If every criminal trial were held within 60 days after the arrest or the charge, you'd see a sharp drop in the crime rate. It would be difficult, but it would stop the crimes committed by men

U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT (DECEMBER 14, '70). © 1970 BY U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT, INC., 2300 N ST., N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. 20037

out on bail waiting six months to 18 months to be brought to trial. It would also restore some of the deterrent effect.

Q. Is a typical criminal case in the courts longer now than it was, say, 20 years ago?

A. The time for the trial of a criminal case in federal courts has altered in two respects: first, there is more than double the lapse of time from the charge to the date of the trial, which means the accused—with rare exceptions—is out on the street; and once the trial starts, it takes about twice as long to try the case today as it did ten years ago.

Q. Why is that?

A. In some cases it is owing to decisions of the Supreme Court and, as to some aspects, acts of Congress.

The Bail Reform Act and the Criminal Justice Act are enactments of the Congress, and we have not yet adjusted to the changes they brought about. Various decisions of the courts require that motions may be made for the suppression of evidence, for the examination of evidence, and a wide range of things which were once not available. All of these can be and are used both properly and improperly by lawyers, and it often contributes to delay even though some of it is essential to conform to the Constitution.

Q. A recent development in courtrooms has been what one could call "antics lawyers" who turn trials into circuses. Are these lawyers within their legal rights?

A. The conduct of lawyers is critical to the functioning of any system of justice. In England, trial lawyers are trained in the importance of professional responsibility, personal conduct and decorum—manners, if you will—and there is no such thing as the "antics lawyer" in the courtroom. It simply never happens, because a lawyer in England knows that certain kinds of conduct, which are widely practiced and tolerated in this country, would lead to swift and severe discipline under the British system.

I think that most lawyers and judges have long felt that there are terrible gaps in the training of our recently graduated lawyers, in terms of how to conduct themselves in the courtroom and their attitude toward professional responsibility. Law schools must begin to train them how to act as well as how to think. In many instances it is more important than learning pure legal theory. An inadequately trained lawyer will take two or three times as long to try a case as an expert lawyer.

Q. What about antics on the part of accused persons?

A. The Supreme Court in 1970 in *Illinois v. Allen* settled the extremes of that problem, vesting broad power in trial judges, both state and federal, to remove from the courtroom any person interfering with the legal process even though he be the defendant. Now there is a clear standard to guide courts, and that was perhaps one of the most important opinions of the Court that year.

Q. Many people think that lots of criminals are getting off scot-free because of legal technicalities.

A. Sometimes, it is true, an accused person whose guilt is obvious and unquestioned is relieved from any punishment or any conviction because of what laymen call "technicalities." This is, to a degree, inescapable. If a provision of the Constitution or a statute is violated in the collection of evidence against an accused, under our system that evidence is not admissible against him. And if that's the only evidence that the prosecution has, that's the end of the case.

Right or wrong, this is a choice which our society has made, but it is a choice that has many critics. The legal concept of suppressing and excluding from the jury important and reliable evidence—a gun, knife or package of heroin—because of the mistake of a policeman is now being subjected to re-examination even in academic circles where it was once universally accepted.

Q. Can't someone accused of a crime hire a clever lawyer and find a way to prolong appeals that go clear to the Supreme Court?

A. He can certainly keep the litigation going for a very great length of time—years, in many cases. Our system permits this; some critics think our system encourages it. We must make some fundamental changes in our system if we really want it to work: No system of justice can function if there is not finality at some reasonable point.

Ninety-five to 97 percent of all criminal cases in England are disposed of—and with finality—in justice-of-the-peace courts. When there are appeals, they are decided within a matter of months, and that is the end of the case.

Q. Does all this legal maneuvering contribute to the congestion of criminal cases in our courts?

A. It contributes very heavily. Let me give one example: Twenty years ago there were virtually no petitions from prisoners in state prisons to the federal courts. An opinion of the Supreme Court in recent years gave the state prisoners that right, even after conviction and appeals in the state courts. Such petitions have grown from fewer than 100 annually 20 years ago to approximately 12,000 last year—quite a load on the federal courts!

Q. What are the principal problems you see in our treatment of the criminal once he is imprisoned?

A. I have visited many prisons here and abroad. If you want a depressing experience, visit a state prison on a Saturday, when the prisoner's work is over for the week. The inmates—mostly young men—have no ball field or other exercise facilities. There are few libraries. The young fellows just lounge around, vegetating. Many are confined two to a tiny cell built before the Civil War to hold one man. If we set out deliberately to brutalize and dehumanize people and produce more criminals, this would be the way to do it.

We desperately need a re-examination of our penal systems. No other public business is run as badly as our prisons. The great shortcoming has been—at the state level particularly—a lack of any meaningful educational system for inmates, many of whom can't even read or write, and then the lack of vocational training and what we vaguely call "rehabilitation." The objective must be to offer a prisoner a literal chance to earn his way out of prison, to offer him training in an occupation, to give him motivation to go out and earn a living honestly. This man would have a great incentive to work and learn if you could tell him that when he passed his journeyman examinations for a trade he would be released on parole—assuming his general prison record was good.

Q. How can this be done?

A. The states and Congress will have to be persuaded to do what is necessary: rebuild plants; hire training personnel, psychologists, teachers. There must be large federal aid to the states.

Q. Should a recidivist—a man who is convicted time after time—be automatically sentenced to life imprisonment with no opportunity for parole?

A. The mandatory sentence is no solution for anything. Mandatory sentences written into the statutes are one of the impediments, not one of the assets, to the administration of criminal justice.

The indeterminate sentence is much the better system, and yet the public response to rising crime is often: "Double the sentence." That solution doesn't work. What it does is to make it harder sometimes to get a conviction and harder to get the conviction affirmed by an appellate court. Appellate judges sometimes reverse a perfectly valid conviction because they don't like the sentence.

We may have to come to something similar to the system used in some Northern European countries where courts decide that a chronic offender is a hazard and he is confined until they think he is safe to rejoin society.

Q. Is one of the problems that people will not vote the tax money for prison reform?

A. Yes, but they're paying more without it and don't realize it. It's a hidden tax that is enormous, and the public must be made aware of it. Look, for example, at the growth of private police forces. Financial journals report that costs are now over $2 billion a year for private policing, plant protection, neighborhood patrols. This is an indirect cost everyone helps pay—and there are many other indirect costs of inadequate correction systems. This is a strong argument for federal support, since most states cannot afford the cost.

In further excerpts in next month's Reader's Digest, the Chief Justice will discuss archaic court methods and procedures that are contributing to the breakdown of our whole judicial system, with some suggestions to correct the situation.

Soon they will be no more. A haunting last glimpse of the mightiest animals that ever existed—now victims of relentless greed and modern weapons

Condensed from "BLUE MERIDIAN"
PETER MATTHIESSEN

"... And God Created Great Whales"

"BLUE MERIDIAN," COPYRIGHT © 1971 BY PETER MATTHIESSEN, TO BE PUBLISHED AT $8.95 BY RANDOM HOUSE, INC., 201 E. 50 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. THIS MATERIAL ALSO APPEARED IN ESQUIRE (FEBRUARY '71)

I AWAKE aboard the whale-catcher *W-29*, get out of the berth and pitch onto the deck, where the dawn wind strikes me in the face. A first bird, the sooty shearwater, slides like a shadow in the trough of the unlit sea. The wind is out of the southwest at ten knots, but there are mare's tails, and the day will freshen. The harpoon gun mounted in the bow, rising and falling as the boat slices through the heavy surge, is a hard black silhouette against the sun that rises from the far austral reaches of the Indian Ocean.

A sailor climbs the rigging to the crow's nest. We are 30 miles due east of Durban, Natal, on the east coast of Africa, headed toward the 1000-fathom shelf at 14.5 knots. *W-25* is off to port, and to starboard, spread out three miles apart, are *W-17, W-16, W-26, W-18*. These are the only whale-catchers now operating

in the fleet of the Union Whaling Company. Indeed, the great whales of the seven seas are today so depleted that Japan and Russia alone among the nations of the world are still engaged in large-scale open-ocean whaling. Already the blue whale is practically extinct, and the right whales and the humpbacks are close behind. The large whales that still survive in any numbers are the finback and sperm whales; hunted in every ocean, they could disappear in the next decade.

Using light aircraft to spot their prey, whale-catchers like these move ponderously about the oceans, killing ever larger numbers of ever smaller whales. The relentless waste of life is barely profitable, since almost every whale product is more readily available from other sources; the whaling industry is dying of consumption. Still, there is no better use for these fleets of ships—and no better use for whales, to judge from the apathy with which their slaughter has been met. "Overhead" is the sole excuse for man's persistence in the destruction of the whales, and in the name of this small economy the mightiest animals that ever existed will pass from the earth forever.

Trails in the Deep. A radio call: the spotter plane has located whales—two pods, several miles apart, headed slowly south. Although the quarry is ten miles away, Capt. Torbjorn Haakestad heads for the bridge, abandoning the big spread of eggs and bacon, smoked herring, beans, chili peppers, brown bread and milk; he is catch leader of the fleet, responsible for its positioning. At 8:15, *W-25* is broadside on the horizon, blunt black on a silver sun. She has just killed a sperm whale. A second whale blows near the yellow-and-green flag that marks her first kill; in the morning wind the bright flag snaps on a bamboo pole that rises 12 feet from the buoy float. Fixed to the pole is a small radio transmitter so that the whale may be located from a distance, even after dark.

In the old days, radios were unnecessary: the ships did not have to wander far to find another whale. Even five years ago, the season's catch of sperm whale out of Durban was 2435 animals; by 1970, the number of whale-catchers in use had to be cut from 13 to 6 and 1824 whales were caught.

At *W-29's* approach, the whale has sounded. A few minutes later the mate reports that he has located it with his sonar. The captain grunts something at the helmsman, who alters course and signals the engine room to halve speed. The gunner (captains prefer to be called gunners) walks the long sloping catwalk to the bow platform, sits patiently by the gun, big hands resting on his knees. The boat slows to a hum and glides forward in strange stillness, the slosh of water audible along the hull.

The whale remains a thousand feet below, pushing through the dark, driven by the relentless ping of the sonar that can track it a half mile down. The steel boat waits above, rolling heavily in the monotony of seas. "With us, they stand no chance," the mate says quietly, a trace of weariness in his tone, perhaps regret.

Whale Song. The sperm whale can submerge for an hour or more, but this time is rapidly decreased by panic when the animal is pursued. Peering down into the silent sea, I wondered what sort of awareness tuned the minds of those great shapes so far beneath. The sperm whale has a bigger brain than any other animal that has ever evolved, and doubtless it was communicating its alarm with *clicks* that may carry enormous distances.

These *clicks* are the only sound known to be made by the sperm whale—unlike the humpbacks, who sing like the horns of paradise. Cosmic sounds, electronic sounds, the music of the spheres shimmer through the soft gurgle of the sea with the resonance of an echo chamber, and with them soft bell notes and sweet bat squeaks, froggish bass notes, barks, grunts, whistles, oinks and elephantine rumblings, as if the ocean floor had fallen in. No word conveys the eeriness of whale song, tuned by the ages to a purity beyond refining, a sound that man should hear each morning to remind him of the morning of the world.

W-29 rolls and wallows. The man in the crow's nest swings in crazy arcs. The mate, reappearing, shrugs: the whale has vanished into the abyss. Descending at least 3000 feet, this one has escaped the sonar.

Death on the High Seas. The plane, circling like a black hornet on the sun, has dropped a dye marker where the pod was first sighted, and an unnatural bright stain of plastic green rises and falls on the blue. A mile farther, the ship comes upon the whales, porpoising strongly through the choppy seas. There are more than 20 in the pod, and the family groups remain tight together, swimming abreast. On every rise, the sea pours off the glistening black backs; then the mist of their breathing disappears in an explosion of white water. The wind is rising, and when the whales blow, a rainbow appears in the fine mist as it drifts downwind.

On the bow, the harpoon gun swings from port to starboard, searching for the biggest whale. The bow cuts the pod in half, and the whale shapes slide like cloud shadows beneath the sea. The gunner raises one hand almost casually to point; he bends to his gun as the ship surges. A loud thump on the wind, muffled and ear-stunning.

Oddly, the shot has missed; the gunner sits down heavily as the mate reloads. A sailor lugs a slotted red harpoon, four feet long, weighing 165 pounds, from the foredeck, and with the help of the mate jams it into the muzzle. The mate sets the explosive grenade that detonates in the whale's body three seconds after impact, and, with a few turns of light lanyard, secures the harpoon

against sliding out of the tilted muzzle. Then the human silhouettes retire from the bow, all but the form of the seated gunner, as black as the gun itself on the sparkling sea.

Plowing and blowing, the whales in flight leave a white wake in the blue, backs gleaming like smooth boulders of obsidian in a swift torrent. As the ship heels into position, the whole pod broaches in one mighty burst of mist and spray. The ship rides herd on the black backs, the harpoon still seeking a big whale. Suddenly, a series of explosions: the shot, the muffled boom in the whale's body, and the jolt of a huge spring belowdecks. The nylon harpoon line, with a breaking strength of 19¼ long tons, shivers spray as it snaps taut; the whole ship quakes from the impact of the dying whale's first thrash. The white of the toothed lower mandible flashes in the light as the beast rolls, and the first well of its blood spreads on the surface. With her winch, the ship is warped alongside, and the mate puts a killer harpoon—a grenade carrier with no line attached—into the thrashing hulk as the crewmen jump to dodge the wall of spray. Now the whale is still; only the pectorals twitch as the last life ebbs out of her.

Procession of the Damned. Already a long pole has been used to jam a hose tube into the carcass, and air is pumped in to make sure the whale will float. At the same time, the sailors rig a heavy noose around the base of the fluke, which in turn is secured to the big float of the marker buoy. With a flensing knife lashed to the end of a long pole, the mate, doubled up over the gunwale, cuts the harpoon line where it is spliced to the embedded missiles, and the ship backs off from the buoyed whale. The harpoon gun has already been reloaded, and a new line spliced to the harpoon. Eleven minutes have passed since the first iron struck life out.

The inflated whale lies on her side, washed by red waves of her own blood. Already the bright stain on the bright sea is huge and thick, as if it would never wash away. The blood spurting from the wounds is a deep mammalian red, but on the surface of the sea it turns red red, as vivid as a dye, and the amount of it is awful.

By early afternoon the six boats had harpooned but six whales among them, and since *W-29* was short two men on its crew, Captain Haakestad decided to tow the six whales into port. The other boats would hunt all afternoon and, if weather permitted, lay to at sea until next morning.

In the late afternoon, *W-29* collected her last whale and headed west on the long voyage to Durban. She was slowed perhaps three knots by the dragged carcasses, which writhed and twisted in the wash and sea surge as if come to life. Crashing together, their graceful flukes cropped, jaws slack, they looked damned.

The infernal atmosphere as twilight came was not lessened by the clank of the rough chains that sawed the hides, nor the din of the sea's rush against the carcasses, nor the rank wake that washed out of them into the darkening blue-turquoise of the water. During the harvest of the whales, the ship had collected attendant albatrosses, and the giant birds wheeled up and down, wings motionless, stooping now and then to pluck a scrap, then climbing again until the wind seized them. Far astern, they wheeled and fell like whitecaps blown free from the hard afternoon sea, and the pale shadows were still visible at darkness.

Sometime after midnight, the *W-29* was off the slipway, where each whale is loaded onto a flatcar and trundled by rail a few miles to the shore station. Here, in a bedlam of chains and machinery, six-inch-thick blubber is hauled off in whale-length strips. The meat is stripped next, then the jaws, which are snaked away to power-driven crosscut saws to be cut into manageable pieces for the huge cooking vats buried in the concrete platform. The meat extract is sold to soup and packaged-food industries as a flavoring concentrate. The one to two tons of meal derived from the meat and bone of sperm whales is 75-percent protein, and is used in cattle and chicken feeds. The oil, after processing, is used in the manufacture of additives for lubricating oils and the teeth are saved for the fashioning of ivory trinkets.

Nothing is wasted but the whale itself.

All Clear?

A LOCAL radio announcer commenting on hazardous driving conditions: "Please don't do any unnecessary driving unless it's absolutely necessary."

—Al Rhoades in Newburgh, N.Y., *News*

FROM an auto-accident report to an insurance company: "My car sustained no damage whatsoever and the other car somewhat less."

—Wayne Lubenow in Fargo, N.D., *Forum*

WHEN reporters asked Under Secretary of State Robert J. McCloskey about the art of decision making, he answered: "One thing you must keep in mind here: that all decisions aren't made until all decisions are made."

—Clare Crawford in Washington *News*

AS THEY watched a TV newscast, a woman said to her husband: "It seems to me that the majority of people in this country belong to some minority group."

—Dave Gerard in *The Wall Street Journal*

MAYOR Richard J. Daley of Chicago, asked by reporters to comment on the trucking strike, offered this comment: "What keeps people apart is their inability to get together."

—UPI

Boston's Marvelous Marathon

26 miles—1000 contestants. The world's greatest distance runners against a gaggle of U.S. jogging enthusiasts. It's a race that everyone wins

Condensed from ATLANTIC ADVOCATE

BILL SURFACE

LAST April 20, muscular FBI agent Dennis Condon struggled desperately up a steep, rain-slicked hill in rural Massachusetts, wearing little more than his underwear. The pain in his back, sides and feet tortured him. A cold, driving rain pelted his shivering, blue-tinged body. The harder he ran, the louder seemed his pursuers' footsteps. "I'm dying," he thought. "But if I stop now, those guys will kill me."

An unarmed agent being stalked by killers? No. With more than 1000 other persons, Condon was attempting to prove that he could conquer the 74th Boston Marathon, America's oldest annual long-distance race. When he finally staggered across the finish line of the 26-mile, 385-yard course (the winner had crossed the line an hour and a half earlier), Condon seemed as proud to have placed 694th as he would have been to *win* a race anywhere else.

For the Boston Marathon is the most famous of long-distance races, the epitome of endurance and the amateur spirit. Other competing amateur events attract star athletes only by paying their expenses generously. But the Marathon, sponsored by the Boston Athletic Association each Patriots' Day (a mid-April state holiday enlivened by parades and costumed Minutemen), grows in appeal from year to year even though it charges a $2 entry fee and provides only a laurel wreath and gold medal to the winner. To the next 34 finishers go small trophies or bronze medals, while all those who finish in under four hours receive a certificate attesting to their race time and placement. The others in the field get a free bowl of beef stew afterward—and a podiatrist to treat their egg-size blisters.

Attracting one of the largest crowds to see any athletic event, some 250,000 people, the Marathon matches the world's greatest distance runners with an incurably optimistic array of jogging and distance-running enthusiasts from all over the United States. The physical challenge, like that of an unconquered mountain, is so compelling that even the disabled sometimes cannot resist competing, unofficially. For example, when the 1970 Marathon started, Gene Roberts, a 24-year-old former Marine who had lost both legs in Vietnam, pushed his wheelchair onto the course and headed for downtown Boston. Despite 220-foot-high hills, he reached the finish line nearly seven hours later.

Entrants qualify by completing another marathon within 3½ hours, meeting set standards in shorter races, or presenting proof of ability from a coach. They nervously line up the morning of the race in the Hopkinton High gym to present a physician's certificate or to have their pulse checked. Feverish preparations continue right up

THE ATLANTIC ADVOCATE (APRIL '71). © 1971 BY THE ATLANTIC ADVOCATE, FREDERICTON, N.B., CANADA

to the last moment. Having eaten hearty servings of spaghetti or lasagna the night before to provide plenty of carbohydrates, sober-faced competitors try to enhance their chances with doses of vitamins, honey, wheat germ. Near last year's starting line, one man periodically checked his temperature. A second warmed up his legs by pedaling a bicycle. Awakened from a last-minute nap by an alarm clock, a third runner covered his body with a secret, homemade salve.

The event they were preparing for is named after the famed run of the Greek messenger Pheidippides, who in the fifth century B.C. legged the 25 miles from Marathon to Athens to announce a Greek victory (and then died).* The Boston Athletic Association, which began the contest in 1897, has always insisted that the Marathon be free of "professionalism, politics and plugs," and local supporters help out by donations of stew, money and locker-room space. Moreover, each year some 500 volunteers help conduct the race, and coöperative residents of six communities and Boston's Back Bay leash their dogs and park their cars. Railroads also fit their schedules around the marathoners—as they have done since, at the beginning of the century, eight racers brazenly sprinted out in front of a 97-car freight train, then drew away to an unbeatable lead while stalled opponents fumed.

When the starter's gun sounded at noon last year, the 1011 runners thundered like a cavalry charge down Hopkinton's Hayden Row. Little time was needed to identify the several dozen most outstanding runners. All had the hungry look of Ron Hill, a 31-year-old textile chemist from Britain. Running at least 19½ miles every day, he had kept his five-foot-six, 126-pound body lean and conditioned. That very morning, Hill ran for two miles just to "wake up" before eating his breakfast of tea and a jam sandwich.

Wearing clothes he designed himself—crepe-soled kangaroo-hide shoes, bikini pants and a fishnet jersey—Hill started with a burst of speed, forcing his chief rival to increase his natural gait. Then, pretending to tire, Hill settled down for the next seven miles, maintaining a rhythmic pace of 192 strides a minute, a mile every 4:59 on the average. Soon the rival had developed severe cramps and dropped out of the race.

But Hill's ordeal had only begun. For the next hour and 20 minutes, he kept up the same long, seemingly effortless strides—around curves, up the exhausting "Heartbreak Hill" near Newton, through spectator-lined downtown streets. He felt the distractions of a head wind, cold rain, exhaust fumes from motorcycle escorts, the blare of bands, applauding admirers.

Five miles before the finish, he heard someone shout that his nearest opponent, once 600 yards behind, had pulled within 250 yards. He ran for his life: "Mile after mile, I kept repeating, 'He's more tired! He's more tired!'" Hill later recalled.

With two miles left, twinges in Hill's legs signaled the start of cramps. But he was able to ignore the pain so completely that, upon sighting Boston's Prudential Plaza, he outran the bus carrying embarrassed officials, and crossed the finish line in a record time of two hours, ten minutes and thirty seconds (experts later called it perhaps the greatest Marathon ever run). His chest heaving, Hill upheld the champion marathoner's image by sprinting up to accept the victor's wreath.

No less than a record effort could have enabled Hill to win. Only 42 seconds behind came a Georgetown University graduate student, followed by an Irish schoolteacher who in turn edged out a Finnish machinist. It was a typically close, international result (non-U.S. runners have won in 23 of the last 26 years). For the next 20 minutes, runners representing nine nations poured across the line so continuously that they seemed to be unloading from buses.

During the next 45 minutes, another 300 well-conditioned runners welcomed the finish line like shipwrecked victims sighting land. None seemed happier than Johnny Kelly, a spunky, 63-year-old maintenance man for Boston Edison, who was running his *39th* Boston Marathon. No longer able to place among the top 250 (he has won twice and finished second seven times), Kelly nevertheless propelled himself past tiring runners young enough to be his grandsons. Asked afterward if such an ordeal might not be harmful, Kelly retorted, "This is the best medicine I ever had!"

The remaining marathoners had usually lost all illusions of finishing respectably by the time they stumbled into the first Boy Scout watering station ten miles out. By walking slowly up the hills, a few conserved enough strength to lumber painfully past waiting relatives or girlfriends to the finish. Others simply collapsed in taverns, vowing never again to attempt anything so harrowing.

All stragglers were doomed to disappointment at the finish. Latecomers found that officials had stopped recording times precisely four hours after the race's start. ("I've *walked* here faster than you seven-hour derelicts," scoffed Jock Semple, the Marathon's most colorful committeeman and a former runner himself.) As tired as the stragglers may have been, they seemed in far better condition than many who finished earlier. Often ten pounds lighter than when they began, these dehydrated, trembling men collapsed on locker-room cots with such finality that visitors were glad to learn from the sponsors that nobody has ever died in any of the 74 Marathons.

What hurts some men's pride

*The present distance of 26 miles 385 yards originated in the 1908 Olympics, when officials extended the course so that the British royal family could view the start of the race at Windsor Castle.

even more than their swollen feet is hearing about female marathoners. Citing Amateur Athletic Union rules that forbid females to race in open competition with men, Marathon officials try to prevent women from sneaking into the race. Yet women runners hide under parkas, behind shrubbery or among coöperative male runners for a chance to run. And five of the six women who completed the 1970 Marathon finished well before half of the men.

Male or female, young or old, any distance runner who has raced once in the Marathon is apt to plan a vacation for mid-April to compete once more. And the Marathon's field keeps growing, despite ever-tougher restrictions on entrants. Will Cloney, the Marathon's director, knows why: "Where else can so many people conquer their own physical Mount Everest?"

Brief Encounters

MY GRANDFATHER came home from his daily walk in a rather agitated state. "I met Tom Jones," he told me, "and I said, 'How have you been, Jones?' And Jones replied, 'Fair to middling, thank you. How have you been, Smith?' 'Smith!' I said. 'That's not my name!' 'Nor is my name Jones,' said the other fellow. Then we looked each other over again, and true! It was neither of us!"

—Contributed by Jessie Potter

RECENTLY, my husband, who is 60, met a man he had not seen since grammar school. They recognized each other instantly, and my husband said, "Hello, how are you?" To which the man replied, "Pretty good for a man your age."

—Contributed by Mrs. Lester P. Aurbach

AT A WEDDING, my son-in-law was greeted by a woman who, mistaking him for someone else, addressed him as Jimmy. Noting his blank look, she said reproachfully, "Why, Jimmy, you've forgotten me." "No," he said. "*You* have forgotten Jimmy."

—Contributed by Mrs. Franklin Scanlon

Poll Call. One spring day a couple of years ago in San Francisco, the announcer on KTVU's "Televote" said: "One of the major issues in Washington is retransigence. Sen. Garred Zender says it should be part of our international dealings. Others, including most Republicans, say it shouldn't. So our question on Televote today is: Should the United States adopt retransigence in its foreign policy?" The phones immediately started ringing and, when they had stopped, 62 votes had been recorded for retransigence, 38 against.

Don't bother to look up "retransigence" in your dictionary. There's no such word. It was the station's April Fool joke, but the response—completely serious—was a little frightening.

—Herb Caen in San Francisco *Chronicle*

Laughter, the Best Medicine®

MY NEIGHBOR insists that he should have won an Oscar for best supporting role. "And to prove it," he says, "I have my family's bills."

—Earl Wilson, Publishers-Hall Syndicate

WHILE walking through the park, I came across a boy of about 14 who was trying to repair the chain on his bicycle. Recalling how I felt when I was his age, I commented, "I'll bet you wish you were 16 and could drive a car."

After thinking a bit, the boy shook his head and said, "No, I think I'd rather be 17 so I could see a movie."

—Contributed by Mark Stephens

COMEDIAN Myron Cohen tells about the owner of a small delicatessen who was summoned by the Internal Revenue Service and questioned about his $6000 income. "Why are you bothering me?" demanded the incensed owner. "I work like a slave to make a living. My wife and two sons work alongside me. And you question my measly $6000?"

"It's not your income," the IRS agent said. "It's all these deductions you took for trips you made to Spain. Six times last year you and your family went to Majorca."

"Oh, that!" exclaimed the owner. "I forgot to tell you—we also deliver."

—"Kup's Column" in Chicago *Sun-Times*

A YOUNG couple, university students, were overheard talking about their relationship. "I don't mind having your mother live with us," the fellow was saying. "But I do wish she'd wait until we get married."

—Stewart Steinberg, quoted by Robert Sylvester, Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate

OVER 200 beefy beauties—average weight 240 pounds—showed up at an audition for a "big girl" chorus line for a TV special. As scores of photographers milled about, the scene was bedlam. One of the applicants suddenly passed out. Producer Joe Layton knelt down to assist her, and asked an aide to fetch a glass of water. "Please," pleaded the girl, opening one eye, "could you make that a malted?"

—George Maksian in New York *Sunday News*

A FIRST-GRADE teacher asked her pupils to draw pictures showing what their fathers did for a living. She noticed one child drawing circles on his paper, and asked, "What does your father do for a living?"

The child replied, "He's a doctor, Mrs. Stewart. He makes rounds."

—Contributed by Mrs. D. P. Gloor

BACK in the 1860s, as legend has it, Horace Norton, founder of Norton College, met Ulysses S. Grant, and the general gave him a cigar. Dr. Norton

didn't smoke it but preserved it as a memento of the meeting.

In 1932, a big Norton College reunion was held and Dr. Norton's grandson, Winstead Norton, brought out the stogie, now aged 70. During a sentimental oration to the assemblage, he lit the cigar and declaimed between puffs: "And as I light this cigar, it is not alone a tribute to him whom you call founder, but also to that titan among statesmen who was never too exalted to be a friend, who was . . ." There was a loud bang. After 70 years, a Ulysses S. Grant joke had paid off.

—H. Allen Smith, *Lost in the Horse Latitudes* (Doubleday)

WHILE I was putting through a long-distance call from a pay phone, a friend of mine standing beside me asked for some change just at the moment the operator told me how much money to deposit. I said to my friend, "Hold out your hand." There was a short silence. Then the frantic operator said, "I'm sorry, sir, but it just doesn't work that way."—Contributed by R. C. DeVore

A HIPPIE decided to become a guru and teach others his deep thoughts. So he set up shop in an old store window, and it wasn't long before his first student arrived. After ten minutes of meditation, the hippie said, "Life is like six frozen matzoh balls floating in a bowl of Kool-Aid."

The student asked, "Why is life like six frozen matzoh balls floating in a bowl of Kool-Aid?"

The hippie said, "Hey, man, did you come here to learn or to argue?"

—Alex Thien in Milwaukee *Sentinel*

WHEN a small, anemic-looking man was hired as a bartender, the saloon owner gave him a word of warning: drop everything and run for cover if ever he heard that "Big John" was on his way to town.

The man worked several weeks without incident; then one day a cowhand rushed in, shouting, "Big John is a-comin'!" and knocked the unfortunate bartender to the floor in his hurry to get out.

Before the bartender had a chance to recover, a giant of a man with a black bushy beard rode up to the saloon on a buffalo, using a rattlesnake

for a whip. The man tore the doors off their hinges, flung the snake into a corner and split the bar from end to end with one blow of his massive fist as he demanded a drink.

The bartender nervously pushed a bottle at the man. He broke the neck off, downed the contents in one gulp and turned to leave. Seeing that he wasn't going to be harmed, the bartender asked the man if he would like another drink.

"Not me," the man roared. "I'm gettin' outta here. Big John's a-comin'!"

—Contributed by J. H. Ehlinger

Readers' contributions are solicited for this department. *See page 17.*

Condensed from GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

PAT NIXON—As She Is

JESSAMYN WEST, *author of "The Friendly Persuasion"*

A cousin of the President brings the keen eye of a practiced reporter and the warm insights of a novelist to her observations of the First Lady

IN AN AGE of pill-poppers, when the conventional thing to do is to take uppers, downers and inbetweeners, Pat Nixon pops no pills. In an age when we are chemically feminized, tranquilized and slenderized, Pat Nixon is still running on her own juices. In an age when doctors report that a good many of the patients entering their offices with complaints have no identifiable diseases, Pat Nixon just doesn't get tired or sick. In an age when fear is almost endemic—fear of pollution, integration, communism, the police state, overpopulation, overweight—

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING (FEBRUARY 1971). © 1971 BY THE HEARST CORP., 57 ST. AT EIGHTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

Pat Nixon says, "I am not afraid."

A woman who had seen the Nixons greet the Queen of England during their trip to Europe last fall said, "Mrs. Nixon was as regal as the Queen."

Regal. Tireless. Unafraid. What more can be asked of a First Lady? And yet Pat Nixon baffles us. "What makes her tick?" we want to know. So we ask. And if not told, we speculate.

I had long thought, without knowing that she was partly of German descent, that Pat Nixon resembled the celebrated German beauty, Marlene Dietrich. The same slanted, almost Slavic eyes, amber beneath hair once red, now blond. The same strong nose and clear jawline. An enigmatic, controlled, somewhat carved-in-marble face. Effective for the actress-singer. Effective, too, for the First Lady. But mystifying.

Pat Nixon's face is a private face: by bone structure, by its owner's temperament, by her punishing experiences as a girl, by the reason of 25 years of political exposure. Her life, like Dietrich's, is, insofar as the public can see, a performance; but hers is a performance in which she is not the star, but a supporting actor. It is difficult to see how this role could be performed better. But is it Pat? Or is it a role?

Tempered Steel. "Pat is really a very shy person," Richard Nixon has said of his wife. "She steels herself for the public bit and, like other people when they're doing what doesn't come naturally, perhaps she puts up an extra-bold front. She may seem more composed, even cool, than someone careless and easy about meeting the public. One of Pat's favorite books is Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *Gift From the Sea*. In it Mrs. Lindbergh writes about the need for solitude. Pat's own idea of a joyous afternoon is the freedom to walk quietly along the edge of some deserted beach."

By temperament, by a sense of what is seemly, Pat Nixon finds questions and curiosities about her private life repugnant. "I think people are able to judge others by what they do," she said. "That's what's important, not character analysis and personality assessment."

Last October I sat across from her aboard Air Force One, as the giant plane, silent and steady as some great owl, sped homeward from the Nixons' trip to Ireland. She presented herself if not enthusiastically at least courteously and attentively for questioning by me. In three days she had been in three countries. There had been kings, queens, prime ministers, the oldest man in Timahoe, cousins to the fourth degree in Ballinrobe, flag-waving children. There had been time changes, and food changes—when there was time for food at all.

"It's a pity to trouble you now when you must be so tired," I said.

"I'm never tired."

Here was the startling assertion, read before and scarcely believed now, spoken quietly and matter-of-factly. The First Lady was certainly

tireless beyond the limits of most of us. She sat erect, smiling, no shadow of fatigue under her eyes. Her hair, her outfit, looked as elegant as they'd been when the day started.

Is she truly never tired? It is certain she travels like a woman who does not know the meaning of the word. She is never accompanied by a maid or hairdresser, and she not only packs her own clothes but, until very recently, her husband's as well. "At first I had to," she says. "There was no money for maids. Now I can do it with my eyes shut. It seems a pity to change." (Perhaps another pity would be that a maid, while saving Pat time and effort, would also rob her of the little privacy she has on such trips.)

There is great pride and fortitude in a woman who says, "I am never tired." Having said that, she cannot ask to be excused from bothersome exertion. She cannot ask for sympathy. And Pat Nixon does not. That statement and her belief in it probably grew out of her experience as a girl when, motherless, her father ill, she, a student, housekeeper and breadwinner all in one, no doubt told herself, "You cannot be tired. Everything depends upon you. You are *not* tired."

"Never Give In." When I tried to ask about the California she'd known as a youngster, all she said was, "I don't like to think back to that time. It is behind me."

And so it is. But those years, and the years before them, made her what she is today: a woman accustomed to shouldering responsibilities without complaint.

As a schoolgirl, Pat Nixon was unusually pretty: red-haired, slant-eyed, exotic. But she had little time to take advantage of these assets. After school, she ran a roadside stand where she sold the produce her father grew. She swept out a bank. She mothered her motherless brothers. She nursed her father, whose lungs, affected by work in the mines, were probably by then tubercular.

When she finished high school, and without money for college, on which she had had her heart set, she agreed to drive an elderly couple to the East Coast. Why they accepted an 18-year-old girl for such a job is proof of what was always true: Pat Nixon inspired confidence. Wherever she was, she could get a job—and hold it.

"Weren't you afraid to start out alone on such a trip?" I asked her.

Her reply: "I am never afraid."

She took it back at once. "There were times on my trip to Peru, when the helicopter was flying at dangerously high altitudes, that I was fearful. But there was nothing I could do, so I relaxed."

Pat Nixon perhaps believes in what she called, at one point in the conversation, "Fate." That is, she believes that some plan, or Planner, may be arranging our lives in ways and for reasons of which we are ignorant. For instance: "I didn't want to make teaching a career," she said to me. "I could have found other

jobs in other places. But I went to Whittier and I taught. And there I met Dick. It was Fate."

Thinking of that cross-country car trip, I asked, "What would they have done if you had become ill?"

"I don't get ill. And don't look so astounded. I just don't. Or at least I haven't yet. The girls say that there's no point in telling me if they don't feel well. They'll get no encouragement from me."

It wasn't Christian Science (of any formal kind, at least); rather a frontier hardihood: "Never give in to it."

A Helping Hand. Her chauffeuring job completed, an energetic, young Thelma Patricia Ryan had found work as a technician in an upstate New York hospital. For six months she worked in a sanatorium for the tubercular.

"They were so young, most of them, so eager to live. And most of them were doomed to die young. My six months there were perhaps the most . . . ," she hunted for a word, "haunting of my life. They weren't supposed to do it, but some of the young patients would sneak away to go bobsledding, and I went with them. It gave them a lift to have someone who was well with them, not looking after them, not avoiding them. And that is what gives me the deepest pleasure in the world: helping someone."

"Did you ever think of being a social worker?"

"No, no. I don't mean helping as part of an organization, but as an individual. I know what you're thinking. As the President's wife I *am* part of an organization. And when I say a few words to someone who is troubled, or when I pick up a child, to *them,* I know, I am the First Lady. But inside I'm just myself, speaking or responding."

Upon her return from New York with some money saved, Pat decided to go to college. "Chiefly," she told me, "I just wanted to learn. Otherwise, I couldn't have endured the combination of study and outside work which going to college required of me."

She graduated in 1937 from the University of Southern California, with honors, and went to teach high school in Whittier, which is a few miles from Artesia, the small town where she grew up. Richard Nixon had returned to Whittier, too, having completed his law studies at Duke. The teacher and the young lawyer met, fell in love and were married in 1940.

"Did Richard have political ambitions from the beginning?"

"In the beginning, our ambition was to make both ends meet," she replied. "Politics came later."

In the meantime, Dick joined the Navy. To be nearer his base, Pat went to live and work in San Francisco. She knows all too well the anxiety of being a serviceman's wife —working, listening to battle reports, waiting for letters.

That war over, Dick Nixon was persuaded to run for Congress. Pat became his entire office staff. And

ever since his victory in that race, the Nixons' life has been increasingly political.

Into the Limelight. "Is there much time left for family life?" I asked.

"No," Pat said. "But as with everything else that's scarce, we value the time we have together more. Someone said that being married to a Milhous-Nixon was enough of a job without having to be the President's wife, too. Well, that someone was wrong. Dick is the easiest man in the world to live with. Outside, with the problems he has to face, he may seem very serious, even forbidding to some. But when he comes home to me and the girls, he comes whistling and joking. He is often pretty funny. He adores the girls and they adore him. He can make them laugh and they can make him laugh. I've been more of a disciplinarian with them than he has. In fact, I used to be afraid he would spoil them. If he has, it doesn't show, does it? Or am I prejudiced?"

Independence is a way of life to Pat Nixon, and self-reliance is something Julie and Tricia were taught at an early age. "The girls have always been given the chance to make decisions themselves," Pat said. "As a result they perhaps seek advice from their parents more often than other children would. One evening Tricia called to say she was in the middle of an argument and needed some facts from her father. Dick was swimming. The poor man got out of the pool and took the phone to answer her questions. Tricia called back later to say, 'I won. Thanks a lot.' This pleased Dick for three reasons: Tricia had remembered to say, 'Thank you'; she had wanted the facts; and she had wanted to win."

The flight was nearing its end. Pat appeared as fresh, alert and serene as she had been at mid-morning. I recalled what a guest at a tea in Dublin Castle had said earlier that day: "Life as the First Lady has aged Mrs. Nixon. When I saw her a few years ago she looked 16. Now she looks 30." For a woman of 59, this degree of aging is not too depressing.

As we landed, Andrews Air Force Base was flooded with lights. Leaving the plane, the Nixons walked together toward the glare of lights, toward their family, toward the dignitaries, the sightseers. They are in the limelight and they know it. Let the distance between them as they walk be too great and gossip will say their marriage has dust on it.

Mrs. Nixon realizes all this. But she walks into the blinding light as buoyantly, clasps her daughters as lovingly as if this were the ordinary reunion of any American family after an autumn trip abroad. For this First Lady is, first of all, exactly that: a lady.

Spring is nature taking up its option on the world.

—Jimmy Cannon, King Features

Comeback in the Congo

Thanks to its strong-man president, Joseph Mobutu, this vast, rich African country has pulled out of the tailspin to chaos that followed its independence in 1960

By David Reed

He is a chief, one of the greatest in Africa. He lives in a sumptuous palace, guarded by soldiers in gorgeous powder-blue uniforms. The chief is democratically attired in an open-necked shirt and slacks. But, lest any forget, he also has a leopardskin cap and an ivory walking stick, two symbols of tribal authority.

Leading a group of African visitors through the grounds, he comes to a caged leopard. Africans regard leopards with dread; but the chief reaches through the bars and tousles the animal, which rolls over and licks his hand. The guests fall back. "He is a god!" one gasps.

Joseph Désiré Mobutu, the 40-year-old president of the Congo, head of its army and boss of its sole political party, may not be a god, but in the five and a half years that he has ruled the Congo he has performed some astonishing miracles. He has brought a strong and stable government to a country that for years knew nothing but anarchy and chaos. He has snatched one of Africa's richest countries in natural resources from the embrace of Soviet and Chinese communists, and has rebuilt its shattered economy into one of the most impressive in Africa.

Law of the Jungle. All this has come about only a little more than ten years after the Congo received its independence from Belgium—and exploded into seething violence that claimed perhaps 500,000 lives. With the Belgian withdrawal, the Congolese army mutinied and many of its soldiers became bandits, pillaging the countryside and raping hundreds of white women. Tribal animosities that had lain dormant in colonial times boiled up, and the Soviets and Red Chinese backed rebellious politicians and tribes in an effort to foster the rise of a pro-communist regime. For years, the tortured land made world headlines. A United Nations military force (20,000 men at its peak) was sent to restore order in 1960, and remained there four years, at a cost that almost bankrupted the world organization. While the U.N. troops did put down an attempted secession by the copper-rich Katanga Province, turmoil raged unabated elsewhere.

Pitifully unprepared for independence, the Congo spiraled downward. Factories closed. Plantations, abandoned by their white owners, went back to bush. Roads fell into disrepair and, in places, disappeared for want of maintenance. Agricultural exports plunged to one third of the pre-independence levels. Hospitals often had no doctors—or medicine. Water, electricity and telephone systems worked fitfully, if at all. Garbage piled up in the cities.

There were more than 50 political parties, each with a tiny following, and bickering and intrigue paralyzed the government and made a mockery of self-rule. Teachers and civil servants often went unpaid for months, their salaries pocketed by rapacious higher-ups. Inflation eventually drove prices up 600 percent, and currency became all but worthless. As a result, Congolese were

asking, "When is independence going to end?"

Into the Vacuum. To many observers, the country seemed ungovernable, doomed to revert to primitive jungle. That, indeed, might have been the case if it had not been for one of the most curious personalities that Africa has produced: Joseph Désiré Mobutu.

Mobutu was born in Equator Province, a region covered by a wild, immense rain forest. His father, who worked as a cook for a Belgian, died when Mobutu was a boy. The youth attended Catholic mission schools—he remains a devout Catholic today—but was expelled from secondary school for being absent without permission. Deemed a potential troublemaker, he was later shanghaied into the colonial army.

Belgian officers, impressed with Mobutu's intelligence, sent the wiry, intense young man to study accounting, promoting him eventually to sergeant-major, the highest rank a Congolese could reach. Mustered out of the army after seven years, Mobutu became a journalist in the capital, Leopoldville (now Kinshasa), writing in French. He spent a year in Brussels at university-level studies and attracted the attention of Patrice Lumumba, who became the Congo's first prime minister in 1960, and who appointed Mobutu, then 29 years old, army chief of staff.

In the tumultuous first weeks of independence, a power struggle broke out between Lumumba and President Joseph Kasavubu, and the Soviets backed Lumumba to the hilt. Alarmed at the Soviet threat, Mobutu broke with his old friend and took over the government. He put a quick end to Soviet meddling by expelling their entire embassy. When Lumumba tried to flee to Stanleyville (now Kisangani) to set up a rival regime, Mobutu had him arrested and flown to Katanga, where he was handed over to an old enemy, Moise Tshombe, the Katangan secessionist leader. Tshombe had Lumumba put to death.

Five months after that coup d'état, Mobutu turned power back to President Kasavubu, remaining in the background as commander in chief of the army. In late 1965, with the Congo facing another political crisis and continued turmoil, Mobutu became fed up with all politicians. He staged a second coup, fired Kasavubu and announced that he would take over as president, ruling by decree, for five years.

Steps to Stability. His first step was to gain control of the army. A start had been made in 1963 when Mobutu sent 220 men to Israel for training as paratroopers. He went with them and completed the course, which included eight jumps, with distinction. With the paratroopers as his power base, he gradually extended his authority over the rest of the army. He used foreign mercenaries to crush the Simba revolt in the northeast; then, when mercenary units rebelled, Mobutu's army forced them to flee the Congo.

Next, Mobutu put an end to the old Congolese game of plotting against the government. Four well-known politicians were accused of planning to kill Mobutu. Their fate was decided in a 90-minute trial. The populace was told by radio to assemble in one of the main squares of the capital to watch as the verdict was carried out. Foreign governments begged Mobutu to call it off. He refused. While a crowd of 100,000 watched in silence, the four men were hanged.

One way or another, Mobutu has consigned all of the Congo's squabbling politicians to oblivion. Some have been sent into a glittering exile as ambassadors, others relegated to a quiet, nonpolitical life at home. In their place, Mobutu has recruited a group of young, highly educated Congolese to run a government of technocrats. To give the government closer ties with Congolese history, he appoints traditional chiefs as local administrators whenever possible.

The giant Union Minière du Haut Katanga, a Belgian-owned company that produced all of the Congo's copper and was regarded by Mobutu as a state within a state, was taken over and replaced with a new corporation entirely owned by the Congolese government. Many former executives of Union Minière are back on the job—working for the Congolese government.

Mobutu's Way. Day after day, Mobutu preaches a doctrine which many tribesmen view with suspicion—hard work. A picture of Mobutu rolling up his sleeves appears on one bank note. On frequent trips up the Congo River in his luxuriously appointed sternwheeler, the *President Mobutu,* the chief goes ashore to lecture startled villagers about the necessity of work. He continually bugs officials by telephone for instant progress reports. When a subordinate balks at an order, saying that it's impossible, Mobutu smoothly replies, "Yes—for anyone but you."

He does not hesitate to fire incompetent Congolese and replace them with European experts. Belgian technicians are restoring the water, electric and telephone systems. Pan American World Airways is reorganizing Air Congo. Foreign doctors and teachers have been recruited. But, more and more, Congolese are able to take over these jobs. For Mobutu has put a high priority on education and, from having fewer than 30 university graduates in 1960, the country now has 5000 graduates of universities or post-secondary technical institutions.

To cope with inflation, Mobutu devalued the currency to about one third its previous level and created a new monetary unit, the zaire, now one of the strongest in the underdeveloped world. Prices are still high, but inflation seems to have been checked and real incomes are rising.

Kinshasa, once something of a ghost town, has become a thriving city of more than one million. High-rise buildings are going up. Shops bulge with goods. That crowning

touch of economic development, the rush-hour traffic snarl, has made its appearance. More important, representatives of foreign businesses, eager to invest, are streaming into the city. Once hostile to whites, the Congolese now accord them a friendly welcome, and the European population of the Congo has risen to about 100,000, nearly as many as before independence.

Mobutu's five-year term as self-appointed president expired last November. Elections were scheduled. As is the custom in Africa, there were no opposition candidates. Ten million people were given a choice of voting yes or no for a new, seven-year term for Mobutu. Afterward, the government solemnly announced that 158 persons voted no. Whatever the value of such elections, Mobutu is highly popular with his 21 million people. They admire a strong chief—and know better than to cross one. And many express genuine gratitude that he has brought peace to the country.

View From the Hill. Indeed, the Congo has become a flourishing country and an important force for moderation in African affairs. Grateful for U.S. help—now a relatively modest $20 million a year, mostly in development loans—Mobutu has said: "Since the first difficulties hit my country in 1960, America has been at our side and has helped us in every way." Soviet influence in the Congo is nil.

For all of his successes, Mobutu still faces large problems. Agricultural exports are only 60 percent of the pre-independence level. While Mobutu has surrounded himself with first-rate men at the top, the quality of civil servants elsewhere is low. Official corruption goes on at a stupendous scale. Public services in the interior have not fully recovered. As one tribal chief says, "It is easier to destroy than to build."

In the final analysis, Mobutu depends on his 50,000-man army, and particularly its 6000 paratroopers, to maintain his regime. In his lordly palace on a hill overlooking the Congo River, the president, like Louis XIV, can say: *"L'état, c'est moi."* Yet he has become a lonely man. His colleagues from earlier years are gone and, although he is trying to provide continuity for his policies by building a political party, this will take time. Still, the Congo is in far better shape today than anyone thought possible. Given continued peace and stability, its enormous natural resources should guarantee a glittering future.

Not long after his second coup d'état, Mobutu told a visiting journalist: "I want to make the Congo a country that the world will no longer laugh at." Without a doubt, he has already achieved just that.

Young voice on the bus: "I'll say this for my old man—he tells it like it used to be."

—Bill Vaughan, Bell-McClure Syndicate

Condensed from FORTUNE

GILBERT BURCK

The High Cost of Wage Inflation

The abuse of union monopoly power is at the heart of the new inflation that threatens to sink us all

THE GRAVEST economic problem facing the Western world in the early 1970s is cost-push inflation powered by excessive wage increases. In its scope and intensity, this inflation can be regarded as a new phenomenon, one that stubbornly resists classic monetary or fiscal remedies.

What is happening, throughout the Western world, is that organized labor is overreaching. A U.S. labor leader of an earlier generation summed up labor's philosophy in one four-letter word: "More." Nowadays the philosophy might be summed up in two four-letter words: "Much more." At times, indeed, organized labor seems to be chasing the delusion that a society can consume more than it produces, and that everybody can prosper by beggaring his neighbor. But wage increases in excess of productivity or output per man-hour are inevitably followed by unemployment or price increases or both. And it is the unorganized, the unemployed and the aged who pay.

Most labor leaders know all this. Yet unions continue to make excessive demands. Construction workers' wages rose an average of about 19 percent last year—and they are demanding 50 to 60 percent more over the next three years. Auto workers, not content with a first-year increase four times the rate of overall productivity increase, compounded the evil by winning an automatic wage adjustment geared directly to the cost of living. Thus they got immunity from the consequences of other workers' exorbitant wage increases. The steelworkers are confidently predicting that they will

FORTUNE (FEBRUARY '71), © 1971 BY TIME INC., TIME & LIFE BLDG., ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020

shake the country down for an even better deal.

The same sort of thing is going on in other industrial nations. Canadian wage settlements ran as high as 15 percent last year. Although the productivity of British industry has recently been rising at less than two percent a year, wages are rising at something like 13 percent, and prices are accordingly heading up fast. Even West Germany, long a bastion of monetary stability and fiscal rectitude, has apparently succumbed—last year wages rose about three times as fast as productivity.

Such wage increases redistribute income by force, breaking down time-tested wage differentials that eventually must be restored at the cost of more inflation. Labor's impositions are also accompanied by strikes and slowdowns that seriously reduce national output, or by monetary policies calculated to subdue excessive demand by deliberately reducing output. This is a sorry spectacle—a world wasting resources in quarreling about the division of output instead of expanding it.

Power Plays. The underlying trouble is a phenomenon so much taken for granted that it seldom gets the critical scrutiny it deserves—labor's unique monopoly power. Unions were originally established to protect workers from exploitation and to advance their general welfare. It was partly because of the unions' benign role that the Western world put the interests of people as producers ahead of their interests as consumers. Thus favored, however, labor unions naturally sought to gain higher wages and benefits for their members than they could get in the open market. They became monopolies. Now they rig the markets for labor by restricting the supply, thereby raising the price. Allowed to organize like armies, they practice coercion and intimidation, and do not hesitate to disrupt a whole economy to gain their ends. And because a company with great market power can usually afford higher wages than it could if it had to compete vigorously, labor monopoly tends to abet business monopoly.

Paradoxically, unions are all the more difficult to bargain with because labor power is so fragmented. Union leaders find themselves driven to get a better deal than their colleagues. Thus they not only put the interests of labor in general above the interests of consumers, but also put the interests of their own unions above those of labor in general.

The pattern is reinforced by a new restlessness and dissatisfaction among the rank-and-file workers, who don't know, even if their leaders do, that the rise in the average standard of living is necessarily slow, limited by the rate of increase in real output per capita. Wage expectations are all the higher because work satisfactions in many unionized trades have declined. Only rarely does one find a craftsman who takes pride in his work. In the mass-production industries, younger workers are increasingly alienated from their jobs; for many of them, getting away from the job counts as an additional strike benefit.

Tendency to Retreat. Several trends have conspired to increase the power of unions and weaken the countervailing forces. Government full-employment policies have practically extinguished old fears of being out of a job for a long time. Unemployment insurance and other

What Chance for Wage and Price Controls?

FOR THE MOMENT, the President and most of his key economic advisers remain opposed to formal wage and price controls. But last January, White House aide Peter Flanigan told steel executives that Bethlehem Steel Corp.'s abortive attempt to raise some prices by 12 percent—later reduced to 6.8 percent—had "only increased the pressure on us to impose wage and price controls." And at least a few Administration insiders are already arguing that jawboning won't be effective without teeth, and that controls sooner or later may be inevitable.

Opponents of the idea point to the widespread black marketeering during World War II and harp on the huge administrative costs, the difficulty of enforcing controls, and the inequities and inefficiencies that would be frozen into the system. But evidence from the Korean-war period suggests that controls can be effective. During the initial phase, from June 1950 to February 1951, consumer prices rose by an alarming eight percent. With the adoption of controls, the index for 1951 rose by only four percent, and for 1952 by one percent.

Controls will not work at all, of course, unless they command wide public support. While most businessmen still regard them with horror, there are signs that this majority is shrinking. C. W. Cook, chairman of General Foods Corp., for instance, recently advocated "some sort of temporary freeze of wages, prices and dividends . . . to provide time to work out the necessary machinery to resolve labor disputes." And Raymon H. Mulford, chairman of Owens-Illinois, Inc., thinks the only remaining question is "whether we have the national discipline and political courage to accept such an antidote."

Surprisingly, there are signs that labor, too, is warming up to the idea—or at least not rejecting it outright. AFL-CIO President George Meany says labor would go along with a stabilization program that applied to all other forms of compensation—including prices, profits, rents, dividends, interest and capital gains—as well as wages. Indeed, the general mood of the public is remarkably receptive. A Gallup poll has shown that more people favor a temporary wage-price freeze than oppose it.

Clearly, the time is not yet ripe for anything approaching general price and wage controls. But, just as clearly, the mood of the nation is changing.

—*Newsweek*

cushions enable strikers to stay out in relative comfort until an employer surrenders. As workers develop a taste for large pay increases, unions become more and more demanding. The further employers retreat, moreover, the more aggressively unions behave.

And the tendency of employers these days *is* to retreat. For one thing, everybody seems to assume at the start that labor is entitled to annual wage increases regardless of what is happening to the economy. Practically nobody argues anymore that productivity increases should be passed on in the form of price reductions. Business assumes that it must yield wage increases that are at least equal to the overall productivity increase. Thus, by definition, nearly all successful strikes by large unions are inflationary—*i.e.,* they gain *excessive* wage increases. But various pressures operate to force business to give in. Sitting out a strike can be exceedingly expensive for business—capital charges go on whether plants are operating or not. Again, signing an excessively generous contract usually doesn't make a company vulnerable to competition, because its competitors have been, or shortly will be, burdened with much the same settlement. And to a great extent, employers have been able to pass the higher costs along in the form of higher prices.

Rebalancing Act. The problem is getting expert attention: rarely have so many eminent people advanced so many schemes for dealing with an economic ailment. Practically all of the dozens of ideas put forward in recent months recognize that reasonable fiscal and monetary restraints alone are not likely to retard the current climb in union wages. The minimal program, just one degree beyond doing nothing, is "moral suasion," an elegant synonym for jawboning. In early December, Chairman Arthur F. Burns of the Federal Reserve Board proposed a high-level U.S. wage-and-price review board with broad authority to investigate, advise and recommend price and wage changes. It would, in short, lay down guidelines, but would have no power to enforce them.

Burns, as it happened, advanced his idea at an inauspicious time. Only a few days before his speech, Canada announced it was abandoning its experiment, begun in June 1969, with voluntary guidelines. Labor had argued that prices and profits must be restrained first, before wages. But even when 250 of Canada's leading businessmen agreed to keep price increases "clearly below" 1970 cost increases, labor refused to hold wage demands down to a six-percent guideline.

Recognizing that voluntary guideposts might need additional support, Burns suggested that Congress might have to subject labor disputes involving the public interest to compulsory arbitration. But time may prove that there is no effective way to restrain cost-plus inflation except a direct legislative assault on union monopoly power itself. One step might be to abolish union control over the admission, training and certification of skilled workers. Still another might be a crackdown by federal and state authorities on the unions' use of violence in industrial disputes. More and more people believe that the antitrust laws must be revised to put business and union labor on a roughly equal footing.

The fact is that most business organizations exercise nothing like the market power of organized labor. All companies are, in one way or another, subject to the antitrust laws. The prices charged by utilities and transportation companies are regulated by the government. Even companies in highly concentrated industries, such as steel, automobiles and computers, are constrained by market discipline. And prices of commodities, of course, respond to the forces of supply and demand.

An End to Abuse. While measures to redress the balance of power between business and the unions are being talked about, hopes for reasonable price stability continue to depend largely on the good sense and statesmanship of labor leaders. This is a somewhat disconcerting prospect, but it has a redeeming feature. Unless labor *does* show some sense and statesmanship, informed public opinion may well get so fed up with abuse of union monopoly power that it will in time support radical legislation to restrain that power. Labor still has great political strength, but, after all, more than three quarters of the U.S. labor force does not belong to any union. Perhaps large numbers of these people are coming to understand that the true economic struggle these days is not between workers and employers, but between labor monopoly power and the community.

There are already signs. Last December, when New York City's taxi drivers went on strike, people discovered they could get along pretty well without taxis; the cabbies weren't quite as indispensable as they thought. And in the United Kingdom, some 125,000 electrical workers, demanding a wage increase of 25 to 30 percent, decreed a work slowdown that blacked out parts of the country. Public hostility rose to the point where bartenders and shopkeepers refused to serve the strikers. The union backed down, and the government succeeded in referring its demands to a court of inquiry. If the unions want to disprove the axiom that monopoly power has no use except abuse, perhaps they had better start soon.

Ticker-Tape Talk

Two Fort Worth stockbrokers: "Let's talk about something else besides business." "Okay, let's talk about women." "Good idea. Common or preferred?"

—Chris Hobson in Fort Worth *Press*

Quotable Quotes

MEASURE your health by your sympathy with morning and Spring.
—Henry David Thoreau

PERHAPS no place in any community is so totally democratic as the town library. The only entrance requirement is interest. —Lady Bird Johnson

EVERY GENERATION revolts against its fathers and makes friends with its grandfathers. —Lewis Mumford, *The Brown Decades* (Dover)

MAN has learned to fly like the birds. Now all he has to do is figure out how to do it as quietly. —Bill Vaughan, Bell-McClure Syndicate

THERE ARE certain small faults that offset great virtues. There are certain great faults that are forgotten in small virtues.
—*The Best of Grantland Rice*, selected by Dave Camerer (Watts)

EACH YOUTH is like a child born in the night who sees the sun rise and thinks that yesterday never existed.
—W. Somerset Maugham, *A Writer's Notebook* (Doubleday)

HATE is a prolonged form of suicide.
—Douglas V. Steere, *Dimensions of Prayer* (Harper & Row)

THERE IS a point somewhere when the money for the second automobile ought to go to paying for a better school. —Walter Lippmann

"TELL ME what you read and I'll tell you who you are" is true enough, but I'd know you better if you told me what you reread. —François Mauriac

A PERSON who talks about his inferiors hasn't any. —Hawaiian proverb

THE FUNCTION of the expert is not to be more right than other people, but to be wrong for more sophisticated reasons.
—David Butler in *The Observer*, London

ALL except the shallowest living involves tearing up one rough draft after another. —Msgr. John J. Sullivan in *The Leaflet Missal*

IT'S HARD to detect good luck—it looks so much like something you've earned. —Frank A. Clark, Register and Tribune Syndicate

Forget those trick ways of getting thin. Here's how you can lose weight safely and creatively—and rarely feel hungry

A Common-Sense Diet That Works

Condensed from REDBOOK

GEORGE CHRISTAKIS, M.D.

DIETING IS never an easy affair. The best diets are planned on sound principles of nutrition; but they must also be designed to give both variety and eating pleasure. For if we remove the personal and social pleasure that eating provides, we provoke psychological factors—a sense of boredom, deprivation and isolation—that may make dieting even more difficult.

First and foremost, the guidelines presented here will provide a safe, nutritionally sound diet. You will not need supplementary vitamins because the diet you choose will contain a proper proportion of all basic food groups—meat, fish and eggs; vegetables; fruits; enriched or whole-grain breads and cereals; milk and milk products; fats and oils. These basic food groups taken in balance provide proteins, carbohydrates, fats, vitamins and minerals, the food elements necessary to maintain nutritional well-being. Such a balance is important while cutting down on calories.

The overweight men and women who came to the obesity clinics of the Department of Health of the City of New York frequently used to say to us, "I've tried everything!" This usually meant that they had

DR. GEORGE CHRISTAKIS and his staff developed the diet presented here when he was Director of the Bureau of Nutrition of New York City's Department of Health. He is now Associate Dean and Professor of Community Medicine (Nutrition) at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, in New York City.

REDBOOK (JANUARY '71). © 1970 BY THE McCALL PUBLISHING CO., 230 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

How to buy a headache instead of a home.

Just do it yourself without knowing the dozens of things you need to know to avoid possible problems.

It's better to see your Realtor. He's not just anyone in real estate, but the expert who's up on taxes, market values and mortgage money. He knows how to spot defects, and steer you clear of drawbacks. And because he is pledged to a strict code of ethics, your Realtor works in your best interest.

So why do it yourself, when a professional's there to help? See him first. Meantime, send for our helpful booklet "How To Buy The Most Home For Your Money." It's free.

National Association
of Real Estate Boards
1300 Connecticut Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Before I buy a home, I would like to know more. Please send me a copy of your free booklet: "How To Buy The Most Home For Your Money." I am enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope no smaller than 4" x 9½".

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Your Realtor®
Somebody good to have working for you.

You can recognize your Realtor by this seal. A Realtor is a professional in real estate who subscribes to a strict Code of Ethics as a member of the local and state boards and of the National Association of Real Estate Boards.

tried the gamut of freak or trick diets. Most had experienced the familiar seesaw effect—the crash diet, which takes one's weight down, followed by a period of compensatory eating, which may carry one's weight above what it was before. There is something about the drama of such a diet that makes the overweight patient much more willing to try it. We now know, however, that crash diets are seldom successful.

For example, recent research has demonstrated that when diets emphasize only certain foods and are therefore unbalanced, weight can be lost from body tissues such as muscles, which cannot afford such a reduction. Even the brain and other organs can be deprived of important sources of energy by the wrong diet. The brain, for instance, depends almost solely on the blood's sugar for its energy needs. Inadequate quantities of carbohydrates and of the essential amino acids found in high-quality proteins of meat, fish and eggs may result in fatigue and depression. This contributes to the dieter's despairing return to his old habits.

One widely publicized fad diet is a high-fat, high-protein, low-carbohydrate diet. Like many crash diets, it can be successful—for a while. But if the calorie level is not significantly decreased, the loss is illusory, for it usually is caused only by an increased excretion of water at the beginning of the diet. When a diet is low in carbohydrates it almost has to be high in fat, and, if the fat is of

the saturated type, the cholesterol level of the blood will rise. The results of a low-protein diet also can be harmful. If the protein in any diet is inadequate, the body starts taking protein from the muscles and thus loses "lean-muscle mass." Add to this the fact that a diet should include foods rich in vitamins and minerals, and you will understand why variety and balance are crucial.

We recommend 1200-calorie menus for women and a 1600-calorie plan for men—by no means a starvation ration, but probably about 1000 calories fewer than you are eating today. Since about 3500 calories equal one pound of fat, you should lose about a pound every 3½ days. Once you have achieved your ideal weight, you can maintain it by adding a few items at a time, carefully and slowly, from the do-not-eat food list (see box page 162).

Many of our patients, on reading our diet, exclaim, "But I never eat that much!" After following the diet, which packs more essential nutrients in a smaller calorie "package," they come back to report that they have never eaten so well in their lives.

The basic menu plan for a 1200-or-more-calorie diet, as designed and tested in Redbook's test kitchens, includes six ounces of meat, fish or poultry every day, often divided into two ounces at lunch and four at dinner. This actually makes larger portions than it would seem, because the figure stands for cooked weight, after all the bone and waste have

even for thousands who perspire heavily

The antiperspirant that really works! Solves underarm problems for many who had despaired of effective help. MITCHUM ANTI-PERSPIRANT keeps underarms absolutely dry for thousands of grateful users. Positive action coupled with complete gentleness to normal skin and clothing is made possible by an unusual formula, produced by a laboratory trusted for over 56 years. 90-day supply, $3.00. At leading drug and toiletry counters. Your choice: Liquid or Cream — same positive action. Remember — it stops excessive perspiration — for many users keeps underarms absolutely dry. Available in Canada.

Each $3.00

Mitchum Co.,
610 Fifth Ave.,
New York, N.Y. 10020

Select Your Own Diet

Control Your Selections of Meat or Fish according to this chart.

Do not select these meats or fish for more than three of your meals each week:

beef
dark meat of fowl
frankfurters
lamb
mackerel
pompano
fresh salmon
shad

Prepare Lean Meat or Fish by broiling, poaching or baking. Do not use more than the allotted daily fat in preparation.

High-Vitamin-C Fruits— ***choose at least one per day***

- 4 oz. unsweetened orange or grapefruit juice
- 1 medium orange or tangerine
- ½ medium cantaloupe or grapefruit
- ½ cup strawberries
- ½ small papaya
- 8 oz. tomato juice

High-Vitamin-A Vegetables— ***choose at least one per day***

broccoli
carrots
chicory
collards
dandelion greens
escarole
kale
mustard greens
pumpkin
spinach
Swiss chard
turnip greens
water cress
winter squash

Potato or Substitute— ***choose one at dinner***

- 1 potato
- 1 small ear corn or ½ cup corn
- ½ cup cooked dry beans, peas, lentils
- ½ cup cooked rice, spaghetti, macaroni, grits or noodles

Fat— ***choose one per day***

- 1 tablespoon vegetable oil or mayonnaise
- 1 tablespoon margarine with *liquid* vegetable oil listed first on label
- 2 tablespoons French dressing

Skim Milk or Substitute— ***choose one per day***

- 2 cups (8 oz. each) fat-free liquid skim milk or buttermilk
- 1 cup (8 oz.) skim evaporated milk
- ⅔ cup instant nonfat dry milk

In Addition to Your Daily Diet Plan

You may season foods with:

herbs
horseradish
mustard
pepper
salt
lemon juice
lime juice
soy sauce
spices
vinegar

You may drink as much as you want of:

black coffee
bouillon
clear tea
consomme
Seltzer
water

You may have all you want of these raw or cooked vegetables:

asparagus
bean sprouts
broccoli
Brussels sprouts
cabbage
carrots
cauliflower
celery
chicory
collards
cucumber
escarole
green beans
kale
kohlrabi
lettuce
mushrooms
mustard greens
parsley
peppers
pimiento
romaine
spinach
summer squash
Swiss chard
tomato
tomato juice
turnip
water cress
zucchini

Do Not Eat or Drink These Foods

alcohol, avocado, bacon, bagels, doughnuts, pretzels, bananas, biscuits, crackers, muffins, rolls, butter, cakes, pastries, cookies, candy, catsup, cherries, cream (sweet or sour), cream cheese, dried fruits, gelatin dessert, gravies, honey, ice cream, ices, jam, jelly, milk (whole), nuts, olives, pancakes, peanut butter, pizza, popcorn, potato chips, puddings, smoked meat or fish, sweetened soft drinks, sugar, syrup, watermelon, yoghurt.

Two rules to remember: 1) Do not add foods to the diet; 2) Do not skip a food in the daily plan.

been removed. For example, you would need to cook eight ounces in order to get four ounces of boneless poultry.

To provide all the other necessary food elements, choose one starchy vegetable or half a cup of pasta, two or more leafy or other vegetables, three fruits, two cups of skim milk, two slices of enriched or whole-wheat bread (or half a cup of cereal substituted for one of the bread slices) and one tablespoon of liquid vegetable oil.

For example, one typical day's menu (1172 calories) might look like this:

BREAKFAST:

½ grapefruit
1 poached egg
1 slice enriched white bread
beverage

LUNCH:

ham sandwich on whole-wheat bread with 3 ounces ham
1 cup green salad
1 tablespoon low-calorie salad dressing
½ cup diced fresh pineapple, unsweetened
beverage

DINNER:

1 cup onion soup
crisp baked chicken
½ cup cooked broccoli
½ cup mashed cooked squash
⅔ cup water-packed sliced peaches
beverage

SUPPLEMENT:

2 cups skim milk

The diet allocates about 25 percent of the total daily calories to protein, 45 percent to carbohydrate and 30 percent to fat. Of this 30 percent, one third is of the unsaturated kind found in vegetable oils. This decreased amount of fat is a significant aspect of our diet, because the average American gets between 40 and 45 percent of his total daily calories from fats, mostly saturated.

Making your own diet menus is a challenge, but a satisfying one. The basic plan may appear stark, but if you plan no more than two days at a time you'll find satisfying combinations that will make appealing meals. Until you learn to judge portions, it's a good idea to use a small diet scale. Juggle the all-you-want foods with the prescribed foods to make meals that please you. You may switch around amounts if the daily total remains intact. For example, you may save a fruit or a glass of milk or a slice of bread for an afternoon or nighttime snack if you wish. Or you may use three ounces of meat or fish for lunch and three for dinner if you choose. Just bear in mind the one key rule: Only a balanced menu plan that establishes good eating habits and protects your health nutritionally will work in the long run.

Redbook published the original Wise Woman's Diet (of which this article is an updated summary) with kitchen-tested recipes in 1967. It is now available in book form as "Redbook's Wise Woman's Diet and Exercise Book," published at $5.95 by the McCall Publishing Co.

Getaway.

To places you always wanted to see but never thought you could.

You want to go.

But there are so many reasons why you don't.

All those places, prices and promises.

The airline that clears all this up is going to make a lot of people happy.

While it won't be hurting itself either.

So this year, TWA brings you Getaway.

The most comprehensive vacation program in the world.

We give you the Getaway Book. A look at 19 of the world's greatest cities.

We give you an independent Getaway Brochure. For those who would rather travel by themselves than with a group.

We give you three Getaway Brochures. One on America, one on Europe, and a third on Africa, Asia, the Orient and the Pacific. They help you decide where to go, and then guide you through the maze of prices for getting there.

We offer you the Getaway Card.® No yearly membership fee. No minimum income requirement. You can use it to charge airfare, hotels, meals, cars, you can even cash checks in most TWA ticket offices. And then take up to two years to pay.

TWA's Getaway Program also gives you TWA. America's number one vacation airline. The only one flying all over America, Europe, Asia, Africa, the Orient, Pacific, all over the world.

Mail in the coupon and we'll send you our free Getaway Vacation Kit. Including all the books, brochures and a Getaway Card Application.

Then call TWA or your travel agent.

And find out how easy getting away really is.

TWA's Getaway Program
U.S.A./Europe/Asia/Pacific/Africa

TWA, P.O. Box 303, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735
Please send me TWA's free Getaway Vacation Kit.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss

Address

City State Zip

My travel agent is

RD804X71

It's the real thing.
Coca-Cola
Enjoy
Coke
Coca-Cola
Ice-cold, take-your-breath-away refreshment.
More people find it with the great taste of Coca-Cola
than with any other soft drink in the world.
That's one reason they call it the real thing.

He's 195 years old and going strong, except for a few minor complaints

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

The State of Uncle Sam

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Condensed from NEW YORK TIMES

JAMES RESTON

Your Uncle Sam has been in for his annual checkup, and in general he's in pretty good shape. His heart and pulse are as regular as the tides. But there are some things about the old boy that seem to be changing.

He's a little heavier this year than last. Cholesterol is considerably elevated—too much time with the feed bag—and his lung-fields look like the inside of a chimney—too much time with the weed. And he seems a little jumpier than usual. I always thought of him as such a cheerful and kindly old gentleman, but he doesn't smile much anymore.

There has been a marked impairment in his hearing. I talked to him about the 1972 Presidential election, and he just grunted. It isn't that he *can't* hear, but just that he's not listening. "I hear what I want to hear," he says, "and tune out the rest." This is either clear evidence of increasing wisdom or impenetrable stupidity, and I wish I knew which.

His eyesight is also giving him some trouble. He used to be very farsighted. In the old days, he was forever being able to see silver linings and happy endings; now he can't seem to see beyond blind alleys and dark predictions.

I was more troubled by Uncle Sam's psychological condition than

NEW YORK TIMES (JANUARY 20, 1971). © 1971 BY THE NEW YORK TIMES CO., 229 W. 43 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

anything else. He was worried about all his nieces and nephews, which is natural, for they have always been a wild bunch, but he seemed unnaturally worried about money. He said he was now making over a trillion dollars a year, but couldn't balance his budget. The rich, he said, had more money than they could handle, and the poor had more problems than they could bear. He was very agitated.

My feeling is that there's nothing fundamentally wrong with him that a little peace and quiet wouldn't cure. He's been fighting too many wars on too many fronts too long, and could use a little loving care. You have to remember that Uncle Sam is a bachelor, and that tends to depress a man after a while.

Anything you can do to slow things down and make things a little quieter would help. The poor man is dizzy with speed and noise. Take him for a walk in the country. It's the cities that are choking him and wearing him down.

There are also some topics of conversation you should try to avoid if possible: Vietnam, for one. Also inflation, unemployment, race relations, generation gaps, hair of all lengths, and politicians and psychiatrists of all kinds. Life won't bear all the analysis he has gone through in the last few years.

If you can get him away from the TV and persuade him to read a book once in a while, that would help. One qualification: let him watch sports events on TV; they at least come to an end and he'll know who has won. This has been one of his major problems: all other conflicts just go on and on, and lately he has begun to believe his conflicts are interminable and insoluble.

It won't take long to get him back in good form. Just a little rest and a little time to think. That's about all he needs.

Signs of Life

THE OWNER of a meat market rigged up a device. Instead of the digits showing the amount of the sale on his cash register, this sign pops up: "Tell It to Your Congressman!"
—Bert Chud, "Count Down"

SIGN by rowboat-ride concession at fairgrounds: "Tunnel of Meaningful Relationships."
—Mal, Washington Star Syndicate

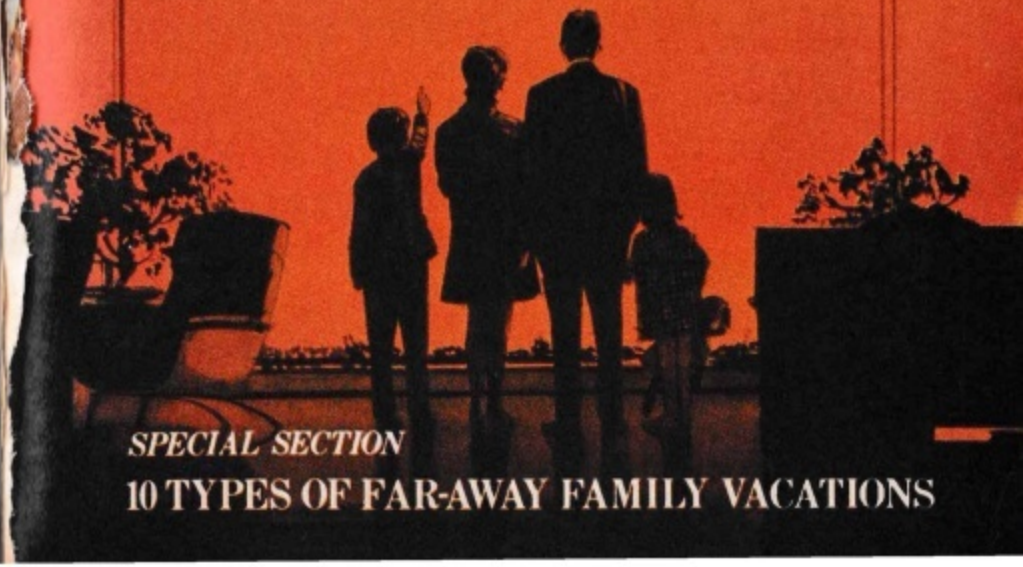
IN A California used-car lot, windshield signs, in psychedelic colors, announced "Sale," "Special Today," "Bargain." At the end of the front row stood a motorcycle. On it was a large, equally eye-catching sign: "Air Conditioned."
—Contributed by Corinne Williams

ECOLOGICAL bumper sticker: "Support Your Local Planet!"
—Contributed by Donald E. Baer

ADVERTISEMENT

Fly far away with your family

That's the great thing about travel by air: You can go anywhere in the country, anywhere in the world... easily... economically... whether it's "just the two of you" or two plus kids galore.



SPECIAL SECTION
10 TYPES OF FAR-AWAY FAMILY VACATIONS

10 Types of Far-Away Family Vacations

Just taking your family "up to the lake," "down to the shore" or somewhere else nearby for a vacation—that's fine and fun.

But taking your family hundreds or even thousands of miles from home—that's putting *adventure* into your vacation. And when you add that quality to a vacation, your whole family gets much more out of it. Including benefits you don't normally expect from a vacation.

Sharing an adventure pulls a family together. It gives you unforgettable common experiences. Dad becomes a big man for arranging such a big deal. Mom is "young" and excited again. Kids once more display the unconstrained awe and enthusiasm they seem to lose too soon these days.

Think about it! And, to prime your thinking, read the following ten pages. They describe ten types of Far-Away Family Vacations. Some may be entirely new ideas to you. And, not too many years ago, they might have been impractical. But now, because modern air travel family-style is so easy and so economical, all are entirely feasible for you and your family.

10 FAR-AWAY FAMILY VACATIONS

CLIMATE CHANGE 179
GREAT CITY 180
HERITAGE 181
GLAMOUR FOR TWO 182
OUTDOOR 183
COMBINATION TRANSPORTATION 184
SPECIAL INTEREST 185
REUNION 186
CONVENTION EXTENSION 187
SPECIAL EVENTS 187

FAR-AWAY FAMILY VACATION NO. 1

Climate Change

This is not just the familiar old idea of going somewhere warm when it's too cold where you live. Or vice versa. Flying to a more comfortable climate is only *part* of it. There are other (and perhaps more important) reasons for deliberately choosing and taking your family to another climate for awhile.

Pace of Living: Weather automatically regulates how fast or slow people move, how hard they work or play, how much energy they expend.

What has been your own family's pace lately? At home, at work, in school, have you all been pushing and scurrying too much? Are you all wound up tight as springs, ready to go "poing"? Unwinding and slowing down come naturally in a hot, lazy climate. Or, just the opposite, has a monotonous daily routine been lulling you all into lethargy? A brisk, invigorating climate might give you just what you need: A good, swift kick in the spirits.

New Experience: Do you live where the climate is always pretty much the same? Do you have neighbors who used to live where there are four distinct seasons every year? Ask them what they miss most. Invariably, they'll say, "the *seasons*." The red and golden autumn. The spirited, budding, new-green spring. The crystal white-carpeted winter spiked with bare birches and needled evergreens. The coat-shedding summer where it's not summer all the time.

Has your family ever felt and seen Mother Nature in one of her dramatic seasonal moods and costumes? If not, it would be a new and unforgettable experience well worth flying to.

Health: Weather, of course, affects not only your mental disposition but also your health. A good dose of the right weather can be a good dose of the right "medicine" (and delightful to take). What comes most immediately to mind is a family nagged by lingering colds clearing up in the

warm sunshine somewhere. But remember how rosy-cheeked and healthy children look when they come in from sleighing or ice-skating? Perhaps a vigorous family vacation in a winter setting would be just the thing to get the roses back on all the cheeks in your family.

Activities: Most outdoor activities demand a certain kind of weather—which you might enjoy near where you live only a short time each year. If your family loves something like that (skiing, camping, golfing, water sports or whatever) why limit your enjoyment? Farther away, somewhere in the country or world, you can find the right climate *any*-time of year. Don't wait, *fly* to it. Enjoy it more than once a year.

Once, not long ago, taking a far-away climate change vacation was just for people who had a lot of free time. It took days to get to an entirely different climate. (Which also made the traveling rather expensive.) But now, modern jet travel has cut it down to hours (with the cost cut accordingly). Today, a complete climate change is possible for families with average-length vacations—and average-size budgets.

FAR-AWAY FAMILY VACATION NO. 2

Great City

At first blush, it might seem odd to suggest going to a big city for a vacation. But a great many families do, and for an excellent reason: *To enrich their lives by seeing, hearing, experiencing the very best in culture and entertainment.*

Great cities are the major leagues. There you find the finest symphonies, museums and art galleries. The most remarkable athletes competing on the most famous teams. The top actors and entertainers in the spotlight. The greatest variety of things to do—especially things your family will never forget.

For a week or two, you make your home in a good hotel. (And in a great city, good does not have to mean expensive.) Mornings, if you parents want to sleep a little late, you just send the kids downstairs to the coffee shop for breakfast. (Such little freedoms and luxuries are side benefits for parents during a great city vacation.)

Then you fill each day and evening with activities that *educate* (museums and art galleries), *enthrall* (planetariums and zoos), *excite* (big league sports), *entertain* (shows, symphonies and/or rock concerts).

By the end of your vacation, your family has had a great time. And in the process, has become better educated. More worldly. More interesting company—among yourselves and friends.

If you live in or near a great city, why can't you do all this there? You can and should as part of your normal routine. But on vacation time—to add *adventure* to it all, to broaden yourselves even more—do it in a far-away city. At Family or any of several other special rates (Excursion, Group, etc.), air travel makes it possible and practical.

For what you want out of a far-away great city vacation, there are excellent places all over the country and world. Here are just a few examples: Atlanta, Buenos Aires, Chicago, Denver, London, Melbourne, Montreal, New York, Paris, San Francisco, Seattle, Vienna, Washington, D.C.

FAR-AWAY FAMILY VACATION NO. 3

Heritage

Along with pleasure, there is a timely *purpose* for taking this type of family vacation now. These days, when so much of our attention is focused on *problems* we have inherited from the past, we tend to overlook the *good* parts of our heritage. The parts that can give us two things we currently need: Pride in who we are and what we stand for. And recognition of the fact that in our struggle for human progress, we need not start from scratch. (Generations before ours developed sound and workable systems within which we can make further orderly advances.)

All Americans except the indigenous Indians actually have two heritages from which to draw pride and

guidance: American and the even older heritages of our ancestors from other countries. Which means that a heritage vacation might take you anywhere in America or anywhere in the world:

To Faneuil Hall in Boston. The English field where the Magna Carta was drawn and sealed. To the national museums in Lagos and Nairobi. (Or the Black Pride exhibit in New York this summer.) The Old West atmosphere in Tucson and San Antonio. Among the preserved ruins of Rome. To missions and presidios in California. To Philadelphia, Athens, New Orleans, Mexico City, Tel Aviv.

Yes, our heritages are in books. But they are much more powerfully evident in *places*, where you can see with your own eyes, and actually touch what our ancestors created.

Again, yes, there are probably heritage locations near where you live. But the impression upon you and your family will be stronger and more lasting if you take your heritage vacation far away.

FAR-AWAY FAMILY VACATION NO. 4

Glamour for Two

Rate this one X. And exclusively for the two oldest members of the family.

For a glamour vacation, you fly far away to some bright and swinging resort where, among strangers, you don't have to act your age or even your normal selves. Where you can push a few chips around in a casino. Slip folding money to captains for downfront tables, and share at least a fringe of the spotlight with the show. Linger with the menu and the wine list. Dance all night, and be served champagne and strawberries in bed the next morning. Then just loll by the pool or surf. Go to the races. Rent a boat or a bike. Or see some movies you can't get to at home without explaining to the kids why they can't go, too.

To where can you fly for this kind of release? Well, what you want, of course, is a "lively place." Here are just a half-dozen examples, each fitting that description in its own way: Acapulco. Las Vegas. Amsterdam. Manhattan. San Juan. Honolulu.

One more question: Won't this kind of vacation cost a small fortune? *Flying there won't.* (A husband and wife count as a family and can fly at Family rates.) And about the rest of it, check a travel agent or one of the airlines listed on the last page of this special section. You might be able to wrap it all up in a single, relatively low-cost package.

FAR-AWAY FAMILY VACATION NO. 5

Outdoor

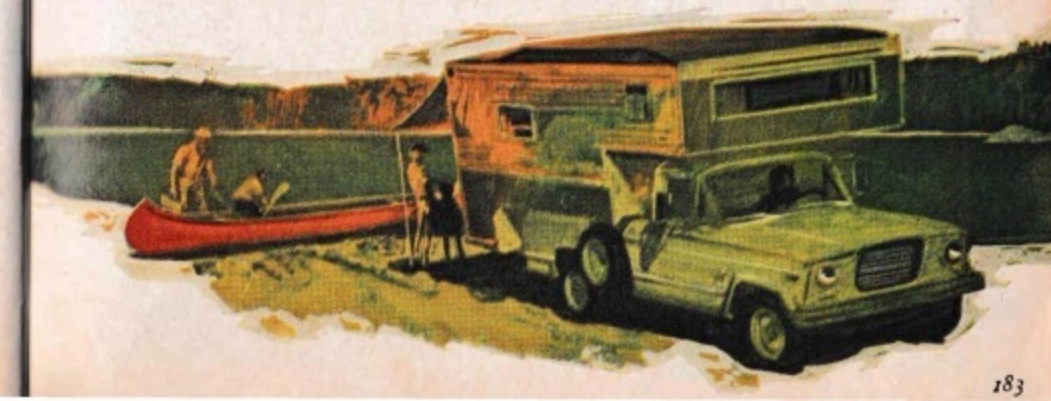
Now, back with the children and moving on to an *economy* family vacation. You all fly far away and camp somewhere.

But, you might be thinking, your family has no camping experience, and you don't own any camping equipment. No problem. Every year, nearly a million families just like yours take camping vacations for the very first time. And you can *rent* all the camping equipment you need right where you camp, or nearby. You take along only your personal clothing, and maybe personal sporting equipment—though you can rent most of that, too.

As mentioned later in this section, some airlines and travel agents are set up to sell you fly-and-camp vacation packages. (Including Family rate tickets to and from some far-away city surrounded by great camping sites, plus a completely outfitted camping vehicle waiting for you there.) They can also arrange or give you information for renting camping equipment in *other* countries. (Imagine! Camping in Europe!)

In nearly all U.S. National Parks and Forests[1], there are campgrounds and naturalists-guides. In a few, concessioners rent camping equipment right there. If not, it's usually available in adjacent communities. State tourist information offices (located in state capitals) will tell where you can rent what you need to camp in their areas.

There are big companies that specialize in making it easy for families to fly far away and camp. One[2] has campsites around the country. At some of them, if you tell in advance what gear you need (sleeping bags, pots and pans, etc.), they will have it all, plus a family-size tent or camper waiting after you fly to the nearest city, rent a car and drive to the campsite. Another company[3] has "pick up" cities both here and in Europe. You fly to one, pick up a camping vehicle with attachable tent (sleeps six), and camp where you



please, here or abroad.

However you do it, a camping Far-Away Family Vacation can bring your whole family back to a simpler, more binding relationship. A priceless benefit from what could be also the most economical vacation you have ever taken.

[1]National Park Service, Dept. of Interior, Washington, D.C. 20240. U.S. Forest Service, Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D.C. 20250.

[2]Kampgrounds of America, P.O. Box 1138, Billings, Montana 59103.

[3]International Camper Rentals, 3100 East Oakland Park Blvd., Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33308.

FAR-AWAY FAMILY VACATION NO. 6

Combination Transportation

The unique idea here is to fly swiftly to an attractive far-away spot. And then leisurely drive, cruise or drift around the area using some *other* form of transportation.

For example, your family might jet to some port such as San Juan in the Caribbean, Athens (for the port of Piraeus) in the Mediterranean, or Honolulu in the Pacific. There you would board a luxurious ship. Then you would cruise the warm waters—parents resting and romanticizing, kids having a ball on

board, your whole family exploring ports of call.

The big advantage is that you would not waste vacation *days* getting to the sunny seas. You would spend practically your whole vacation there, taking only hours to fly from home to the gangplank and a few more hours returning after you disembark.

You can enjoy the same big advantage in other ways, too. Fly to some far-away city, pick up a rented camper vehicle, and take an easy, economical tour of the countryside. Starting, say in Seattle or San Francisco, Salt Lake City or Denver, Phoenix or Tampa, Washington or Boston. Or Honolulu. Or, as a few examples abroad, London, Paris, Copenhagen or Lisbon.

You can combine a quick flight far away with a lovely, lazy vacation on a houseboat or a canal or river barge. And, of course, there's the plane-car combination transportation vacation. You fly to some part of the country or world you've never seen. Climb into a rented car right at the airport. Then take an auto tour that will end up at another airport or circle back to the same one. Drop off the car, and fly home.

No, you don't have to make separate arrangements for each part of a combination transportation vacation. Just talk to a travel agent or one of the airlines listed at the end of this section. Chances are, they can put both parts together for you as a *single package.*

FAR-AWAY FAMILY VACATION NO. 7

Special Interest

This isn't a suggestion for a *whole* vacation. But rather something to *add* to almost any type of Far-Away Family Vacation.

Whatever hobbies or special interests you or your children have, there are probably places in the country or the world where you can pursue them far better than you can around home. Places where, while you're there on vacation, you can see, do or collect things that will enrich your special interests—or your children's.

See, for instance, in original oil, the great paintings you have viewed and loved thus far only as prints. Watch coins being minted. Collect your favorite type of antiques where they are still plentiful. Visit a sports hall of fame. A re-created port filled with square-rigged ships. Or a space center. Or a wild-life preserve. Or an underwater park, where you can see marine life face-to-face.

Feeding special interests this way can make your vacation extra rewarding for you personally. And also for you as a parent if you (like all good parents) are anxious to nourish and encourage constructive interests in your children's lives.

Consider this when deciding where to go, and make it another good reason to take a Far-Away Family Vacation. Another reason to fly wherever you can combine any of the vacations described in this section with pursuing one or more of your family's special interests. With jet-speed, economical air travel, it's both possible and practical to get to these places, even if they lie across the continent or an ocean.

FAR-AWAY FAMILY VACATION NO. 8

Reunion

Do you now live many hundreds or even thousands of miles from your old home town? Your family? Your high school friends or college campus?

And have you pretty much concluded that you will rarely or never see them again? Nonsense! As already mentioned repeatedly in this section, hundreds or thousands of miles away means only hours away by jet. Which puts you only hours away from the familiar old places and faces, and the glowing warmth of a reunion.

If you have children, you might think that a reunion vacation would be only for you, the kids would be bored. Possibly so, if all you did was sit around and talk over old times. But you can make it also (and mostly) a retracing of your life, with the youngsters along. And there can be very real value in that.

Your children have known you only as part of the older generation. They tend to think of you as somehow frozen in age, never having been anything else. As such, how can you possibly understand their youthful exuberance, their values or their miseries?

It might be extremely helpful for them to hear and see that you were born in that house or hospital; hated homework from that school; were once a hero (or the goat) in that gymnasium, and fell in love there, too, during a dance; were ashamed on this beach of your shapeless body; or suffered in this dormitory with a nickname like Four-Eyes or Fat Fanny.

Out of all this, your kids could gain a better understanding of *you*. Which, usually overlooked, is the other half of bridging generation gaps. The benefits of a reunion type Far-Away Family Vacation could last much, much longer than the time you actually spend on it.

Of course, a reunion vacation also can be one that is just for mother and dad. Then it takes on a different character. With more reasons to reunite and many more places in which to do it. Any group of old friends with some common past experience that would be fun to remember together (college, service, company, early married years). They might get together in some spot that has special meaning to them, or all vacation in some glamorous resort where the memories would become extra colorful and sweet.

FAR-AWAY FAMILY VACATION NO. 9

Convention Extension

Here's how to take a great Far-Away Family Vacation without paying 100% of the cost. You use a business trip for pleasure, too, paying for only the pleasure part out of your family purse.

In general, there are two ways to do it:

1. The most popular convention cities or areas often are equally popular vacation spots. If you're flying to such a place for a business convention, your family might fly and stay with you. Or you might all fly down ahead of time and your family fly home when the convention starts. Or they might join you when the convention ends, then you all fly home together. As long as you all fly together for one leg of the trip, you pay only the Family fare for them.

2. Before the convention, you and your family can fly to some *other* place in roughly the same direction. Then you can fly to the convention while they fly home. Or again, do it the other way around. And again if you all fly together going or coming, you get the Family rate.

How much you can save combining or extending a convention trip into a family vacation depends on your company's policies or, if you are in business for yourself, on tax laws as they apply to your situation. But it's certainly worth looking into.

And, in addition to money, you might save also in vacation *time*. Since you would be combining business with pleasure, or adding the pleasure on to either end of the business, it might prove to be a way to squeeze in an extra vacation this year. Think about *that!*

FAR-AWAY FAMILY VACATION NO. 10

Special Event and Attractions

These include both annual events (like the week-long Mardi gras in New Orleans) and the year 'round attractions (like Disneyland in Anaheim, California, near Los Angeles). You've read about them. You've seen some of them on television—and seen the gala crowds enjoying them. This year, why not join the special fun somewhere—you and your family?

It's easy to get information about these special events. Airlines have lists of them. So do travel agents.

ADVERTISEMENT

You'll find them in travel sections of newspapers. Because they're so popular, you should make your plans early. But no matter when your vacation comes, you'll have a wide and varied choice:

Aloha Week in Honolulu. Disney World near Orlando (starting this autumn). The Carnival in Rio. The Chinese New Year celebrations in Hong Kong. The Tournament of Roses in Pasadena. The National Cherry Blossom Festival in Washington. The Music Festival in Aspen. The Kentucky Derby in Louisville. The Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto. The Iowa State Fair in Des Moines.

If you decide on this type of vacation, make it a truly memorable family *adventure*. Decide to be part of a special event or attraction far from home. One you never thought you would see in person—until today, when you read this section and realized that Far-Away Family Vacations are indeed possible when you fly.

TRANS WORLD AIRLINES • UNITED AIR LINES • AMERICAN AIRLINES
THE BOEING COMPANY • BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL • EASTERN AIR LINES
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

For reprints write to Marketing Director,
Reader's Digest Sales and Services, 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Humor in Uniform

WHILE our unit was stationed near London, one of my men reported an encounter with the local law. The evening before, he had driven away from a country pub with his date pressed closely beside him. He hadn't gone far when he was signaled to a stop by a highway constable.

The constable said, "One cannot do two things properly and at the same time, can one?" As the enlisted man nodded in nervous agreement, the constable added, "If you will continue on down the highway for about one-half mile, you will find a country lane to the left and just inside will be a cul-de-sac behind a large bush screen. There you will find the privacy you seek and the safety I require."

Everything was found to be exactly as described. May there always be an England! —CAPT. D. L. BROWN, USAF (RET.) *(Sacramento, Calif.)*

WHEN a young man got a notice from the draft board, his boss had him checked over by his own doctor, who reported that the boy had a slight heart murmur. After the military physical, the young man was immediately accepted. His boss called the induction center and said he couldn't understand it; a previous examination showed that the youth had a heart murmur.

"Think nothing of it," he was assured. "We're assigning him to heavy artillery, and nobody will ever hear it."

—ROBERT SYLVESTER, Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate

THE Army recruiter who called at our school wound up his pitch by telling us that we could earn even more money by taking special training which included going to parachute-jump school. "The extra $55 a month makes a nice cushion," he said. "Of course," he added, "it doesn't seem like much of a cushion from 10,000 feet." —A. K. MCCARTY *(Drayton Plains, Mich.)*

I HAD considerable state-side duty with the Marines during World War II, and later was with them in the assault phase at Iwo Jima. My rate was 2/C Storekeeper in the Seabees.

Upon discharge, I returned to my former employment as president of a corporation which I had founded and in which I was the majority stockholder. Within a few weeks, the Navy was kind enough to send the corporation my qualifications, stating that I should make a good file clerk.

—ERNEST D. ACKER *(Hampton, Va.)*

THE SON of a friend was drafted into the Army after graduating from college and was sent to Louisiana for basic

(Continued on page 192)

ADVERTISEMENT

Buy-Words from Carolyn Davis

The easier a cereal is to digest, the faster it provides energy for your family. And research shows that **Cream of RICE** is easier to digest than any other type of cereal. In fact, it's so digestible, it's ideal as baby's first solid food. And for sensitive adult stomachs, it serves as a delicious hot cereal and the base for many flavorful dishes. Cooks in just 30 seconds; provides rich vitamin-mineral nutrition. If you cook for someone on a restricted diet (bland, low-cholesterol, egg-free, etc.), send a **Cream of RICE** boxtop for a free 32-page recipe booklet to Cream of RICE, Dept. CD471, P.O. Box 88, Lancaster, Penna. 17604.

Have you heard the news? Now you can take gelatin in capsules. Ask for **Burt's All-Purpose Gelatin.** They are so easy to take, require no mixing, no extra cost for juices. You'll enjoy taking your gelatin in a capsule before each meal. Whether you take gelatin because your doctor has recommended it as a protein supplement or because like so many women, you find gelatin helps nails grow longer and stronger, you'll like **Burt's All-Purpose Gelatin in Capsules.** Pure, sugar-free, protein-rich, so convenient. Ask for Burt's at your favorite store. Only 98 cents for 50 or $1.89 for 100 capsules.

Sinus headache misery doesn't love company. When you have a sinus headache, you feel like going into a shell. But you needn't, because now there is something especially for this kind of pain. It's new **SINE-AID Brand Sinus Headache Tablets** from Johnson & Johnson. SINE-AID's special ingredients work directly on the sinuses to relieve pain and pressure of sinus headaches—to relieve pain, stuffiness, congestion around the nose and pain above the eyes. So, if you get sinus headaches, get **SINE-AID.** Acts directly on the sinuses in minutes. And lets you love company again.

Want to start a good family habit? Put a bottle of **Cēpacol® Mouthwash/Gargle** wherever teeth are brushed in your house. And encourage your family to use it for daily oral care. Bubbly Cēpacol is especially refreshing. It leaves an extra clean feeling in the mouth . . . an extra fresh taste. Surveys even report that Cēpacol is recommended by more physicians than any other mouthwash. It's the mouthwash you spot so often in hospitals and dental offices. More good reasons for you to make Cēpacol a habit in your family. You'll find **Cēpacol** wherever mouthwashes are sold.

A raincoat doesn't have to leave home to be cleaned and made rain-repellent again. Do it yourself and save! Most poplin rainwear is machine washable, and you can restore the rain repellency yourself by spraying with **Scotchgard® Brand Fabric Protector.** Scotchgard Protector not only makes clothes rain repellent, it protects them from spills and oily stains. And without changing the look or feel of the fabric. Scotchgard Protector is great for all outer wear, kids' clothes, men's ties, canvas sneakers — party dresses, too. Even if you can't stop spills, with **Scotchgard Brand Fabric Protector** you can stop stains.

ADVERTISEMENT

There are two things a lot of bathrooms need. One is another towel rack. The other is new tub caulk. Both are good jobs for Elmer's. **Elmer's® Flexite™ Tub Caulk** is as easy to use as a tube of toothpaste. Seals those gaps around tub, shower, tiles and fixtures. Adheres to porcelain, ceramic, glass, metal, wood. Lasts for years. And when you install a new towel rack, hook, soap dish or whatever—reach for **Elmer's Heavy Grip™ Cement.** It installs almost anything anywhere, when screws won't work. If your bathroom needs a rack or caulking, remember Elmer's easy-to-use products.

Let us count the ways that **Sea Breeze** loves your skin. 1. For complexion care. **Sea Breeze** is pleasant and refreshing to use as a cleanser and astringent, and helps control teenage skin problems by removing excess oils and preventing secondary infections. 2. For skin discomforts. Sea Breeze helps where it hurts in treating minor cuts, scratches and burns. 3. For daily antiseptic problems. Sea Breeze relieves "razor rash" and minor irritations. And all these are just a few of the reasons why you'll love **Sea Breeze.** It comes in 4¼ oz., 10 oz. and 16 oz. bottles. You'll find Sea Breeze at your drugstore.

Mini-size, but maxi-service. That's the **Redi-Oven** by Nesco (a Division of the Hoover Co.). Only 10" x 14⅜", it's just right-sized for biscuits, pies, hors d'oeuvres or a pan of brownies. And it will also cook frozen dinners. Even hold a small roast. You can bake and serve right at the table with a Redi-Oven. It has a temperature control, an accurate timer that signals when cooking time is up, and comes with its own Teflon-coated baking pan. What an extraordinary convenience! Not only an *extra* oven, but also portable, compact and complete. **Redi-Oven,** from Nesco.

Sugar and spice are just part of what girls are made of. Take fingernails—they're made of protein and keratin. To help you grow beautiful nails, **RRP** made nail conditioner of protein and keratin, too. RRP didn't stop there. Hair also is made of protein. So they put RRP's secret, natural protein formula to work especially for hair. In a natural protein and keratin shampoo. Shampoos in loveliness, naturally, as it cleans. And makes hair glow, too. Try it. **RRP Natural Protein Hair and Scalp Conditioner Shampoo.** You'll have the most beautiful hair to run your lovely fingernails through.

Among folks who want to keep feeling fit, Kretschmer Wheat Germ is "naturally contagious." They like it so much, they pass on the wheat germ idea. You see, many of today's foods lose part of their natural goodness through processing or cooking. That's where Kretschmer comes in. Wheat germ is called the world's most nutritious natural cereal, because it helps supply protein, vitamins, minerals needed for energy and stamina. Catch **Kretschmer Wheat Germ,** Regular or Sugar 'n Honey, at your grocer's. Put back the good your diet may lack. Put back the zip in your life.

training. He began his first letter home with: "Dear Folks, It certainly is hot here. Well, maybe it isn't so much the heat as it is the humility."

—Mrs. M. W. Byrn *(APO, San Francisco, Calif.)*

Following a trend in women's fashions, I purchased a Navy pea jacket. The first time I wore it, I was approached by a young man, also in a pea jacket, who asked how much I had paid for it.

"Sixteen dollars," I said. "What did you pay for yours?"

He hesitated a moment, then said wistfully, "Four years."

—Mrs. P. M. Nelson *(Philadelphia, Pa.)*

My mother, who was a student nurse at Crumpsall Hospital in Manchester, England, during the first days of World War II, told this story: The doctor on her ward was a great favorite with patients and staff alike and, when called into the army, he promised to keep in touch with them. Since mail services were so disrupted, they never expected him to keep his promise. Yet letters from the front lines came through regularly—neatly printed on the plaster casts of transferred patients.

—M. McGrath *(Arcadia, Calif.)*

To ward off loneliness while her Navy-lieutenant husband was away on a two-week trip, a friend of ours borrowed several books from us. As the mother of four active youngsters, she did most of her reading at night, and usually in bed.

Upon her husband's return, as they were preparing to retire for the night, he pulled down the bedcovers to discover a calling card on the sheet. (I often use my cards as bookmarks and this one had evidently dropped out unnoticed.) Her husband picked up the card, studied it and said, "Well, that's one thing you have to say about old Paul. He's always a gentleman."

—Lt. Cdr. Paul D. Walker, USN *(FPO, Seattle, Wash.)*

Readers' contributions are solicited for this department. See page 17 for information concerning payment.

TO CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS:
Please write us BEFORE you move, 60 days in advance, if you can.

please mail to
READER'S DIGEST, PLEASANTVILLE, N.Y. 10570

Name

OLD address

CITY *STATE* *ZIP*

1. In this space, attach an O L D address label (or, if you don't have a label, give us your old address)

Name

NEW address

CITY *STATE* *ZIP*

2. And in this space, please print carefully your N E W address. Thank you!

Reginald Maling's electronic devices are rescuing severely handicapped persons from the limbo of the useless

Condensed from
Die Weltwoche
Roul Tunley

Reginald Maling (in chair) visits Paul Bates and his Great Dane, Louise

He Brings Them Back to Life

Not long ago, while parked beside an English highway, I saw something that made my eyes blink. Down the road came a small, four-wheeled vehicle with no steering wheel, no brake pedals, no gearshift. Atop this moving platform sat the driver, half-reclining in a special seat, feet tucked under a blanket, arms serenely folded across his chest. Yet by some invisible means of control, the vehicle slowed down, signaled "left," and made a perfect turn, vanishing around the corner.

People living near Horsham, Sussex, recognize the driver as Paul Bates, 36, Britain's longest-living respiratory-polio case. Paralyzed from the neck down for the past 17

Die Weltwoche (March 12, '71). © 1971 by Die Weltwoche, Talacker 41, Zürich, Switzerland

years, he has only a flicker of movement in three fingers and a thumb. Like many tetraplegics, he once lay idle and useless in a hospital bed. Now, through the magic of electronics, the flicker in those fingers has been harnessed to micro-switches so ingeniously that he enjoys a heady new life of freedom. A successful salesman for a line of hospital beds, he has written a book, drives his converted electric milk truck for shopping, visits pubs and indulges a penchant for travel.

Bates is one of many severely handicapped persons throughout the world whom such modern technology has rescued from the limbo of the useless, and returned to the world of the living. From Los Angeles to Hong Kong, from Pittsburgh to Vienna, spastics, arthritics, victims of thalidomide, multiple sclerosis and muscular dystrophy, and others stricken with paralyzing diseases are no longer institutionalized vegetables. Though confined to a bed or wheelchair, unable to use hands, feet or even voice, they can now command a battery of miracle machines that not only enable them to communicate with the outside world, but to live in it and make a contribution to it.

Breath of Life. One of the men most responsible for this Lazarus operation is a 43-year-old, ginger-haired English bachelor named Reginald Maling. Equipped with a laser intelligence and an abrasive manner, he is an engineer-inventor with a passion for solving mechanical and electrical problems—especially those which involve handicapped people. He has rarely been known to say no to any patient, however hopeless. He exploits whatever shred of movement the patient has—fingers, toes, heels, elbows, even an eyebrow. "There's always *something* to work on," he says.

Maling was thrust into his current role almost by accident. Working as a research chemist for a phonograph-record company in Aylesbury, England, ten years ago, he spent some free time helping paralytic patients at the Stoke Mandeville Hospital. One evening he saw a young man who had broken his neck water-skiing and was totally paralyzed from the neck down, his voice barely audible. He had just enough movement of his head to give a feeble blow on a police whistle, which his nurses had hung on a string near his mouth so that he could signal them. This gave Maling an idea. Why must the handicapped use hands or feet to run machines? Why not the mouth?

He designed a device that was operated by gentle pressure and suction on a tube whose mouthpiece looked like a cigarette holder. By "sucking" or "puffing" for a given length of time, even someone using a respirator could activate a mechanism that opened and closed doors, raised and lowered beds, turned on lights, heat, television. Even more important, for those who couldn't speak, the unit could be rigged to run an electric typewriter. By means

the invisible dressing

Pajamas by Stanley Herman for Mr. Mort

Beautiful blend: show-off flavor, no-show calories. Mild tomato-cy taste. Barely there calories. Kraft Low Calorie Thousand-Island tastes good going down. No artificial sweeteners. Pour some, thick and creamy, over chilled seafood.

KRAFT

Division of Kraftco Corporation

of a simple code, speeds up to 40 words a minute could be achieved.

Puzzled over what to call his brainchild, Maling described it literally: Patient Operated Selector Mechanism—or POSM. Pronounced, it came out POSSUM. Since *possum* is Latin for "I can," the name seemed appropriate, and it stuck.

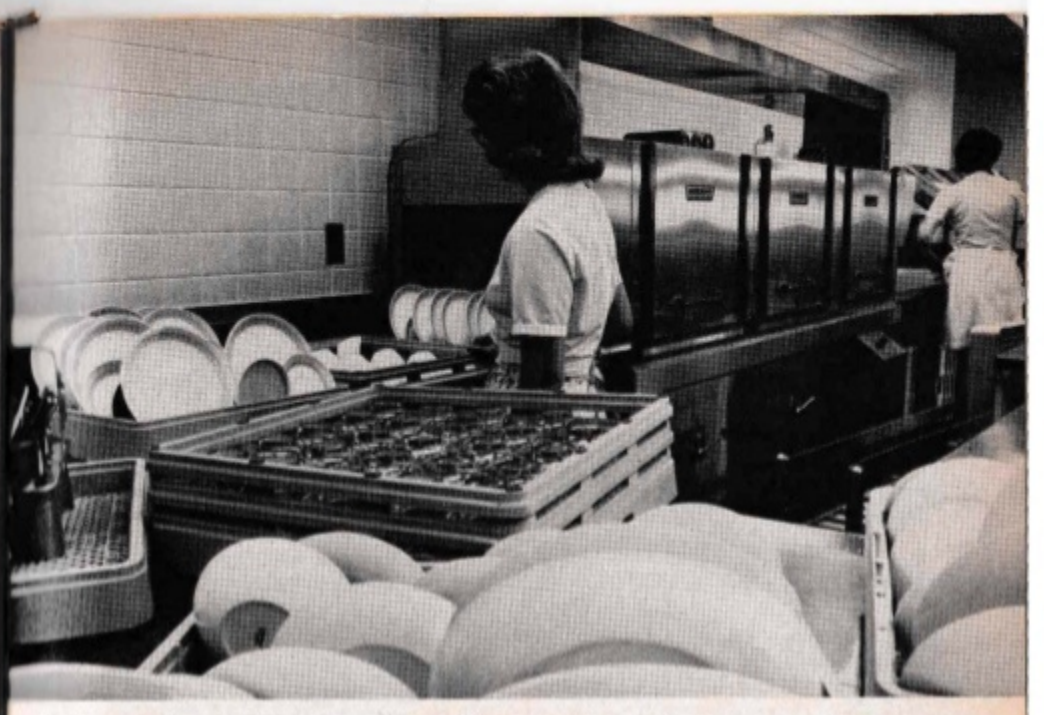
Electronic Rescue. Working nights and weekends, Maling spent more than a year building his unique mechanism. When it was completed, Paul Bates was chosen to demonstrate it on television. The possibility of controlling their immediate environment and achieving a measure of independence thrilled the handicapped who saw the program. It also led England's National Fund for Research Into Crippling Diseases to award Maling a number of grants over a period of five years —enabling him to work full-time at Stoke Mandeville developing Possums.

Maling and a little band of coworkers devised units for a variety of purposes. By adapting the original machine, patients were now able to operate adding machines, film projectors, switchboards, even industrial machine tools. One hopelessly paralyzed woman found her life revolutionized by a pair of micro-switches that Roger Jefcoate, a member of the Possum team, rigged up for her knees, the only part of her body with residual movement. With this fragile anchor in the electronic sea, she could not only be left alone safely but run a household for her husband and son. When she found she could actually contribute to the support of that household by typing manuscripts, her morale soared.

Bates implored Maling to do the impossible: enable him to drive. Maling measured the pressure left in each of Paul's good fingers, then worked out the technical details—thumb to steer right, middle finger left, forefinger to accelerate, and fourth finger to handle reverse, lights, traffic indicator and emergency brake. Soon Paul—who "hadn't enough strength in my fingers to crush a rotten tomato"—had won his license to drive on public roads.

This kind of custom designing was expensive, however, and Maling found himself in difficulties as the grants ran out. Since revenue from the sale of Possums was limited (the basic unit costs about $1000), the enterprise might have foundered if the British Department of Health and Social Security had not stepped in and decided to issue units to all who could benefit most from them. Today, half of Possum's sales are to the government. Since Possum-users no longer require hospitalization (up to $170 a week), the cost of the machine is, in effect, amortized within a few months, thus proving a blessing to the taxpayer as well as the handicapped.

Possum Power. To see what the latest devices can do to the lives of the disabled, I spent a week in England calling on Possum-users



Experience is the best teacher.

No wonder KitchenAid makes such good dishwashers.

Look at all the experience we've had. We're the world's oldest and largest commercial dishwasher manufacturer.

We got started making dishwashers for restaurants over 80 years ago. That taught us plenty about making dishwashers for the home.

Some of our original KitchenAid dishwashers are still in use after 20 years. With few or no repairs.

If you'd like that kind of experience with your dishwasher, see your KitchenAid dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. Or write KitchenAid Dishwasher Division, Dept. 1DRD-4, The Hobart Manufacturing Company, Troy, Ohio 45373.

KitchenAid
Dishwashers and Disposers
Hot-water Dispensers

gave him an aptitude test for computer programming. Dick scored 100 percent, the first man ever to do so. Today he works for Ford as a part-time computer programmer. He lives at a center for bright spastics, where he's spending his free time studying electronics.

Possible Dreams. The future is bright for the handicapped, says Maling. Machines for them will become cheaper, more widespread and more sophisticated. For example, the "word store" typewriter is now being tested—at the press of a key it will release whole words and phrases, as well as just letters. Moreover, he cites the fact that America in the last few years has come up with a host of other new electronic devices.

Maling's pioneering counterpart in the United States is 52-year-old Haig Kafafian. Six years ago, he quit his weapons-designing job and co-founded the Cybernetics Research Institute (C/R/I), devoted to creating an arsenal of devices for the handicapped. Kafafian's first brainchild was "Cybertype," an electric typewriter whose keyboard of 49 keys is operable from a portable control board of one, seven or 14 keys that can be triggered by hands, fists, elbows or any other part of the body that the patient can move (one California woman operates hers with her tongue).

But one of Kafafian's most imaginative inventions is an electronic system that may enable the totally speechless and immobile to communicate by utilizing selected electric waves generated by their central nervous systems. This invention, through the use of appropriately located pick-ups, would activate an electric typewriter, computer, or any other device by thought processes alone. Although still being tested, Kafafian's belief—"If a person can control his thoughts, I can have him communicating"—is already a reality in his laboratory.

A continuing development program of electrical and medicinal aids for the severely handicapped is also being carried on at the Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine, New York University Medical Center.

"In effect," Maling says, "we're only at the beginning of what's possible." Even so, the present looks mighty good to hundreds of users of Possum devices around the world. Perhaps their reaction can best be summed up by a cable Maling received from a Chinese accident victim in Singapore who'd just mastered his special typewriter: "I feel as though I'd come back from the dead!"

FOR INFORMATION on electronic devices for the handicapped, write to: Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine, New York University Medical Center, 400 E. 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10016; and Cybernetics Research Institute, 2233 Wisconsin Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007.

Courage: The power to let go of the familiar. —Raymond Lindquist

Simulated television reception on all sets.
Sears sets range from less than $200 to $900. See the huge selection at all Sears stores and in the catalog.

How to pick the right color television

What to look for in any brand—and why, feature for feature, dollar for dollar, we believe Sears is your best buy.

How good is the color?
How easy is the set to tune?
These are the two main questions to ask about any color television set.

Nearly every new feature you hear about deals with one or the other. But the features are often described in technical language that few people understand.

Sears will explain, in simple language, what these features are all about. Once you know, picking the right set with the right features at the right price is easy.

Color and two Sears advantages

Today, many brands can give you good natural flesh-tone color.

The difference is that some provide it at the expense of background colors. You'll get people that look like people—but the background colors will be off. Skies will be green. And grass will be blue. Not all the time. Just enough to be annoying.

At Sears, we solved this problem.

We use Automatic Tint Lock. It's new. And a first with Sears. It gives you people that look like people—together with good background colors.

On some color TV's people will look okay, but the background colors will be off.

Sears Automatic Tint Lock gives you natural flesh-tone color—together with good background color. Even when you change channels.

They'll hold true even when you change channels.

For viewers who are particularly fussy about color, Sears has an extraordinary feature called Chromix. It allows you to add delicate shades

of color you can't get from most other sets.

Ordinarily, you can add only two shades: magenta (purplish red) and green. Chromix adds two more: blue and brown. Four instead of two. For a complete range of colors. Whether or not you use them is up to you, but they're there if you want them.

Sears sets also have:

KEYED AUTOMATIC GAIN CONTROL. Keeps picture constant under varying conditions. That is, so it doesn't shimmy when a plane flies over.

AUTOMATIC CHROMA CONTROL. Keeps colors from fluctuating when programs change, or you change channels.

AUTOMATIC COLOR PURIFIER. Gets rid of impurities in the color.

Not all brands have all these features. All Sears sets do.

Finally you should know that color quality varies from brand to brand. And not everyone agrees as to what is most pleasing. You may like the color of a particular set, but someone else may not.

The only way to decide if it's good or bad is to look at it. If the color pleases you, fine. If not, keep shopping.

Thousands of people who come into Sears never go any further. They like Sears color the moment they see it.

Automatic Fine Tuning and why Sears uses it

Color television sets are becoming easier and easier to tune.

One reason is that an AFC—automatic fine tuning control—is on most of the better sets.

AFC gives you a clear picture automatically as soon as you turn your set on. Or flip channels.

Is it necessary? Many people think so. Without it, you would have to fine tune your picture manually. And most people can't do it half as well as the AFC can.

The Sears automatic fine tuner is better than most because it can pick up signals that others miss.

Sears puts AFC not only on most consoles, but on many portables as well.

Ease of tuning, like color quality, varies from one set to the next. Some brands are more difficult to tune than others.

The only way to decide if a particular model is easy to tune is to try tuning it yourself.

Wide screen picture, bright picture tube, bonded etched tube

No doubt you'll be reading about the new *wide screen picture.* What is it?

With it you'll see the entire picture—just as the cameraman sees it. Up to now, part of the picture was cut off at the sides.

Sears has the new wide screen picture on its new 25" (diagonal measure) color television.

The *bright picture tube* makes whites whiter; making the color picture brighter and clearer.

At Sears we use the best bright picture tube made. It gives you brightness without sacrificing contrast. In other words, without washing out the dark colors.

A *bonded etched tube* mini-

The fiscal waters are rising and the debt is getting deeper. Soon we will be in over our heads. A few ways to stem the tide

Watch on the Potomac

By Kenneth Y. Tomlinson and George Denison

Time and again the Nixon Administration, like its predecessors, has declared war on wasteful government spending. But despite the usual claims by federal officials that nonessential items have been cut from the new $229 billion budget for fiscal 1972, it is evident that fat can *always* be found.

Here is a small, documented sampling.

1. Tighten up programs for the poor. The federal government foots half the bill to house some 1100 welfare families in rundown, unsafe New York City hotels, often at luxury prices. For monthly rents averaging $600 per family, they are frequently packed into filthy rooms featuring rats and raw sewage.

Last year the Department of Labor poured $71,000 into a job-training program in Gary, Ind., without consulting the local unions and contractors. Result: only one trainee was placed in a paying job!

2. Control government watchdogs. The federal government spends about $185 million a year to inspect food. These inspections are necessary, but some dairy products are inspected, admittedly for different reasons, by four different government units: military veterinarians, the Food and Drug Administration, the Department of Agriculture and

the state department of health.

3. Check leaks in the foreign-aid spigot. U.S. taxpayers have supported the Inter-American Development Bank to the tune of $3 billion in the last ten years. In one dealing, the Bank loaned $273 million to irrigate land in Mexico where no crops could possibly grow, even with ample water.

The United States gave Honduras $149 million in aid between 1961 and 1970. Result: U.S. auditors found "no evident acceleration of its overall social or political development." Indeed, there was ample evidence that the money had been pumped into the country faster than it could be absorbed and spent.

Foreign-aid officials, wanting to build 40 barges for the South Vietnamese, exported twice the amount of steel needed for the project. But only 16 barges were constructed. The remainder of the steel was left to rust in mud near Saigon's main harbor. Congressional probers estimated the waste to the American taxpayer at $1 million.

4. Stop subsidizing pollution. Over the past eight years, the Economic Development Administration has sunk $12.3 million into a sugar-processing plant in Maine. The plant is still losing money, and has caused so much pollution in the Prestile Stream that a $196,000 grant had to be obtained from the Federal Water Pollution Control Agency to clean it up.

5. Look twice before spending. The General Accounting Office found that the Veterans Administration paid 60-percent more for drugs bought outright from suppliers than it would have through competitive bidding or negotiated purchases.

A civilian subcontractor for the U.S. Air Force purchased $9.5 million worth of heavy equipment to construct an airfield in Vietnam. But $7.4 million worth of duplicate equipment purchased by a U.S. Navy contractor for the *same job* had already been sent to Vietnam. The Air Force had paid premium prices because of the "rush" nature of the project!

The federal government squanders millions by leasing U.S. post offices rather than building them. A 30-year lease for the Detroit post office will cost taxpayers $54 million for buildings and land that actually cost less than $22 million. The Harrisburg, Pa., post office will cost $15,340,800 for property its owner purchased for $8.4 million.

DECLARES longtime watchdog of the federal treasury, Rep. H. R. Gross (R., Iowa), "We need cost-cutting at every level of the gigantic federal establishment." Now!

Animal Claquers. Woman to husband at breakfast table: "Funny you don't like that cereal—six dancing chipmunks and a purple baby elephant on TV spoke rather highly of it." —Bob Barnes, Register and Tribune Syndicate

4 ways better than ordinary garden hose...
■ Extra flexible, even below 0°.
■ Drains itself automatically. Easy to pick up, move and put away.
■ Easy to handle, resists kinking.
■ Premium burst strength.
This hose gets the job done, too. Delivers full flow to nozzle or sprinkler, and it has solid brass couplings. Choose from two types: FlatLine garden hose with polymer 23, or regular FlatLine reinforced vinyl garden hose. Wherever garden supplies are sold.
For the name of your nearest FlatLine garden hose dealer, phone 800-243-6000 any hour, any day FREE. (In Connecticut, call 800-942-0655).
FlatLine® garden hose
AMERACE ESNA
FlatLine is a registered trademark of Amerace Esna Corporation. Hose patent pending.
WATER ON
WATER OFF
Turn pages for more beautiful lawn ideas
For a More Beautiful Lawn This Year

Trim an hour off your lawn.

There was a time when lawn trimming had to be time consuming and tedious. Complete with blisters and wrist cramps. There was no better way.

Now there is.

A Disston cordless electric grass shear triples trimming speed. All you do is push the button and go. Under fences, along hedges, around trees.

When you're finished, just plug the unit into a wall socket. One charge trims the perimeter of a football field.

And for just a little more money, our new upright model saves you a lot of bending.

Visit your hardware, garden or department store and ask about our entire line of cordless electric products. They'll put time on your hands. Not blisters.

For the name of nearest store that sells Disston products, call toll-free 800-243-6000. In Connecticut, call 800-942-0655.

Suggested retail **$29.95**
Upright model $34.95

DISSTON
Cordless electric grass shears

For a More Beautiful Lawn This Year

The mowers Detroit couldn't build

If they built your car like a Yard-Man mower, your service station, mechanic, parts house and car dealer wouldn't see you for many years.

Sorry, Detroit. But Yard-Man mowers are high-precision engineered to stay tough and trouble-free...for the long, long run. They don't have early break-downs or wear out fast like cut-rate mowers. A Yard-Man is made to last.

Take our tough, very maneuverable, 5-horsepowered Mustang Rider. Has every advanced mower safety feature plus a flexible suspension that eliminates "scalping."

Or choose our self-propelled, walk-behind rotary. Its unique blade design absolutely prevents clogging, and the magnesium body will never rust.

Both, of course, have adjustable blade heights, key starting, and a list of features that could go on and on.

Before you buy a mower—a new one or your first one—check out the fine quality Yard-Man line.

For the name and address of your nearest Yard-Man dealer, telephone these toll-free numbers now: 800-942-0655 (Connecticut) or 800-243-6000 (U.S., except Connecticut).

YARD-MAN

For a More Beautiful Lawn This Year

He is one of the most ferocious-looking creatures on earth. But the King Kong appearance is only a front. Behind it is one of the animal kingdom's gentlest and most peaceable citizens

The Gorilla Is a Paper Tiger

Condensed from
FRONTIERS
ALLEN RANKIN

HE'S THE hulking monster of horror tales and nightmares, a beetlebrowed killer who's supposed to get his kicks from making off with luscious young women or rending jungle explorers limb from limb. Such is the lurid legend of the gorilla, mightiest of the great apes, our closest relatives in the animal kingdom. It is all a far cry from reality, say today's zoologists, who in the last dozen years have finally learned the truth. Beneath those gargantuan chests, glowering scowls and bared fangs lies a tender and loving nature. When left alone in their native habitat—the rain forests of equatorial Africa—gorillas are among the gentlest and most peaceable of souls. In carefree tribes of up to 30 individuals, they spend their days stuffing themselves with tender plants and roots, taking long naps and otherwise harmlessly enjoying life. Even when their home ground is invaded, they're inclined to take a live-and-let-live attitude.

Company Manners. Last year, Dian Fossey, a plucky investigator for the National Geographic Society, emerged unscathed after living for three years among wild gorillas in central Africa. She reported that in 2000 hours of direct observation of her hairy hosts—often within grabbing distance—they showed "less than five minutes of what might be called aggressive behavior." Once five awesome, full-grown male gorillas *did* charge the lone lady simultaneously. With the leader towering within three feet of her, she spread her arms wide and shouted, "Whoa!" The startled assault force stopped—and all five

FRONTIERS: A MAGAZINE OF NATURAL HISTORY (APRIL '71), © 1971 BY THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES OF PHILADELPHIA, 19 ST. & THE PARKWAY, PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19103

12K gold-filled. Pen with 14K gold point, $18.00. Ballpoint, $8.50. Pencil, $8.50. Gift-cased.
EXPRESSIONS
SHEAFFER
the proud craftsmen
Brushed chrome with bright chrome accents. Pen, $7.50. Ballpoint, $3.95. Pencil, $3.95. Gift-cased.
W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, A COMPANY. FORT MADISON, IOWA

resumed their company manners.

This confirmed the findings of George B. Schaller, of the New York Zoological Society, who in 1959 undertook the first thorough scientific study ever made of these mystery-shrouded animals.

Six feet tall and weighing between 400 and 500 pounds, a grown male gorilla is 10 to 14 times as powerful as the strongest man. Standing erect, massive arms flung skyward, he seems much like King Kong, the 50-foot-high apparition of fiction. But Schaller learned that gorillas prefer to use their power and menacing display not to seek trouble but to *avoid* it. Many times, when he approached, the tribe would retreat in orderly fashion, while the ape-king stood fast. Facing the "enemy," he ripped up and hurled masses of underbrush, slapped his chest with the resonance of bongo drums, gave a cavernous show of teeth and horrific roars that scared even the elephants in the area. Occasionally, he would charge—always stopping just short of the mark.

"It's all a masterful bluffing act," concluded Schaller. "The big fellows seem to be torn between their duty to defend their tribes and their desire to flee from danger. So, to blow off tension and frighten their enemies, they pound their chests and throw things around."

As the animals gradually became accustomed to the naturalist's presence, their threats subsided to grunts of annoyance or curiosity. In his 20 months of research, Schaller had 314

encounters with gorillas, some of whom ventured within five feet of him. One curious female even came to sit beside him on the same tree branch.

Life in Eden. Since man and the gorilla began branching away from common ancestors some 26 million years ago, the gorilla, in certain simple respects, has done better than we have. Food? Gorillas can get all the succulent greenery they want without moving far out of their tracks. And in satisfying their gourmet appetites they have become masterly botanists, able to locate a great variety of plant foods, which they dissect with surgical skill. (The soft hearts of banana trees are especially irresistible—causing many a plantation owner to swear a vendetta against the culprits.) Shelter? To make their crude bed-nests, they simply rake in the nearest mass of foliage and tuck it under and around them.

Peace and tranquillity? They have it—or did before man invaded their Eden. No other animal preys on them. (Of course, if they are taxed beyond their patience, they can and will demolish a man, or even a powerful leopard, with a single squeeze or lion-size bite.) They don't have to fight each other for *any* need and don't war among themselves. Frequently, several groups will share the same territory, meet on friendly terms and even interchange members.

Their government is a dictatorship so benign that it's almost demo-

The salt substitute that tastes like it isn't

Morton Salt Substitute makes it easy to stay on a salt-free diet.

It's the next best thing to the real thing.

We should know. We've made the real thing for almost 60 years.

cratic. The male boss of a tribe is always less a Hitler than an easygoing politician. He does sometimes assert his right to the choicest food, the most receptive female or the driest spot when it's raining. But, in general, he's tolerant and doesn't object much even if another male abducts one of his concubines right before his eyes. Intelligence and a knack for getting along seem to count as much as brawn in determining who emerges—and remains—as chief.

Permissive Papas. As long as the old king holds his job, his subjects look to him for every decision—when to go foraging, where to camp. Communication is by voice signals—low grumbles and grunts when contented, sharp grunts and barks when scattered in dense vegetation, harsh barks when annoyed, and screams and roars when angry or alarmed. Schaller counted about 20 distinct such vocalizations.

Indulgent fathers and uncles, the males spoil the "children." Even the leader allows them to pull his hair, tweak his nose and mock his chest-beating. Child care and discipline are left strictly up to Mama, and she's superb at the job. She lets the youngsters go ape at their favorite games—follow-the-leader, swinging and stunting on vines, and sliding down the mountainous backs and bellies of the grownups. But with only a sharp glance, she can abruptly send the kids scurrying obediently to bed. Since every infant is almost totally dependent on her for about three years, she practices admirable birth control and produces a new offspring only about every third or fourth year. (The male gorilla is no rampant sex maniac; indeed, judged by human standards, he seems almost indifferent to sex.)

Once it was thought that gorillas aren't as bright as chimpanzees. But a top authority, Switzerland's Dr. Ernst Lang, director of the Basel Zoo, says, "It's not that gorillas can't do the things that chimps do, but just that they're smart enough to do only what *they* want to do. They're all individualists—independent and superior personalities."

The gorilla's world is far from all bliss, however. They're plagued with the same diseases as people are—especially the common cold and other respiratory ailments; their average life-span in the wild is only 20 years. Though gorilla hunting is now illegal in most sections, poaching persists, and some African tribes still hunt them for food, assailing them with nets and spears.

Much worse, proliferating farms

KENT STATE

WHAT HAPPENED AND WHY

Condensed from the book by

JAMES A. MICHENER

On the green and gentle campus the stage was set for tragedy. For three days the lethal tempo had quickened: students rioting by night to protest the Cambodian invasion; the fiery demolition of the ROTC building; the summoning of the National Guard to restore order; countless small and ugly scenes of division between undergraduates and those in authority. And now the university was guarded by guns, and—in an atmosphere of fear, uncertainty and cold calculation—the terrible climax was about to begin. The appalling events that occurred at Kent State University in Ohio last spring continue to touch the conscience of every American concerned about the divisive gulf that separates our country's young and old. In this installment, Pulitzer Prize-winning author James Michener concludes his masterful interpretation of one of the landmark events of our time.

Teen-age runaway Mary Vecchio laments over the body of Jeff Miller

KENT STATE
WHAT HAPPENED AND WHY

by

JAMES A. MICHENER

Condensed from a Reader's Digest Press Book

THE STUDENTS who had stayed at Kent State University over the weekend arose on Monday, May 4, 1970, to greet one of the loveliest spring days of the year. The sky was clear and the sun gave promise of increasing warmth. Early risers noticed that Kent's many trees were about to break into leaf, and for the first time this year they had the feeling that summer might be truly on its way.

As seven o'clock neared, all highways leading into Kent became jammed with cars bringing students and faculty back to campus after weekends at home, and massive traffic tie-ups occurred. As many as 6000 students and 500 professors and teaching fellows returned to Kent uncertain as to what had been happening on their campus and uninformed as to what laws were now in effect. Unbelievable as it seems, some had not even heard that the university had experienced rioting and that the National Guard had been brought onto the campus. The

"KENT STATE: WHAT HAPPENED AND WHY," COPYRIGHT © 1971 BY THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION, INC. CONDENSED FROM A READER'S DIGEST PRESS BOOK, TO BE PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH RANDOM HOUSE, INC., 201 E. 50 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. PHOTOS, PAGES 218 AND 235: COPYRIGHT © 1970 TARENTUM, PA., VALLEY DAILY NEWS. JOHN P. FILO, PHOTOGRAPHER

first they learned of this was when they parked their cars at the huge lot by the football field and boarded a campus bus for the trip to their classrooms.

"You hear about the burning?" a student would ask.

"What burning?"

Of course, when the buses halted at Administration and incoming students walked the brief distance to where the ROTC building had stood, they saw with shock the burned and ruined fragments. A hastily built fence cordoned it off. Many students who in the past had said lightly, "I'd like to see ROTC off campus," were dismayed by the hideous sight.

As the day warmed, couples began to appear on Blanket Hill, which rises above the university's Commons, a beautiful eight-acre field of grass. They sprawled on the warm earth, talking, or reviewing notes for their classes. With each hour more showed up, so that by mid-morning the area resembled a vast outdoor study hall.

Many students observed with pleasure that Kent's black squirrels were out in lively force. Shimmering and sleek, these unruly, rambunctious little beasts were one of the happiest features of the university, and they made Kent's campus unique. The entire population had grown from a single pair trapped in 1954 by the university groundskeeper, during a trip to the north woods of Canada. Set free on campus, they had bred and thrived over the years, accommodating to the gray squirrels but driving off the reds. By 1970, they had spread to all parts of the city and to the residential areas. Their frolics had made them the mascots of Kent.

But, on this day, returning students found other visitors to their university. Robert Stamps was walking to his 9:55 Spanish class in Satterfield Hall when he heard a voice calling him. Two National Guardsmen came running over to shake hands. "I recognized both of them," Stamps says. "One was in my geology class the year before."

A group of girls, turning a corner suddenly, came upon one of the massive armed personnel carriers stationed at Bowman Hall. "Tanks!" they screamed. At other points on campus, students saw contingents of the 850 National Guardsmen who had been summoned to Kent State.

"We've been invaded!" one girl cried in disbelief.

"The Guard has taken over," others explained, and throughout the university that morning there were endless discussions of what had happened during the weekend.

On Friday, there had been a demonstration on campus against President Nixon's decision to send troops into Cambodia. That night, on North Water Street in Kent, students had rioted. Fires were lighted and 47 windows were smashed. A curfew had been imposed on both the city of Kent and the university campus, but on Saturday night a crowd of some 2000 marched on the

ADVERTISEMENT

A Skin that is Youthful and Beautifully Flawless

FOR countless centuries the soft bloom of a lovely skin has stirred artists and poets to eulogize the exquisite splendours of the feminine complexion. In past eras, though, these smooth, flawless qualities lasted only briefly—women knew very little about the processes of skin-cell renewal and about how best to care for their skin.

Today it is a different story. The life and loveliness of the complexion can have a remarkable and reassuring timelessness, largely due to a unique blend of tropical moist oils which is virtually unprecedented in its skin-cherishing and beautifying abilities.

A superbly flawless complexion enjoys a spontaneous flow of natural skin oils and never suffers from lack of moisture. The slightest lack of these natural fluids can accentuate fine lines and other ageing symptoms developing on the complexion. This is especially true in America where an imbalance of skin fluids is often brought about by climatic extremes.

Sometimes a spell of rough weather may be responsible for drying the skin. Very often a parched-looking complexion is caused by years of unintentional neglect. Most frequently, however, it is simply that the glands tend to become less energetic as each year passes and consequently manufacture less and less of the vital skin fluids. The purpose of Olay's unusual blend of moist oils is to assist nature when necessary to supplement these natural fluids and so give your complexion a fuller measure of health and beauty.

This moist oil beauty fluid is completely compatible with the skin's own fluids, and combines with them to help prevent the dreadful dryness that emphasizes wrinkles. When applied to your face and neck each day and used as an ideal base for make-up, the moist oil assures that your cosmetics will remain dewy-fresh for many hours.

In Britain this moist tropical oil is obtainable as Oil of Ulay, and in tropical countries it is known as Oil of Ulan. In the United States of America it is available from druggists as Oil of Olay. It is undoubtedly one of the reasons why modern women everywhere are finding that the lovely, flawless complexion that was once so rare and fleeting is now a very real and far more easily-acquired beauty asset. Ask your druggist for Oil of Olay and start bringing new freshness and youthful looking beauty to your complexion.

ROTC building, which was soon set ablaze. Firemen were called to the scene, but they had been viciously assaulted and were driven off, their hoses chopped and shredded by ice picks and machetes.

Late Saturday night, the Guard had arrived and secured control. But on Sunday there had been some ugly scenes. The Guard had been forced to break up crowds of youngsters who threatened violence and defied the curfew. Some students had been bayoneted, although none had suffered serious wounds. From Sunday evening until dawn the Guard had patrolled the university, and during the night helicopters had flown above the campus, their eerie spotlights playing over the dormitory buildings.

Distant Thunder

As THE students entered their classrooms on this lovely spring morning, many were convinced that despite the presence of the Guard campus life would continue as usual. Others were more apprehensive. Sue Greco, a sophomore, remembers a notice which appeared on a lavatory door in her dorm:

WARNING!
You are under martial law!
Gov. James Rhodes

"Seven or eight rules were spelled out," says Sue, "telling us what we could or could not do. It was clear to me the Guard was in control."

She was wrong. A state of martial law did not exist, despite thousands of announcements to that effect. For martial law to be proclaimed, three conditions are essential: there must be a complete breakdown of civil authority; the state National Guard must assume all civil powers; a proclamation must be signed by the Governor. None of these things had been done.

Governor Rhodes had paid a brief visit to Kent on Sunday and had declared, "We are going to ask for an injunction . . . equivalent to a state of emergency." But there is no official record that such an injunction was ever sought or obtained, and the rules the Governor intended to apply were never officially defined. In their absence, the emergency remained a local one, and the Guard's prerogatives were a matter to be worked out between Mayor LeRoy Satrom and Gen. Sylvester T. del Corso, who was in command of the Guard.

On Sunday, university officials and Guard members had met in the Administration building on campus to resolve this complex matter. One issue was discussed at length. What restrictions would a governor's proclamation place on the university and its students? Did a state of emergency permit groups to gather on campus? The officials debated for some time and finally Maj. Harry D. Jones, battalion staff officer of the 145th Infantry, gave the final opinion: No outdoor rallies or gatherings should be allowed.

That day the university prepared and distributed 12,000 leaflets which

The gift that costs $12 an ounce

It's the Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen. In solid sterling silver. Yet so slim and so carefully made it weighs just an ounce.

But what an ounce!
It includes an ink supply that lasts and lasts and lasts. It will write better months longer—three times longer than the ordinary ballpoint.

That ounce includes a ball tip that writes cleanly from the start, and puts down a crisp track at less than four ounces of pressure.

That ounce can be had with five distinctive point styles: broad, medium, fine, extra-fine and even extra-extra-fine. This feature makes the 75 Classic an especially thoughtful gift; the pen can be custom-fit to match the recipient's own personal writing style.

And that ounce is guaranteed against defects in material or workmanship for the owner's lifetime or Parker will repair or replace it—free.

Twelve dollars is a lot to pay for a gift that weighs just an ounce.

Unless it's an ounce of perfection. The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen.

PARKER
Maker of the world's most wanted pens

The sterling silver Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen is $12. With matching Cartridge Pencil, $24. A memorable gift for personal or business friends. Other fine Parker pens to own or give, from the $1.98 Jotter Ball Pen to the $150 Presidential Fountain Pen.

listed a number of directives, including the statement that all outdoor demonstrations and rallies, peaceful and otherwise, were prohibited by the Governor's orders. This same message was broadcast repeatedly on the campus radio. At the Friday demonstration, there had been an announcement that a rally to protest U.S. involvement in Cambodia would be held at noon Monday. This noon rally was now clearly prohibited. But unfortunately thousands of returning students and hundreds of professors knew nothing about the message. Instead, as they reported to their classrooms, they heard of the rally from fellow students, and saw announcements scrawled on blackboards.

There was still another source of confusion on campus, one that seemed far more disturbing. That morning, the university was plagued with about 15 different bomb reports within a few hours, each of which disrupted classes and each of which had to be investigated.

Therefore, the Kent State campus on this Monday morning must be viewed not only as a casual gathering place for students, but also as a scene of uncertainty, fear and planned riot.

The Bell Tolls

At 10 a.m., while classes were in session, Brig. Gen. Robert H. Canterbury, assistant to General del Corso, called for another meeting to discuss plans for the day. Among those present were Mayor Satrom

and Robert I. White, president of Kent State. Once again the question of the rally came up, and there are conflicting reports on what was said there. But, when the conference ended, there was no doubt among those who had attended that the noon rally was banned.

Shortly after 11, an announcement was broadcast over the university radio station: "All demonstrations and outdoor meetings are banned by order of the Governor. The National Guard has the power to arrest any student at such a gathering." This was repeated several times during radio newscasts, but had reached only a small proportion of the students.

Dan Fuller, assistant professor of English, was not aware that the rally had been prohibited. When he met with his creative-writing students that morning, he told them that on this day their own campus provided them with one of the great subjects for writing: masses of people in conflict. He felt it only natural to dismiss his class early so that the students could see for themselves what was happening.

Not long after, some of his students saw Fuller on the Commons and asked, "The Guards don't have loaded weapons, do they?"

"No danger," he replied. "I saw the Guards in action at Wisconsin. Their weapons were never loaded."

It was a common belief among both professors and students as they

Attention Ford, Chevrolet & Plymouth owners!
Firestone DELUXE CHAMPION SUP-R-BELT
The double-belted tire that comes on many new 1971 cars
4 for $99
F78-15 Tubeless Blackwalls.
Plus $2.62 per tire F.E.T. and 4 tires off your car. Similar prices on singles and pairs. Whitewalls and other sizes comparably low priced.
Now everyone can afford to enjoy the long mileage, quick steering response, dependable traction and performance of this outstanding 1971 original equipment tire. Available at all participating Firestone dealers and stores...“charge it” if you choose.
DeLuxe Champion®

gathered on Commons that the Guard did not have live ammunition in their rifles.* But this illusion was not shared by one student group. As Prof. Edward Crosby, director of the Institute for African-American Affairs, sat in his office waiting for his regular Monday-morning interviews, a young black man hurried into his room and said sharply, "You've got to get off this campus right now!"

The Black United Students (BUS) at Kent State had decided as early as Friday that no blacks would be involved in any demonstrations on campus that weekend. The young man was a representative of BUS, and his conversation with Professor Crosby explains why almost no black students were present at the tragedy that would soon take place.

"Why must I leave?" Crosby asked.

"There are Guardsmen out there. They have loaded rifles."

"What have they to do with me?"

"They like to shoot blacks."

"What are you talking about?"

"Professor Crosby, you may be a very intelligent man," said the BUS student. "But there are some things you don't know. I'm from Newark, N.J. And I *do* know. You'd better get the hell off campus!" And Crosby left.

FRESH from his meeting with university and town officials, General Canterbury arrived at the burned-out ROTC building shortly before 11:30. Surveying the Commons before him, he concluded at first that the crowd did not constitute a significant threat. But 15 minutes later he changed his mind. He was astonished to find that, as classes ended at 11:50, students were continuing to gather as if the rally were still authorized. Each minute the crowd grew larger, and when he saw about 600 students massing not far from his troops he was justifiably concerned. He issued a command that the students be dispersed.

At 11:48, someone began ringing the victory bell. Mounted on a low brick housing on Blanket Hill, this bell continued clanging for the next 15 minutes, and it played a major role, first in assembling the students and then in keeping them agitated.

At Taylor Hall, Prof. Harvey Saalberg, of the Journalism School, was in his office, which overlooked the bell. As a boy, the professor had almost met death in a Nazi concentration camp, and when the bell went on ringing, almost like a summons to violence, he could stand it no longer. Striding down to Commons, he shouted, "Why don't you stop this racket? It will only lead to trouble!"

"We'll go when they go," the young men around the bell replied. "Troops have no right to be on our campus!"

When Saalberg persisted, the students turned toward him menacing-

(Continued on page 232)

*The day before, some Guardsmen had shown students that they had blank cartridges as well as live ammunition.

Enjoy an ice cream cone shortly before lunch.

Sugar can be the willpower you need to undereat.

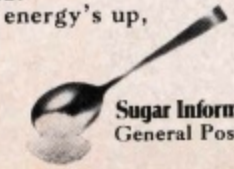
When you're hungry, it usually means your energy's down.

By eating something with sugar in it, you can get your energy up fast. In fact, sugar is the fastest energy food around.

And when your energy's up, there's a good chance you'll have the willpower to undereat at mealtime.

How's that for a sweet idea?

Sugar . . . only 18 calories per teaspoon, and it's all energy.



Sugar Information
General Post Office Box 94, New York, N.Y. 10001

ADVERTISEMENT

How Long Since You've Heard Fats Waller Holler Lulu's Back in Town?

Or Pete Fountain's Dixieland clarinet bobbing and weaving through *Muskrat Ramble*... Count Basie "wrapping up" *St. Louis Boogie* or Harry James' jabbing, cutting, slicing trumpet attacks on *One O'Clock Jump, Roll 'Em* and *Life Goes to a Party?* How long *has* it been?

These great fun performances were first heard 25 or 35 years ago. They still swing in memory. They're timeless. And now you can hear 72 of them—all original performances—as often as you like, in an amazingly alive *modern* sound that will astonish and delight you with its clarity and brilliance.

From one of the most exciting eras of popular American music, Reader's Digest created IN THE GROOVE WITH THE KINGS OF SWING—a Collector's Edition of *original performance* recordings from the golden age of rhythm. These are the famed, fast-moving performances of the great bands, of small combos and jam sessions of top instrumental soloists playing for themselves—72 immortal musical happenings on six 12-inch LP records that offer you three and a half hours of unforgettable—and swinging—listening.

Until our music editors asked RCA's engineers to get rid of the surface noises and other flaws that plagued the early records, no one had ever heard such clear, crisp, *modern* recordings of these classic rhythm performances. But *you* can! Discover how very good they were—the big bands and small groups of Artie Shaw,

For 10 Days Free Trial hear these immortal swing hits

1 *A String of Pearls,* Glenn Miller • *Muskrat Ramble,* Dukes of Dixieland • *Backstage at Stuff's,* Count Basie • *Honeysuckle Rose,* RCA Victor All-Stars • *My Melancholy Baby,* Red Nichols • *Roll 'Em,* Benny Goodman • *Night and Day,* Charlie Barnet • *Yes Indeed!,* Tommy Dorsey • *Ain't Misbehavin',* Louis Armstrong • *Traffic Jam,* Artie Shaw • *Carolina Shout,* Fats Waller • *Bye Bye Blackbird,* Pete Kelly.

2 *Life Goes to a Party,* Benny Goodman • *St. Louis Boogie,* Count Basie • *12th Street Rag,* Sidney Bechet • *Sobbin' Blues,* Bunny Berigan • *On the Sunny Side of the Street,* Lionel Hampton • *When the Saints Come Marching In,* Dukes of Dixieland • *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles,* Gene Krupa • *Blue Lou,* Metronome All-Star Band • *I Never Knew,* Count Basie • *Limehouse Blues,* Wingy Manone • *It's All Right with Me,* Jonah Jones • *Well, Git It,* Tommy Dorsey.

3 *Wrappin' It Up,* Benny Goodman • *Original Dixieland One-Step,* Dukes of Dixieland • *Boogie Woogie Cocktail,* Andy Kirk • *Hard Hearted Hannah,* Pete Kelly • *Special Delivery Stomp,* Artie Shaw, Gramercy Five • *Cotton Tail,* Duke Ellington • *Poor Butterfly,* Red Nichols • *Opus ½,* Benny Goodman Quartet • *One O'Clock Jump,* Metronome All-Star Band • *Learnin' the Blues,* Jonah Jones • *Boogie Woogie Maxixe,* Will Bradley-Johnny Guarnieri • *China Boy,* Bud Freeman.

See other side!

Hear Gene Krupa drum, *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles.*

SAVINGS CERTIFICATE

$1 Springtime Sale! $1

$1 OFF IN THE GROOVE

(Offer good until June 30, 1971)

Please send me your six-record album, IN THE GROOVE WITH THE KINGS OF SWING, for 10 days free trial. If not delighted, I can return it within 10 days, if I wish at your expense, and owe nothing. If I decide to keep it, this $1 Savings Certificate will reduce the regular price of $12.99 (plus shipping) to $11.99 (plus shipping)—which I may pay in 3 easy monthly installments, with no interest or charge for credit. You will include, at no extra cost, my "Star Finder" and 12-page music guide, "The Kings of Swing," which I will return with the album should I decide not to accept your offer.

☐ STEREO: Check this box for Electronic Stereo records (re-recorded to simulate Stereo) only $2 more for all 6 records—a total of $13.99.

NAME _____ (please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

4/71-A

READER'S DIGEST • PLEASANTVILLE, N.Y. 10570

Mail your Certificate today. Send no money now.

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 1
Pleasantville
New York

BUSINESS REPLY CARD

No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

Reader's Digest
Pleasantville, New York 10570

Detach Here and Mail Today

Play 72 marvelous original performances

4 *Bugle Call Rag*, Metronome All-Star Band • *At Sundown*, Muggsy Spanier • *Quaker City Jazz*, Jan Savitt • *Body and Soul*, Coleman Hawkins • *Cow Cow Blues*, Bob Zurke • *King Porter Stomp*, Benny Goodman • *Honky Tonk Train*, Will Bradley-Johnny Guarnieri • *St. Louis Blues*, John Kirby • *I've Got the World on a String*, Louis Armstrong • *That's a Plenty*, Dukes of Dixieland • *Second Balcony Jump*, Earl Hines • *No Name Jive*, Charlie Barnet.

5 *C-Jam Blues*, Duke Ellington • *I Know That You Know*, Benny Goodman Quartet • *Mister Roberts' Roost*, Count Basie • *At the Jazz Band Ball*, Muggsy Spanier • *Loose Lid Special*, Tommy Dorsey • *The Eel*, Bud Freeman • *Redskin Rhumba*, Charlie Barnet • *Erroll's Bounce*, Erroll Garner • *Gabriel's Heater*, Erskine Hawkins • *Close Shave*, John Kirby • *St. James Infirmary*, Artie Shaw • *Not So Quiet Please*, Tommy Dorsey.

6 *Camel Hop*, Benny Goodman • *Yancey Special*, Will Bradley-Johnny Guarnieri • *My Blue Heaven*, Artie Shaw, Gramercy Five • *Johnson Rag*, Glenn Miller • *Hot Mallets*, Lionel Hampton • *Zaggin' with Zig*, Ziggy Elman • *Smiles*, Pete Kelly • *'S Wonderful*, Artie Shaw • *Lulu's Back in Town*, Fats Waller • *Long Tall Mama*, Glenn Miller • *Ring Dem Bells*, Lionel Hampton • *One O'Clock Boogie*, Count Basie.

Hear Benny Goodman's clarinet in *Camel Hop*.

Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Lionel Hampton, Charlie Barnet, Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey and all the rest. Enjoy them for 10 full days free audition at home.

Imagine hearing (and *owning*, if you like) in *modern* sound, recordings of such famous original performances as Benny Goodman's *Wrappin' It Up, King Porter Stomp, Camel Hop* and more . . . Artie Shaw pouring his talent into *Traffic Jam, 'S Wonderful* and the unbeatable beat of *My Blue Heaven*...Coleman Hawkins playing *Body and Soul*...Fats Waller romping through *Carolina Shout* . . . Louis Armstrong's immortal trumpet and vocal work in *Ain't Misbehavin'*...the Dukes of Dixieland's classic *When the Saints Come Marching In*. And these are just a handful of all the good and groovy things ready for you—IN THE GROOVE.

The 72 selections heard on IN THE GROOVE are the most inspired recordings of the age of swing. (Only *one* is heard on any other Reader's Digest album!) This album marks the emergence of the great soloists—and the program notes on the sleeves help you identify each happy, creative performance. The music is full of high spirits and drive. Not a single number is slower than a medium tempo, and the variety astonishes. On any one record you'll hear a big band featuring star soloists . . . a Dixieland piece . . . a virtuoso soloist at his spontaneous best . . . an informal jam session by top players of different bands. When they play together, the sparks fly!

Plus Two Bonuses for You. IN THE GROOVE has *two* bonuses enclosed in its beautiful double album case: (1) a "Star Finder" slide rule that enables you to pick the performers and performances that you wish to hear, instantly; and (2) a fact-and-fun-packed 12-page music guide, "The Kings of Swing." At no extra cost, of course.

$1.00 Savings Certificate—because we're so *sure* you'll love this album! It will bring you the six records of IN THE GROOVE for 10 days free trial. If you decide to keep it, your Certificate will reduce the regular price of $12.99 (plus shipping) to $11.99 (plus shipping), which you can pay in three easy monthly installments, with no interest or charge for credit. Electronic Stereo is only $2 more. (Or return it within 10 days, along with your two bonuses, if you wish at our expense, and owe nothing.) But *do* read the repertoire at once!

(To order IN THE GROOVE, detach Certificate and mail today. If it has been removed, write Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, New York 10570)

ly, but were driven off by four Guardsmen. But when the Guards were called elsewhere, the bell resumed ringing, and two students climbed to the top of the housing, issuing frenzied calls to action and waving a flag. "I believe it was a Vietcong flag," one professor says.

Who was responsible for ringing the bell and making the speeches? Prof. Murvin Perry, head of the Journalism School, says, "We got together 25 of our most knowledgeable people, kids who know this campus inside out. We inspected every photograph of the speakers who led the rally at the bell, and no one could identify them as students who had ever been seen here before."

"Children's Games!"

Following General Canterbury's order, Harold E. Rice, of the campus police, picked up a bullhorn and spoke to the students from the ruins of the ROTC building. His order to disperse could not be heard by the crowd, so a National Guard jeep was driven up with two armed Guardsmen perched atop the rear seat. Rice climbed in and with his bullhorn proceeded to read the riot act as the jeep moved slowly along the edges of the crowd: "This assembly is unlawful! This crowd must disperse immediately! This is an order."

The jeep was greeted with catcalls, boos and a shower of rocks, and suddenly Sgt. Gordon R. Bedall, riding rear left shotgun, was thrust into the middle of the crowd. A tall, good-looking young man, who works as a supervisor for a trucking company, Bedall says, "I suspected there might be rock throwing, but what happened was worse. The coeds began yelling at us, and I wouldn't repeat what they said."

As he recalls the experience, Bedall's face clouds up and his neck muscles protrude. "It was incredible. I never heard such filth from our truck drivers. I looked at Dennis Lutey, who was riding right-hand shotgun, and he sat with his mouth open. We couldn't believe such language was coming from young ladies. A very pretty girl stuck her hand under my nose, gave me the finger, and uttered some words I've never used myself. I've been on riot duty before, but I'd never encountered anything like it."

A fellow soldier says, "Bedall has a daughter and he hoped to send her to college. He wasn't able to make it, himself. But when this pretty coed gave him the finger and called him a m----------c---------, he began to think, 'I'm not sure I *want* my daughter to go to college.' He hasn't got over it yet."

Scores of Guardsmen at Kent had been raised in homes where it was unthinkable to use such language. To hear obscenities in common usage from girls who could have been their sisters produced a psychic shock which ran deep. To many of the Guardsmen, these girls had removed themselves from any special category of "women and children." They were tough, foul-mouthed enemies, and within half an hour

kids from my track squad, I could have cleaned up the whole mess. I was so disgusted, I went back later to pick up some of the junk that was thrown and I still have it—large chunks of cement block."

When the Russians took over my country, they moved in with tanks. Nothing will come of this."

The M-79 grenade launcher, loaded with tear-gas projectiles, is a most

JOHN P. FILO

As the Guard crosses the Commons, students retreat up Blanket Hill

As the troops started marching, one professor heard several men shout, "Chicks up front!"—a cry which has become famous in student rebellions. When the call was repeated, certain girls moved to the front ranks, in the belief that the Guard would be less likely to fire at them than at the men.

But Vaclav Koutnik, a visiting professor from Czechoslovakia, was not alarmed. He turned to Christine Wilson, a mathematics instructor, and said, "Children's games!

effective crowd-control device; if fired at a level trajectory—none were—it has sufficient velocity to kill a man at 25 yards. Now a number of KSU students experienced their first taste of the acrid smoke which gags the throat and inflames the eyes; for an unpredictable wind was blowing, and it spread across the field and up the Taylor Hall slope. Soon it reached into Taylor Hall, filling the corridors and affecting all in the building.

The Guards marched in an al-

most unbroken line, and the crowd retreated before them or drifted to the side. When the area by the bell had been cleared, Captain Snyder and his men swung left, dodging stones and firing tear gas until they reached the space between Taylor Hall and Prentice Hall. There they formed a line and waited.

A student hurls back a tear-gas canister as the National Guard prepares to advance

Alpha Company, reinforced by men from the 107th Cavalry, made the climb up Blanket Hill toward a cement pagoda which stood at the crest. Along the way, the more daring students darted forward, seizing the hot tear-gas canisters and flinging them back at the Guardsmen. They had little effect because the troops were wearing gas masks. But this in itself did pose a problem.

"It was a hot day," one Guard reports, "and as soon as you put the mask on you began to sweat. Your vision was restricted and you felt hemmed in. Sometimes you couldn't see the man next to you." To the onlookers, seeing the Guard masked evoked a sense of the unreal, the mechanical, of monsters from outer space.

When the men reached the pagoda, they were met by a good deal worse than returning gas canisters. Students began throwing rocks at them, and chunks of wood studded with nails, and jagged chunks of concrete. Where did they get such

(Continued on page 240)

for vacation
Luxury
Call on a personal friend,
RAMADA INN·STANT 800-238-5800*
TOLL FREE RESERVATIONS

We think luxury is lost if it makes people feel uncomfortable. So we give you the run of the castle. We make you feel like you belong.

When eating a fine meal in our elegant dining room, for example, don't worry about catching the waitress' eye. She'll have her eye on you.

You'll be treated like you're the only people there.

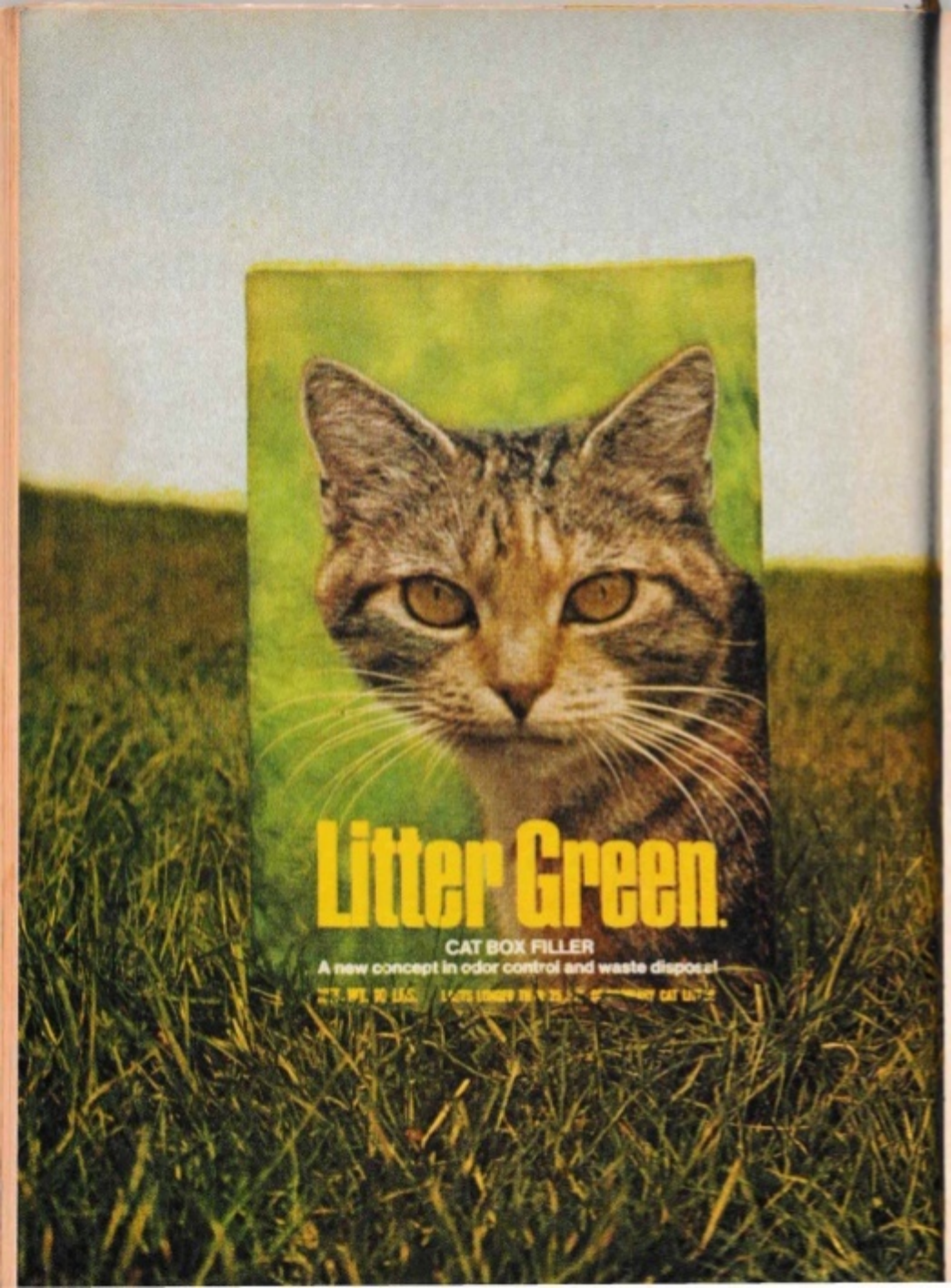
Our rooms? They're decked out like the pictures you see in magazines. But they're for living in — not looking at.

Ramada Inn means *personal* luxury for less. You couldn't ask more of a friend.

You've got our reservations number. For our national directory of Ramada Inns, write: P.O. Box 590 , Phoenix, Arizona 85001.

RAMADA INN ROADSIDE HOTELS "Luxury for Less"

*Tennessee only (800) 542-5110



Announcing the end of the smelly cat box

Goodbye smelly cat box, we never did like you. Now there's Litter Green,® the most revolutionary cat litter ever invented.

It controls unpleasant odors.

Litter Green is made from natural materials, flash dried and compressed into tiny green pellets. And it's rich in chlorophyll, nature's own deodorant.

Litter Green neutralizes ammonia—the main cause of unpleasant smells. Ordinary cat litters are usually made from ground-up clay. Alas, they really don't control odors as well as Litter Green.

Litter Green is different from all that other stuff. It controls odor naturally.

Litter Green lasts longer because those little pellets actually absorb more than three times their own weight of water. (Let's see you clay litters do that!)

So you change the box less often. And you go on long weekends with a quiet mind, because you know your cat will be perfectly happy for as long as you're gone.

You use less Litter Green too. Half an inch in the bottom of the box is usually enough.

In fact, four pounds of Litter Green lasts longer than ten pounds of ordinary litter.

Goodbye smelly cat box, we never did like you. Now there's Litter Green.

STORE COUPON

25¢ 25¢

Save 25¢ on new Litter Green® Cat Box Filler

GOOD ONLY ON PRESENTATION TO GROCER ON PURCHASE OF NEW LITTER GREEN CAT BOX FILLER. ANY OTHER USE CONSTITUTES FRAUD.

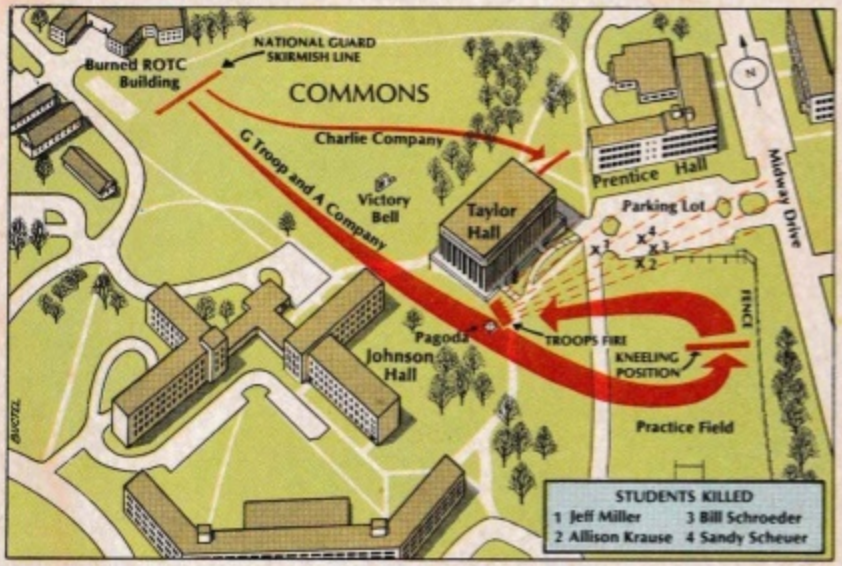
Mr. Grocer: McFadden Industries will redeem this coupon for 25¢ plus 3¢ for handling provided you receive and handle it strictly in accordance with the terms of this offer on the sale of new LITTER GREEN CAT BOX FILLER and if, upon request, you submit evidence thereof satisfactory to McFadden Industries. Coupon must not be transferred or assigned. Void wherever prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted by law. Customer must pay any sales tax. Cash value 1/20 of 1¢. Good only in U.S.A. Offer limited to one coupon per purchase. To redeem properly received and handled coupons, mail to McFadden Industries, P.O. Box 11455, Kansas City, Mo. 64112. RD

549 675

25¢ 25¢

TAKE THIS COUPON TO YOUR GROCER

missiles? At least two witnesses swear they saw girls distributing rocks from handbags to male students. At a nearby construction site some students had picked up pieces of concrete block. And some students had come armed with bricks.



But few of the missiles hit the troops. As they secured the hill, the crowd melted before them. Most of what was thrown fell short.

Worse, in a way, than the missiles were the epithets. A steady barrage of verbal filth, curses and fatal challenges came down upon the Guard, whose masks did not prevent them from hearing what they were being called. Again the girls were particularly abusive, taunting the Guards, calling them "shit-heads, half-ass pigs" and using the foulest descriptions that can be uttered in the English language. During the half hour that the Guard was in action, this rain of obscenity never let up.

The Shots From Blanket Hill

At 12:06, the officers on Blanket Hill faced an awkward decision. They now stood between Taylor Hall on their left and the pagoda on their right. Almost the whole body of students that had been on the Commons faced them in the open spaces that lay ahead. Hundreds of additional students who knew nothing of the preceding sweep now arrived from classes, walking to lunch or to their dormitories. These students had every right to be precisely where they were, but they did add to the visual confusion.

If at this crucial moment the Guard had decided to turn back to the ROTC site, they would have been unimpeded, but it was obvious that the radical students would have followed behind. So an understandable decision was reached that the Guard would push forward and try to secure the area ahead, an open field used for practice football, with a baseball diamond at the northeast end. But apparently none of the Guard realized that along the far side of this field ran a six-foot chain-link fence, topped by three strands of barbed wire. Worse, this fence took a right-angle turn at the north to form a catcher's backstop at the baseball diamond. If a unit were to be surrounded in this steel pocket, there would be no escape.

The Guards marched down the east side of Blanket Hill, sweeping through the crowd, and stopped a few feet short of the fence. With uncanny precision, they had placed themselves in a position from which the only maneuver was retreat, which would be interpreted by the students as a defeat for the Guard.

As the troops took up their position against the fence, there was a flurry of rocks. Seventeen Guardsmen, believing their tear gas was expended,* knelt on one knee and assumed a firing position. It is at this point that some witnesses believe that the Guard was in mortal danger.

When research for this book began, there were many reports of "a constant shower of rocks" and "mad, screaming masses of students encircling the Guard, attacking them from all sides." Then a remarkable photograph turned up. It had been taken by Beverly K. Knowles from an upper window in Prentice Hall when the Guardsmen knelt. It shows that at the far end of the football practice field, there were no students for at least 200 yards. Not one student is visible outside the fence bordering the length of the field. In the area directly between Prentice Hall and the field, where the mob was supposed to have been, there was empty space for nearly 40 yards, then a high steel fence, then the Prentice Hall parking lot. On it could be counted a total of 22 students, five of them walking away from the Guard with books under their arms.

Harold Walker, a journalism senior and a skilled photographer, was taking pictures of the Guardsmen, and during much of the time he was the student nearest them. He says, "It is true that a few kids, maybe ten, ran inside the fence to throw rocks and junk at the Guards, but little of it reached them."

He did, however, see something strange. "Out of the corner of my eye, off to the right, I saw a group of radicals wearing Che Guevara headbands and black suits and carrying Vietcong flags. They kept themselves well protected from whatever might happen."

Peter Winnen, an English major, had come to Kent after serving as a forward artillery observer in Viet-

*One soldier still had eight unused tear-gas grenades, but the officers did not know this.

nam. He was standing on the Taylor porch, and recalls: "The Guards were surrounded, but only by the fence. They all seemed damned irritated by being trapped against the fence. You could notice the Guards were perplexed. They couldn't see too much in those gas masks. Then I saw the Guards go into a huddle, and it was obvious that a decision of some kind had been reached."

Was there an order to fire? There is no definite answer and there may never be, for no Guardsman will now allow himself to be interrogated on this point. It seems likely, however, that at this time some of the troops agreed among themselves that they had taken enough.

At 12:22, General Canterbury gave the order to march, and the men moved back to Blanket Hill at an increasing speed. They were hot and, again, bitterly resentful of the girls who even now followed them up the hill, cursing them. "We were always watching over our shoulders," one Guardsman remembers, "and guys were saying, 'Watch it!' 'Here comes a rock!' "

A secret report contains the following passage:

> As the troops marched back up Blanket Hill, someone among the Guards said, "If they charge us, shoot them." Another said, "Snipers on the rooftops."*

*The Guard, the Highway Patrol, the FBI, the Scranton Commission and an Ohio grand jury all investigated at least a dozen tales of snipers. No shred of evidence was found to support any of them.

When the troops reached the pagoda, some Guardsmen on the right flank suddenly stopped, wheeled, and aimed their rifles toward the students who had collected on the south side of Taylor Hall. There was a single shot, then a prolonged but thin fusillade. Almost immediately Major Jones tried to stop it. He can be seen in photographs beating his troops over their helmets with his swagger stick, pleading with them to cease firing.

The shooting lasted 13 seconds.

Death and the Kent Four

JEFF MILLER was standing 265 feet from the firing line, on the curb of the road that separated Taylor Hall from the football field. Twenty years old, only five feet, six inches tall, he had long black hair, which he usually accented by wearing an Indian headband.

Although he maintained passable grades, Jeff was not a serious student. He had transferred to Kent from Michigan State University in January and moved into a house near campus, rented by other students. His attendance at class was irregular, and life at the house was haphazard. Friends came and went at random. One of Jeff's main loves was music, and he constantly practiced on his drums, in the hope that he could join a rock band. In the spring, as the weather warmed, he and his girl friend would sit on the roof of the house, playing drums until four in the morning.

(Continued on page 246)

Wish-Bone® low cals embody real flavor.

Wish-Bone uses no artificial flavors.

Just loads of real herbs and spices to make Wish-Bone Low Cal Italian, Russian, French Style and Thousand Island Dressings taste downright sensational.

And help you look downright sensational.

3 glorious nights in Venice

Who needs a travel agent? Or a jet? Relax and let Lipton take you on a Venetian wing-ding. Steak San Marco. Asparagus Venetian. Spaghetti Bravissimo. All done an easy way.

Lipton mixes just the right amount of fresh-tasting onion with just the right blend of seasonings. The result: Lipton Onion Soup Mix and the end of everyday dinners.

Tonight, do what the Venetians do. Divertitevi un pó.*

*Live a little.

SPAGHETTI BRAVISSIMO

1 env. Lipton Onion Soup Mix
1 package (8 oz.) spaghetti
1½ quarts boiling water
1 pound ground beef
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
1 can (7 oz.) tomato paste
1 tablespoon parsley flakes
1 teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon sweet basil

In large saucepan, combine Lipton Onion Soup Mix and spaghetti with water: cook 20 minutes or until spaghetti is tender. Do not drain.

In large skillet, brown meat; stir in tomato sauce and paste, parsley, oregano, and basil. Add to spaghetti and heat through. Serves 4.

STEAK SAN MARCO

2 pounds chuck steak, 1 inch thick, cut into serving pieces
1 env. Lipton Onion Soup Mix
1 can (1 lb.) Italian peeled tomatoes
1 teaspoon oregano
Freshly ground pepper and garlic powder to taste
2 tablespoons cooking oil
2 tablespoons wine vinegar

In large skillet, arrange meat; cover with Lipton Onion Soup Mix and tomatoes. Sprinkle with oregano, garlic powder, pepper, oil, and vinegar. Simmer, covered, 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

ASPARAGUS VENETIAN

2 pounds fresh or 2 packages (10 oz. ea.) frozen asparagus, cooked and drained
⅓ cup Lipton Onion Butter,* melted
1 cup diced mozzarella cheese
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

Preheat oven at 450°.

In 8-inch baking dish, arrange asparagus. Drizzle with Lipton Onion Butter;* then sprinkle with cheeses. Bake 10 minutes or until cheese is melted. Serves 6.

***Lipton Onion Butter:** Thoroughly blend 1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup. Mix with ½ pound butter or margarine. Makes 1¼ cups.

Jeff had a continuing interest in social problems, but was not politically active. He was against the war, but did not harp on the subject. "What can I tell you about Vietnam that you don't already know and feel?" he would ask friends. Apart from that, however, he and his friends seemed more interested in smoking pot than in changing the world. In fact, two boys at the house had recently moved out, fearing a marijuana raid.

At 11:30 on the morning of May 4, Jeff had wakened two roommates to see if they wanted to go to the rally. Both refused. One said, "No. There is going to be trouble out there." Jeff set off alone for the Commons.

During the confrontation, Jeff repeatedly shouted obscenities. He dominates one photograph, the middle finger of both hands pointing high in the air as he yelled at the troops. In another picture he is seen throwing a tear-gas canister back at the Guardsmen. When the Guard left the fence and began climbing the hill in apparent retreat, he jumped with glee.

A friend, Dane Griffin, was with him when the shots rang out. "It must be blanks," Dane said. Then he turned to Jeff to say that they had better get out of there no matter what. By the time he spoke, however, Jeff was already lying in a rapidly expanding pool of blood, for a bullet had caught him full in the face.

A moment later, Jerry Persky, who was one of Jeff's good friends, examined the body, feeling for signs of life. He said later, "I didn't even know it was Jeff I was trying to help. The whole right side of his face was blown off. I wouldn't have known him if he was my own father."

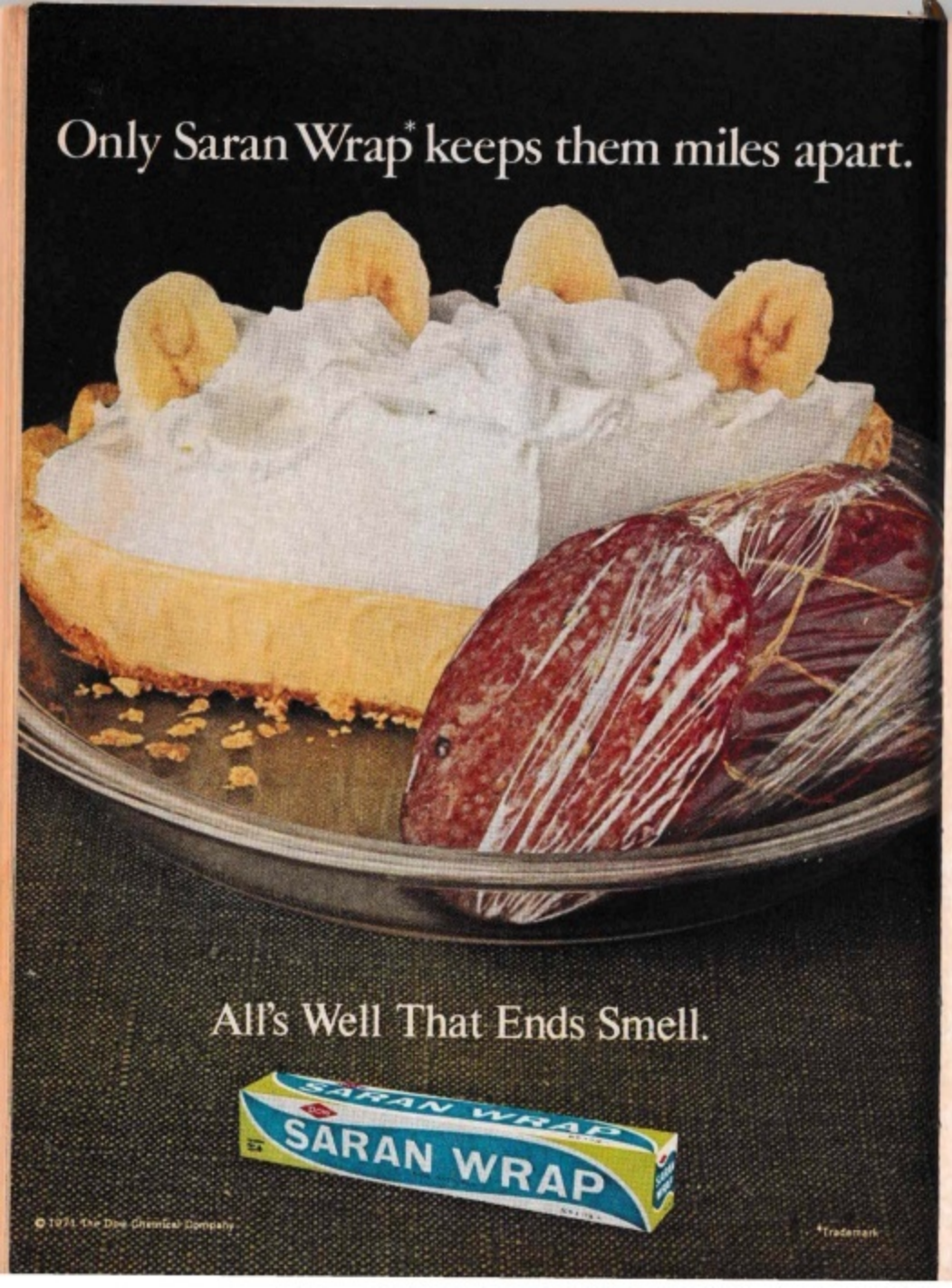
Bill Schroeder, 19, was in the parking lot 382 feet from the Guard. Shortly before noon, he had completed a war-games test in his ROTC class at 4 North Hall, which stood near the burned-out ROTC building.

Much of Bill's time had been spent in ROTC activities. He had received an ROTC scholarship worth $1650, and he had at first looked forward to military duty because he liked to travel. But the military was fast losing his allegiance, because of the Vietnam war. Still, he resented the gibes which came from other students who ridiculed ROTC and he had taken a lot of riding because at times he had to wear his uniform to class. "What are you, some kind of Fascist?" his psychology instructor would kid.

Bill was not apolitical, as some have said. Although attentive to criticisms of the American system, he was convinced that history had proved its efficacy and justice. As he passed the ruins of the ROTC building that morning, he saw Capt. Donald Peters, one of his ROTC advisers. "I can't understand the reasoning behind the burning of this building," Bill said.

Peters agreed and then warned

Do people crab about your hamburgers?
DOW
oven cleaner
WITH AMMONIA
Dirty ovens make strange tastes. Start clean with Dow.
©1971 The Dow Chemical Company



him, "Stay out of the way today."

"Yeah, sure," Bill answered. Then he and Gene Pekarik, a friend, started to walk to Johnson Hall, Gene's dorm. As they neared the Commons, they could hear the chant, "Pigs off campus." When the crowd was ordered to disperse, they started up the hill to Johnson Hall, but were separated by the mad dash of students. Bill unfortunately went down to the parking lot behind Prentice Hall, where a bullet ripped into the lower part of his left shoulder.

When the firing stopped, he was surrounded by a group of students. "Is an ambulance coming?" he asked weakly, and remained conscious for the interminable ten minutes before its arrival. As the medics tried to hoist him on the stretcher, Gene, who had heard that Bill had been shot, rushed up and looked on in anguish. There was nothing he could do, for the young ROTC man was dying.

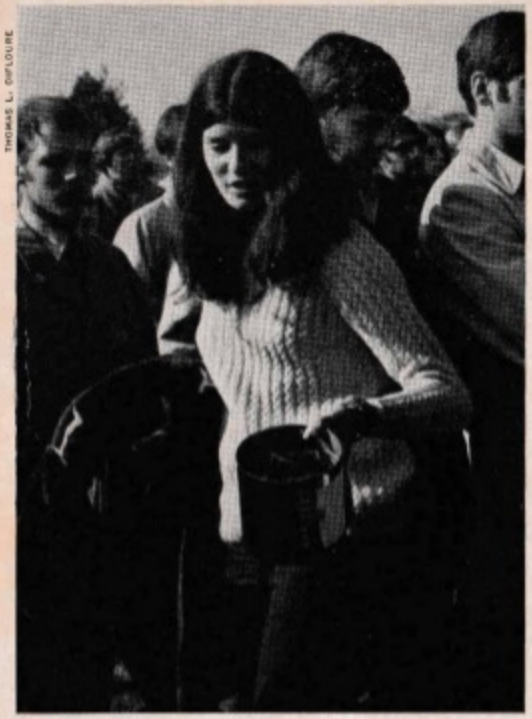
Just before the shots rang out, Sandy Scheuer was heading toward the Music and Speech building, where her 1:10 p.m. class was to meet. Her eyes were streaming from the effects of tear gas which the Guard had released on the practice-football field. She was with Ellis Berns, a boy who lived near her off-campus house. He had given her a rag to protect her face, and they continued walking away from the scene.

Sandy was majoring in speech-and-hearing therapy, and she was a diligent student who maintained a 3.6 average out of a possible 4.0. In addition, she spent hours doing voluntary work at the Speech and Hearing Clinic, tutoring afflicted students. Religion, too, was an important part of her life; she went to Akron to attend temple services on the Jewish High Holy Days. Her Hebrew name was Gittel, meaning goodness, kindness and all the joy one can think of in life.

Sandy and Ellis had reached the parking lot, some 390 feet from the Guardsmen, when they heard the firing behind them. They turned, facing into the volley of shots. Then they both hit the concrete and lay there, Ellis with his arm around Sandy's waist, until the firing ended. Ellis said, "Let's go!" But Sandy made no movement. She had been shot through the neck.

Allison Beth Krause was also standing in the parking lot, with her boy friend, Barry Levine. They had been among the last students to move before the advance of the Guard, and Allison had definitely taken part in the agitation on the Commons. "Do something! Do something!" she yelled at the students who ran by her when the Guard began their march. In her anger she had also screamed obscenities.

Allison was a brilliant student who had been selected as a representative to the Honors College Policy Council. One of five freshmen so chosen, she was pleased with having


THOMAS L. DIFLOURE

Allison Krause collecting money for a war moratorium in October 1969

an equal vote with the various deans in making policy decisions. But she was not satisfied with the academic atmosphere at Kent. She felt stifled by the rule that certain courses had to be taken by all students. Late in the fall, she and Barry had applied for admission to the State University at Buffalo, N. Y. Both had been accepted.

Allison had met Barry early in the year, and they had become inseparable. Both had adopted the garb of blue jeans, T-shirt and Army jacket. Barry wore a beard, and his hair hung shoulder-length, only a little shorter than Allison's.

Over Christmas, Allison had spent ten days with Barry and his parents in New York. Friends report that, like many students, Allison did not have the best of relationships with her family, particularly with her father, and she was pleased with any opportunity not to go home. Krause was critical of her manner of dress and her outlook on life, and the two clashed frequently.

What was her political posture? She was like many students on the Kent campus: against the war, worried about the environment, irritated by the deficiencies in American life. On Sunday afternoon, she had been photographed as she placed a yellow flower in the muzzle of a Guardsman's rifle. "Flowers are better than bullets," she had said. But not all her actions were peaceful. Fragments of concrete and stone were found in the pockets of the jacket she wore on Monday.

When they heard the shots in the parking lot, Barry called to Allison, "Get down!" Both knelt behind a car some 343 feet away. For at least ten seconds after the firing stopped, Barry believed they were safe. Then

he heard Allison whisper, "Barry, I'm hit." He saw blood coming from under her arm and screamed for an ambulance.

Blood on a Black Flag

WHEN it was over, 13 students had been shot. Jeff Miller, Sandy Scheuer, Bill Schroeder and Allison Krause were killed. Of the nine wounded students, one had the lower half of his jaw completely shattered and one was paralyzed for life.

After a pause, the Guards reformed and continued over the crest of the hill back to the ROTC building. Captain Snyder, who had been stationed at the north end of Taylor Hall, raced down to the parking lot and with eight men surrounded the body of Jeff Miller. As he did so, his unit was besieged by a swarm of bitter students who screamed, "Pigs!" "Murderers!" "M--------!"

It was shortly before this moment that John Filo, a photography student, took a photo of a young girl kneeling over the body. This picture was reproduced throughout the world, and appeared on the covers of news magazines. To this day it remains a haunting vision of sorrow and anguish. Almost all who saw it in the first days after the shooting believed the girl was a Kent State student. Actually, she was a 14-year-old runaway from Florida, and her presence there was a matter of chance.

As the cursing, screaming students pressed forward, Snyder prudently ordered his men to move on. When they were leaving, one Guardsman turned and lofted a tear-gas grenade at the crowd. "It exploded nine feet in the air," Filo says. "Someone said it was a plastic practice grenade. There were fragments flying in the air, and it was lucky that no one was hurt."

Moments later, Miller's body was taken away in an ambulance, but the ghastly pool of blood remained. Suddenly a student ran up with a black flag and ceremoniously dipped it in the blood. When it was saturated, he waved it aloft in vast swirls, spattering the faces of at least six students, and shouting, "See what you've done! Are you happy? Are you *happy?*" But the Guard had left the scene.

Peter Winnen, the artillery observer from Vietnam, walked down to the ROTC building, where the Guard was now forming a new line. He sought out the unit that had been at the pagoda.

"You know that you killed people up there?" he asked.

The Guardsmen did not answer.

"You really went crazy, didn't you?" said Winnen. And he was stunned by the reply, "Buddy, you're the ones who are crazy."

Vaclav Koutnik, the visiting professor from Czechoslovakia, told a colleague, "Russia took over my whole country without killing one student. Your soldiers couldn't even take over a plot of grass."

"I Don't Want You Kids to Die!"

WHEN the Guards returned to the ROTC site, they formed a large

defensive circle with Guardsmen from other units, backs to the center and guns at the ready, as if facing an enemy. This was a prudent move on the part of General Canterbury, for a mass of students now gathered, and among them rose many voices demanding that a frontal assault be made on the Guard.

"Let's drive those f------ right off campus!"

"If they want to use their god-damned guns, let them splatter us now!"

There are tape recordings of the noise on the hill at this time, and they convey the frightening impression of a wild and anguished group of students who were indeed prepared to rush the Guard, even though they had just witnessed the power of the M-1 rifle. The rhetoric was so inflamed, and so fatalistic, that one cannot deny the possibility of a great tragedy.

How was it avoided? Never in the history of Kent State University did its teaching faculty serve more intelligently than at this moment. A handful of men, self-appointed and taking upon themselves great risks, stood between the students and the riflemen and, over an extended period of fear and hysteria, stubbornly argued, pleaded, reasoned and cajoled. At this great crisis, no administrators were in evidence, no coaches, no counselors. But in a way it was appropriate that guidance should have been given by faculty members, for historically that is their purpose in a university.

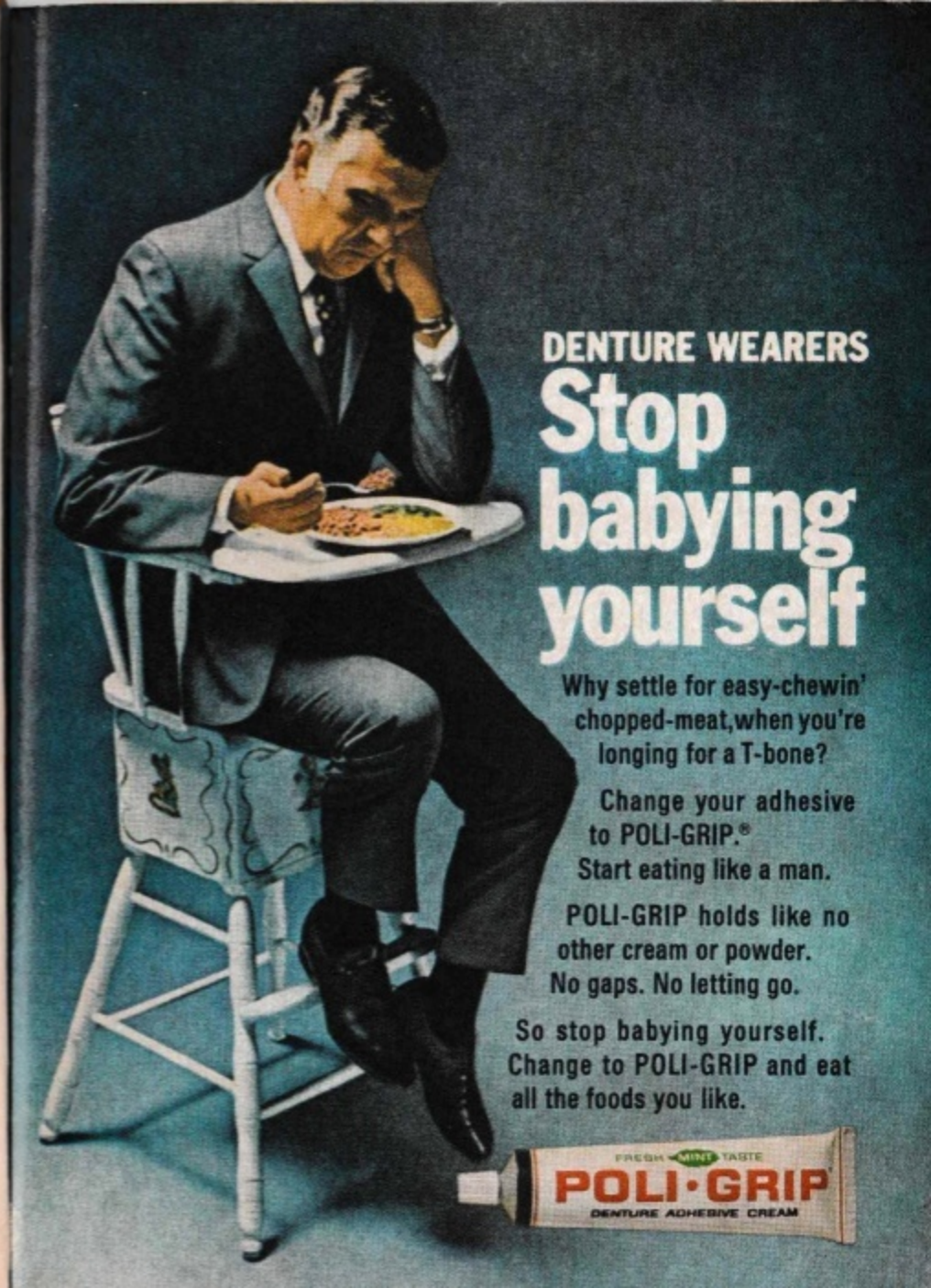
Seymour H. Baron, a professor of psychology, spoke to the students with two bullhorns held to his mouth. At one point, he left the group to talk with General Canterbury, and then returned.

Baron: Let me tell you, I spoke to the General down there and believe me, we've got a real live general. I said, "Listen, you guys have caused enough trouble here today. Now, for God's sake, will you put your guns away?" And he said, "Soldiers have no right to put guns down. That's against their rules and regulations." Now they've got live ammo. I wouldn't have believed that. They've got live ammo in those guns. If you walk down toward them, I promise you they'll kill you. . . . Some of you guys feel that you have to be heroes. You can be heroes, but there are people here who don't want to get shot and killed. That includes me.

Voice: Who ordered them to shoot?

Baron: I don't know. I can tell you this. You put live ammunition in a gun with a scared kid behind it and you've had it. And we've had it.

Myron Lunine, professor of political science, went down to plead with the Guard not to shoot until the professors had a chance to get the students off the campus. He sought out General Canterbury, and said, "You've got to keep your troops under control. There must be no more shooting." While Canterbury stood silent, a Kent State functionary stared at Lunine and said, "Those students shouldn't be on that hill.


DENTURE WEARERS
Stop babying yourself
Why settle for easy-chewin' chopped-meat, when you're longing for a T-bone?
Change your adhesive to POLI-GRIP.®
Start eating like a man.
POLI-GRIP holds like no other cream or powder.
No gaps. No letting go.
So stop babying yourself. Change to POLI-GRIP and eat all the foods you like.
FRESH MINT TASTE
POLI·GRIP
DENTURE ADHESIVE CREAM

the slightest justification arises he will have his secretary type up another petition, which Judge Caris will again sign.

"Ron would be very popular in this county if he could get rid of the university once and for all," observers say.

Kane himself denies this. "All I insist upon, as chief legal officer of Portage County, is that the university behave itself. And that goes equally for the wild-eyed kids and the radical professors."

When Ron Kane's injunction closed the university, thousands of students without transportation were left stranded but under strict orders to evacuate the campus. Then, adding to the chaos, the telephone system collapsed. The university was so swamped with calls —more than 350,000—that fuses in the dormitories had to be pulled. Students could not receive incoming calls.

Fortunately, someone suggested wheeling out the university buses and sending them to Cleveland, Columbus and Toledo, centers from which students could catch trains and planes. So the buses drove up to loading points while weeping girls and young men paralyzed with rage climbed aboard for one of the most mournful caravans ever to start from a university town.

That evening, the campus was almost completely empty, except for patrolling Guardsmen. Then, at some time after 2 a.m. on May 5, two men crept to the edge of the campus and set fire to a sturdy barn in which the university stored athletic gear and groundskeeping equipment. From eight or nine flash-points huge flames leaped into the air, silhouetting the two men, who escaped across a field. One Guardsman, stationed there to protect the building, got off two hasty shots, but missed. The barn was a total loss.

If a defiant gesture was needed to

Could You Use as Much as $100?

Allan Scott
THE READER'S DIGEST, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570

Please send me, without obligation, the FREE Money-Making Kit and full details of your Community Representative Plan for making extra income in my spare time.

Mr.
Mrs. *4-71A*
Miss
Street.....

City.....*State*.....*Zip No*.....
If now at college, please name college/university .....

morphine, barbiturates, amphetamines. Nothing—not a trace of it in any of the students, and no needle marks in the arms for drugs. There was no sign of venereal disease and no body filth. These were four clean young people."

Letters and Lost Voices

HAROLD WALKER, the student photographer, had his compelling pictures of the Guard's action published in the *York Gazette and Daily*, of York, Pa. The *Gazette* editor asked Walker to accompany his photographs with an account of what happened, and the young newsman ended his essay with these words: "I think that when people look at the situation there will be

toughest grind

smoother performance. No matter what you drive, what kind of driving you do, there's an AC Spark Plug just right for your engine.

Next tune-up, insist on reliable AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs.

AC

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

sympathy across the nation. As for the city of Kent, the whole town seems in sympathy with the students." He concluded, "I believe the incident may bring the student and the adult communities together."

Never in his future career as a newspaperman will Harold C. Walker, Kent State '70, be more completely wrong, for even as the paper in York was printing these hopeful and constructive words, the *Record-Courier* in Kent was forced to find space for what will be remembered as one of the most virulent outpourings of community hatred in recent decades. Day after day for several weeks, the paper reserved a full page for this violent outburst.

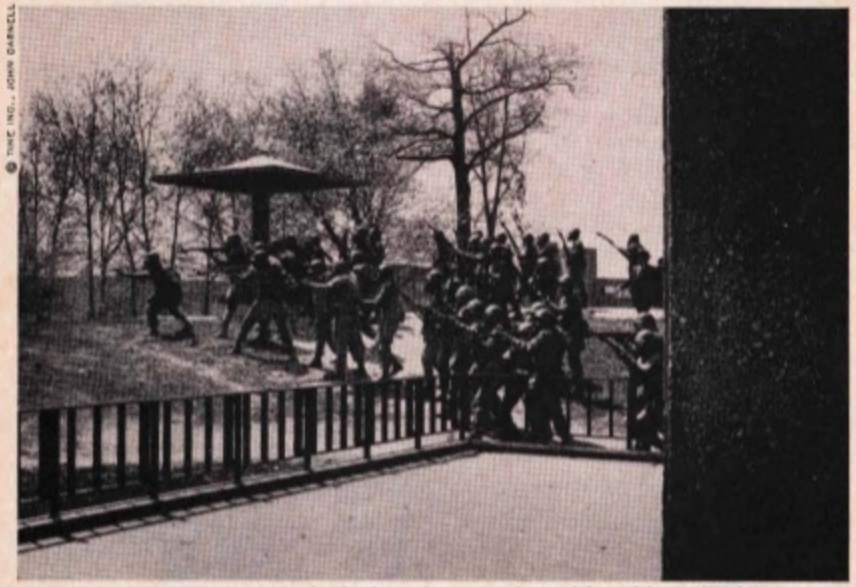
> I stand behind the action of the National Guard! I want my property defended. Live ammunition? Well, really, what did they expect—spit balls?
>
> Hooray! I shout for God and country, recourse to justice under law, fifes, drums, martial music, parades, ice-cream cones—America, support it or leave it.
>
> The volley of gunfire served its purpose. It broke up the riot, and I say the same method should be used again and again.
>
> The sooner the students of this country learn that they are not running this country, that they are going to college to learn, *not teach*, the better. If those students don't like our colleges, why don't they go to the country from which they are being indoctrinated?
>
> I have one possible solution to the problem. Build a fence completely around KSU, put President White and his 550 faculty members inside along with all the agitators that they understand so well and let them do their thing. We could also change the name from KSU to "Idiot Hill." Then Dr. White and his faculty and students could assemble and throw rocks at each other and play with matches and burn things down.
>
> The National Guard made only one mistake—they should have fired sooner and longer.

From time to time isolated writers would remind the public that four young people were dead, that something had gone fearfully wrong. They sounded like lost voices, except for the eloquence of their words.

> Revolutionaries and SDSers don't frighten me, nor do squads of police or National Guards. I am afraid of the people who say, "Kill the demonstrators, because they destroyed our property." I am afraid of these who value property over human life. I am afraid not for my life, but for my soul, and for the sensitivity and humanity that is slowly being erased from our society.
>
> Jesus said that no one can truly love God if he cannot love his fellow man. You people with the "mow 'em down" philosophy, can you love God without loving Jeffrey, Bill, Sandy and Allison?

"The Score Is Four"

Many of the students who left Kent in their own cars offered rides to others. One of these was Daniel Gardner, a well-behaved, short-haired young junior with good manners, who got into his car with some friends at three o'clock on Monday afternoon and started the long drive back to his home on Cape Cod.



12:25: "There was a single shot, then a prolonged but thin fusillade"

taker saw the Kent State sticker on Gardner's car, he snarled, "Those Guards shoulda shot all of you." When Gardner stopped at a bar on the outskirts of Buffalo, the men inside refused to allow the students entrance. "We don't want no commies in here." And when Gardner had dropped off his passengers and arrived on Cape Cod, his neighbors told him, "Anybody who defied the Guard should have been shot."

Gardner had been in no way involved in either the shooting or the activities that led up to it. But the killings had made him think. "After all, 30.06-gauge bullets against a gang of unarmed kids," he says. "Too much, man, too much." He expected non-campus society to agree with him.

Gardner and his companions began to learn the facts of life when they left the Ohio Turnpike to enter the Pennsylvania. When the ticket-

When Bob Hillegas, the ROTC student, reported to work at his part-time job at a factory in Akron, he was told: "Those damned kids got what was coming to them." The men were circulating a petition condoning the use of any weapons deemed necessary in future campus

ADVERTISEMENT

So effective many doctors, themselves, use it.

Actually Helps Shrink Painful Swelling Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues Due To Inflammation And Infection

Also gives prompt, temporary relief in many cases from rectal itching and pain in these tissues.

Doctors have found a medication so effective that in many cases, the first applications give relief for hours from the burning itch and pain in hemorrhoidal tissues. Then this medication starts right in to help reduce the painful swelling of these tissues caused by inflammation.

Sufferers are delighted the way it acts so gently and is so soothing to sensitive tissues all while it helps reduce the painful swelling.

The medication the doctors used in these tests was Preparation H® and it needs no prescription. There's no other formula like Preparation H. It's so effective many doctors, themselves, use it. Ointment or suppositories.

outbreaks and exonerating the Guard in advance if deaths resulted.

"I refused to sign," Hillegas says, "and now I'm regarded as an outsider. I tried arguing with them, but they said, 'If they were on the hill they were guilty. Next time if they don't do what the Guard says, they'll all get shot!' "

In various college towns in Ohio, memorial services were held for the dead students, but rarely without pickets. At the service in Toledo, women marched with signs reading:

> The Kent State Four
> Should have studied more.

In a newspaper interview, one Kent lawyer declared: "Frankly, if I'd been faced with the same situation and had a submachine gun, there would not have been 14 shot; there probably would have been 140 of them dead, and that's what they need."

Other citizens adopted the device of flashing their right hands in the air, thumb folded and four fingers extended. When a student asked what this meant, he was told, "This time we got four of you bastards. Next time we'll get more." A director of a Kent State residence hall was appalled when a policeman walked by him, raised four fingers and whispered, "The score is four."

It was difficult to find any student who escaped this harsh confrontation with public opinion, but those who bore a special burden of shock

the streets of a city like Kent with long hair, dirty clothes or barefooted deserves to be shot.

Michener: Have I your permission to quote that?

Mother: You sure do. It would have been better if the Guard had shot the whole lot of them that morning.

Michener: But you had three sons there.

Mother: If they didn't do what the Guards told them, they should have been mowed down.

Professor of psychology, listening in: Is long hair a justification for shooting someone?

Mother: Yes. We have got to clean up this nation. And we'll start with the long-hairs.

Professor: Would you permit one of your sons to be shot simply because he went barefooted?

Mother: Yes.

Professor: Where do you get such ideas?

Mother: I teach at the local high school.

Professor: Do you mean that you are teaching your students such things?

Mother: Yes. I teach them the truth. That the lazy, the dirty, the ones you see walking the streets and doing nothing ought all to be shot.

Of course, as the summer progressed many of the parents retreated from their first harsh judgments. Communication with children was reopened, and in many cases an understanding was achieved. But in hundreds of other cases young students caught a terrifying glimpse of what their parents really thought. For a moment, the veil that properly

ADVERTISEMENT

If Your Dentures Are Over 2 Years Old...

Here's how to get them cleaner, brighter faster

DENTURES—especially *older* dentures—are harder to clean and keep clean than natural teeth. And because they are 15 times softer, dentures are easier to scratch.

But now there's a cleanser *specially* made for even older dentures. It's *Improved-Formula* KLEENITE®...with cleansing action unsurpassed by any unoxygenated denture tablet, paste or powder. It *soaks* dentures clean!

Improved KLEENITE Denture Cleanser has more fast-acting detergency than ever before...more bubbling effervescence to remove stain... and more penetrating power.

Its special formula surges to every denture surface and crevice. Penetrates where no brush can reach—even toughest tobacco stains. Cleans valuable dentures *like fine jewelry.*

Only *Improved* KLEENITE now gives you this easy-to-use formula that gets even *older* dentures cleaner, brighter faster. The dingier the dentures, the more spectacular the results.

Dentures that fit are essential to health. See your dentist regularly.

Bayer wants you to know about pain relievers.

As the makers of Bayer® Aspirin, we recognize that these are days when most people want to know more about the products they use. And that's fine with us.

It's fine with us because we believe that the more you know about pain relievers, the more likely you'll be to insist on Bayer Aspirin.

For example, did you know that two Bayer Aspirin tablets bring all the pain relief power a headache can use? Did you know that Bayer is the only leading pain reliever that's all aspirin, and aspirin is what doctors recommend? Did you know that Bayer, without any additives, is every bit as fast and effective in relieving pain as those products that have additives?

We've been talking to consumer groups around the country, and we plan to talk to more, exchanging ideas and information about pain relievers. In the months ahead, in magazines and on TV and radio, we're going to be giving you some straight answers on this important subject. Because Bayer wants you to know about pain relievers.

exists between young and old was sundered and the former were shocked by what they saw. Reactions varied.

"I doubt that I'll ever bother to go home again," several students reported.

"I'm going to Canada," said others. "I've had it."

"I don't suppose I'll ever be able to talk with my parents again," was the most common reaction.

More frightening was the repeated admission that this sequence of events had alienated the students not only from their parents but from all society as they had known it.

"When I left home to return to school this fall, I was crying so hard my parents couldn't understand it. What they don't know is that I realized it was the last time I would ever be with them again. Everything I had said, they looked down on, resented and ridiculed. I just don't have it in me to fight them. So I've left for good, and I have left the kind of life they represent," says one petite coed.

And from a determined history major: "During the years of the sit-ins and peace rallies, my parents and I disagreed, but we respected each other's opinions. But after Kent, when I saw how so many people, including my parents, truly feared and hated students, I realized there was no middle ground. Now I'm working against everything my family has worked for, and I will fight as long as it is necessary."

"Have They Taken Over the World?"

When the flood of mail and speech had subsided, many people tried to decipher what the outburst had signified. The following conclusions seem in order.

The general population of middle America had become antagonized by its universities, the presidents who administered them, and the professors who taught in them. The average man had lost all comprehension of what a university ought to be in a time of change and was prepared to lash out at those who were allowing it to change from what it had been when he was young.

Many people were outraged that the university had allowed young radicals like Jerry Rubin, Mark Rudd and Bernardine Dohrn to speak on its campus. They were infuriated that students used profanity to college officials and campus policemen. They were deeply disturbed that young men—who in all past generations had marched off obediently to war—should now question the authority of the President of the United States to send them to war.

There was an honest longing for an old-fashioned college with old-fashioned problems. One citizen of Kent complains, "Why can't the kids come to college in the autumn the way they used to and worry about the things college kids always worried about? What fraternity to

join? Where is the football rally going to be? Which of the coeds should I marry? That's the way it used to be. What's all this moratorium stuff and protesting the war? They can't do a damned thing about it."

No one could talk with a cross section of the local population without discovering that many people were truly frightened by the more disreputable young people they saw on the streets. One woman summarized the town's feeling: "My husband expects me to keep our house clean and myself neat. I take pride in it, just as I take pride in his advancement in his work. It's what we got married for. Then I go downtown and see these hippies barefooted, filthy, boasting about the ragged clothes they wear, elbowing me off my own streets, and using language I've never heard my husband speak. What am I to think? Have they taken over the world? Have we got to surrender Kent to them?"

Sex plays a much larger role in the division between generations than was once apparent. Older townspeople both despise and envy the sexual freedom enjoyed by the young. A businessman will be saying, "The thing I can't stand is the way they dress." But he will add, "And it's disgusting the way the girls sleep around." Or a Kent housewife will explain, "I could tolerate them if they had any manners." But she will conclude in a lower voice, "And the way they sleep together in those dormitories!"

Numerous communes operated in Kent at the time of the shooting—not on campus—and rumors of the ebb and flow of partners infuriated the townspeople. Two reactions were customary: "The university should expel them all," and, "They ought to be horsewhipped." Sexual jealousy appears to be a very strong factor concerning how a citizen will react to the younger generation, which he sees enjoying itself in a manner forbidden to him when he was young.

Humility, Love, Understanding

WHAT can we learn from the tragedy at Kent State?

Among all types of students at Kent, and other universities, there is vigorous disgust with two aspects of American life: the war in Vietnam and the draft. It is therefore tempting to conclude that if only the war were terminated, some kind of peace would return to America's campuses. For this hopeful belief there is scant justification. I believe that if the war ended tomorrow, students would remain as agitated and confused as they are today. Evidence of this can be found by looking at Japan, France and Venezuela.

In Japan, there is exactly the national commitment to peace and antimilitarism that American students demand. The Japanese constitution outlaws war. The military-industrial complex does not exist. Yet the students of Japan, in their assaults on society, are among the most determined of all young radicals.

The surging disturbances in France which came close to causing the collapse of de Gaulle's government occurred after de Gaulle had ended the Algerian war in accordance with the demands of students. French students had none of the American causes to protest against and none of the Japanese; yet the same types of protests occurred.

In Venezuela, students had none of the American causes, none of the Japanese and none of the French; yet their behavior has followed the same pattern, and their protests were perhaps the most violent of all.

What has caused this worldwide revolt? The single best explanation is that the young have rejected the life-styles of their parents and have committed themselves to a life-style they have been developing over the past two decades. If one fails to see that the revolts in Japan, France, Venezuela and the United States are identical in every aspect that matters, he misses the whole point of what is happening in the world.

Our age can best be understood if we compare it to European history in the year 1848. Then great revolutionary movements swept the continent with crucial disturbances in France, Germany and the Austro-Hungarian empire, and massive protest elsewhere. The old order established by Metternich and the Congress of Vienna was crumbling, and everyone knew this, but it still retained the power of self-defense. So one after another of the revolutions was crushed.

The United States profited spectacularly from this, because to our shores came thousands of the finest minds of Europe, seeking sanctuary from repression. Today, thousands of our young people are fleeing the United States to seek sanctuary in Canada, Sweden, Morocco, India and Australia. It was astonishing to find scores of students at Kent State who were seriously contemplating a life abroad. Case histories were compiled of at least 12 former students who had already taken the gamble and accepted permanent exile from their homeland.

It is obvious that a major responsibility of society today is the reconciliation of young people and old. The radical divergence between life-styles—the vast differences in dress, cleanliness, hair fashions, attitudes toward work, politics, music, religion, patriotism and sex—must not crystallize into permanent alienation. This does not mean that the older members of society have to surrender values which they have inherited and which they cherish. It does mean that there must be some understanding of what the young are trying to accomplish. It is crucial that older people not reject them automatically.

The older generation should acknowledge that the young have raised legitimate issues in their protests against war, in their concern about ecology, their determination to end racism and to find new, meaningful occupations. Dress, music, idiom, the length of hair and new

What does a man know about supergraphics?

For that matter, what do you know about supergraphics?

Probably more than you think. You know, for instance, that you can make a room look larger or smaller, depending on the color you paint it.

Supergraphics is using color and space to create an effect in a room. To put your personality into your home. If you like wild stripes, paint them up one wall and down the other. You can always change them tomorrow.

That's the beauty of Du Pont LUCITE Wall Paint. It makes it easy for a woman to change her mind. It never needs stirring and doesn't drip like ordinary paint. LUCITE goes on fast, dries even faster, and has such superior covering power that you can hide today's stripes with tomorrow's polka dots with no trouble at all.

And you have an exciting range of colors in wall paint and interior enamel to choose from, so you're not likely to run out of new ideas.

LUCITE from Du Pont. It looks as fantastic on the wall as it does in your mind.

Lucite® Wall Paint

Look in the Yellow Pages for the LUCITE retailer nearest you. Or call 800-243-6000. Free any time, any day. (In Conn., 1-800-942-0655.)

dating practices are matters of style, which change from generation to generation. Older people should not allow themselves to become irritated by such trivial things. Drugs, delinquent sex habits and violence go much deeper than style and must be opposed where they are known to be destructive. But the older person ought to be able to distinguish between the two.

Unfortunately, this distinction is not often made. Many adults—parents, legislators, editorial writers—would like universities to outlaw the new life-styles of the young entirely. This is a futile wish. The university must accept students as society delivers them to its door. It cannot revoke history.

If the confrontation between old and young comes to open warfare, as some radical leaders recommend, victory will surely rest with the older generation, for they have the police, the Army and the power. It is therefore obligatory that young people also make concessions. Specifically, they should:

Act within the law. The correction of legitimate grievances must be achieved in legitimate ways. The slow building of our democratic process required both moral commitment *and* patience. Society is going to demand that students comport themselves more responsibly. Arson and incitement to riot are crimes, and persons guilty of them should go to jail. The popular theory of the university as a sanctuary—where police and National Guardsmen should never be permitted—has never been acknowledged in our laws. Already, strict new rules have been enacted for a number of universities, including Kent State. They impose no hardship on the young person who wants an education.

Respect the moral convictions of others. Young people are not obligated to pay allegiance to any church, but they ought not to ridicule those who do. Sex, it should be recognized, is a private occupation. Actually, many older people approve of the new sex mores, but they do not care to have them flagrantly promenaded in public.

Reject obscenity as a weapon. By their abusive language, young people have outraged sensibilities and made communication with others difficult, if not impossible. Nothing is gained when, in addition to pressure on such issues as the war and the draft, deliberate obscenity is offered as a challenge to the rest of society.

NO WEALTH in this country is more valuable than the burgeoning talent of a new generation, and no expense is too great to cultivate it. The continuity of life is precious. The young need older people to argue with, to test their ideas. The old need to take hope from the young, to feel that civilization will continue to advance.

A few weeks before the shootings at Kent State, Jerry Rubin, radical leader of the American Youth International Party (Yippies), told a crowd of Kent students, "The first

What does a man know about supergraphics?

For that matter, what do you know about supergraphics?

Probably more than you think. You know, for instance, that you can make a room look larger or smaller, depending on the color you paint it.

Supergraphics is using color and space to create an effect in a room. To put your personality into your home. If you like wild stripes, paint them up one wall and down the other. You can always change them tomorrow.

That's the beauty of Du Pont LUCITE Wall Paint. It makes it easy for a woman to change her mind. It never needs stirring and doesn't drip like ordinary paint. LUCITE goes on fast, dries even faster, and has such superior covering power that you can hide today's stripes with tomorrow's polka dots with no trouble at all.

And you have an exciting range of colors in wall paint and interior enamel to choose from, so you're not likely to run out of new ideas.

LUCITE from Du Pont. It looks as fantastic on the wall as it does in your mind.

Lucite® Wall Paint

Look in the Yellow Pages for the LUCITE retailer nearest you. Or call 800-243-6000. Free any time, any day. (In Conn., 1-800-942-0655.)

dating practices are matters of style, which change from generation to generation. Older people should not allow themselves to become irritated by such trivial things. Drugs, delinquent sex habits and violence go much deeper than style and must be opposed where they are known to be destructive. But the older person ought to be able to distinguish between the two.

Unfortunately, this distinction is not often made. Many adults—parents, legislators, editorial writers—would like universities to outlaw the new life-styles of the young entirely. This is a futile wish. The university must accept students as society delivers them to its door. It cannot revoke history.

If the confrontation between old and young comes to open warfare, as some radical leaders recommend, victory will surely rest with the older generation, for they have the police, the Army and the power. It is therefore obligatory that young people also make concessions. Specifically, they should:

Act within the law. The correction of legitimate grievances must be achieved in legitimate ways. The slow building of our democratic process required both moral commitment *and* patience. Society is going to demand that students comport themselves more responsibly. Arson and incitement to riot are crimes, and persons guilty of them should go to jail. The popular theory of the university as a sanctuary—where police and National Guardsmen should never be permitted—has never been acknowledged in our laws. Already, strict new rules have been enacted for a number of universities, including Kent State. They impose no hardship on the young person who wants an education.

Respect the moral convictions of others. Young people are not obligated to pay allegiance to any church, but they ought not to ridicule those who do. Sex, it should be recognized, is a private occupation. Actually, many older people approve of the new sex mores, but they do not care to have them flagrantly promenaded in public.

Reject obscenity as a weapon. By their abusive language, young people have outraged sensibilities and made communication with others difficult, if not impossible. Nothing is gained when, in addition to pressure on such issues as the war and the draft, deliberate obscenity is offered as a challenge to the rest of society.

NO WEALTH in this country is more valuable than the burgeoning talent of a new generation, and no expense is too great to cultivate it. The continuity of life is precious. The young need older people to argue with, to test their ideas. The old need to take hope from the young, to feel that civilization will continue to advance.

A few weeks before the shootings at Kent State, Jerry Rubin, radical leader of the American Youth International Party (Yippies), told a crowd of Kent students, "The first

part of the Yippie program is to kill your parents." A few days after the shootings, the parents of hundreds of students who had escaped the bullets of the National Guard told their sons and daughters: "You should have been shot."

If we are not to commit national suicide, all of us, young and old, must condemn such extreme emotions. Then, with humility, love and understanding between the generations, we must begin to heal the wounds they have left.

Names People Play

After several unsuccessful attempts to get our electric bill corrected, my husband wrote a detailed complaint, closing his letter with these words: "I suggest you remedy this situation at once, because I am, Thoroughly, T. Dolph."

—Contributed by Mrs. Tommy R. Dolph

In San Francisco, attorney Bert Hirschberg asked Nick Versus, "Are you married?" Nick: "No. Why?" Bert: "Well, if you were and you wanted to dissolve the marriage, I'd handle the case free just for the thrill of filing Versus vs. Versus."

—Herb Caen in San Francisco *Chronicle*

There's a motel in the Blue Ridge Mountains called the Mood (the proprietor's name). This gives an average of 14 tourists a day the opportunity to send cards to friends back home reading: "I'm in the Mood for love."

—Bennett Cerf

To Whom It Concerns

This letter to the editor appeared in the Suffolk County, N.Y., *News:* This isn't a letter of dissent. It could even be labeled "trivia." A woman stopped on Montauk Highway, held up a considerable line of cars to allow a wild duck and her brood to cross from one side to the other. The occupants of some of the cars became impatient with nature's leisurely pace and began honking their horns. The mother took heed and ran for the curb, and the line of ducklings followed suit. She made it to the curb but the babies weren't so fortunate—the trail led them over an open drainage grating and all but a couple of them fell in.

Two other cars, headed in opposite directions, stopped. A man from each car went to the grating and, without exchanging a word, began to pry it up. They succeeded and one man lowered himself into the opening, where the babies were foundering in the watery slime. He handed them up one by one to the other man, while the mother duck stood off to one side voicing her anxiety. Both men watched the family safely enter a field, then got into their cars and drove off.

As I said, trivia—or a profound lesson in everything that is right and wrong with us.

—Joyce Long

FEATURES that help make the Illustrated Heirloom Edition of the Holy Bible *more* appealing, *more* readable, more *understandable* than the Bible in your home right now!

- The complete words of the Scriptures
- More than 500 full-color photographs placed in actual context with the text
- 75,000 words of commentary—the story behind each photo, interestingly told
- A guide to people, places and things of the Bible
- A family register in which to record your family's history
- Introductions to each Book of the Bible
- A glossary of words...helpful index...easy-to-read type...leatherette binding ...gilded pages...ribbon marker
- Giant size 8⅝" x 12¼"
- 976 pages in the King James Version for Protestants. 1,184 pages in the approved New American Bible for Catholics.

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 1
Pleasantville
New York

BUSINESS REPLY CARD
No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

Reader's Digest
Pleasantville
New York 10570

One of the most interesting archeological discoveries yet made bearing on a portion of the New Testament: a fragmentary inscription to the Emperor Tiberius by Pontius Pilate.

ological discoveries, actual Biblical sites and 120 museums in 18 cities –take you to the Holy Land and show you, *as you read,* cities, temples, battles, festivals and everyday life as lived and witnessed by the people of the Bible themselves.

Now you and your family can *see* the Temple of Abraham, the River Jordan, the Sea of Galilee, the Street of Sorrow . . . *see* the proof of Pontius Pilate's rule, understand Joseph's role in the Pharoah's Court, learn that King Solomon's Mines are in the Holy Land, not in Africa.

In this way — *with pictorial evidence placed for the first time right alongside the text*–the Bible comes vividly to life, to help you understand more clearly the word of God.

No Other Bible Is As Inviting. And now you can share the Reader's Digest Illustrated Heirloom Edition with your family on *free* trial. On the Certificate, mark your choice of the King James Version for Protestants or the New American Bible for Catholics–and mail today.

We will send your copy immediately. If you agree this is the Bible your family *will* read with new interest–keep it and pay the low Digest price of five monthly installments of $4.39 each, a total of $21.95, plus shipping. (This Bible will be offered in bookstores for $50.00.) But if, after 10 days, you do not wish to add this Bible to your home library, return it, at our cost if you wish, and owe nothing.

Whatever you decide later, we want you to examine this Bible in your home now, at our expense–and see for yourselves how the Bible *can* be a delight to read and enjoy.

The Mount of Olives as seen from the mosque on the Temple site.

"On all who have contributed to this translation, and to all who seek in its pages the sacred teaching and the promise of salvation of Jesus Christ our Lord, we gladly bestow our paternal Apostolic Blessing."
–Pope Paul VI

"The illustrations add a new dimension to the Bible itself. They provide a background which will enable the reader to see visually the world of the ancients."
–Harold Lindsell, Associate Editor, *Christianity Today*

$1 million in artwork shows you, as you read, where Jesus walked, King David sang and the patriarch Abraham wandered! (Will you just *see* this magnificent Illustrated Heirloom Edition first, at our expense?)

GIANT-SIZED! Full 8⅝" x 12¼" page size makes this one of the most readable Bibles you could own!

Reader's Digest Illustrated Heirloom Edition of the Holy Bible

FREE TRIAL CERTIFICATE

YES! Please send me the Illustrated Heirloom Edition of the Holy Bible in the version I have indicated below. If I am not satisfied this is the way to renew my family's interest in the greatest book ever written, I will return it after ten days, at your expense if I wish, and owe nothing. Otherwise, I will keep it for the low Digest price of five monthly installments of $4.39, a total of just $21.95, plus a small charge for shipping, with no finance charge or annual percentage rate of interest. I need send no money now. This Bible will be offered in bookstores for $50.00.

☐ *PROTESTANT I have checked this box for the highly revered King James Version*

☐ *CATHOLIC I have checked this box for the newly approved New American Bible*

82016

S. GALLI